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# MCGAHL'S

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November  
1929



## What's Right with America?

by SINCLAIR LEWIS — WILL DURANT  
Going Home — by Marion Talley  
A new novel of golden youth by Lynn and Lois Montross

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Taken before breakfast, Sal Hepatica is speedy in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to act within thirty minutes.



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# Sal Hepatica

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## THE WOOD OF FAIR WATERS

THE natives of the province called it the Wood of Fair Waters, but that was many years ago. Then, cool, green-bordered paths stole their way between giant trees, and frail little vines dipped and rose in the ripples of silent pools.

Belleau Wood is known for other, lesser things now—for a battle that raged and rumbled through the naked heat of a long summer, for a shattering violence that destroyed all tall and perfect things.

The wood where beauty lay slumbers now in a mist of inexpressible weariness. There are waters still, but they are merely sad little trenches where men crouched to hide from death. Or shallow pools, where shells burst, and now the rain gathers in stagnant eddies.

This is sacred ground! Nothing has been changed since the day of battle.

And yet all is changed. For out of the bruised and twisted trunks new leaves are lifted to the sky. Under the rusting shells and broken muskets new life creeps furtively. Slowly, relentlessly, Nature is coveting to herself all the little perishable things of hate that man has made.

And from them great trees will grow. Flowers will flourish and dip their plumes in silent waters, and content will walk again with love. The natives of the province will call it the Wood of Fair Waters.

For as an ugly cross became the world's most radiant living tree, so our shattered dreams shall lead to newer, higher life.

*The Editor*

# Ever wish you were dancing with HER?

*This one girl, how she stands out in a crowd! . . . How clean and clear her complexion is, how attractively fresh her dress, how nice her hands, how trim her shoes, how healthy and shining her hair. Oh yes . . . and what gay self-assurance she has.*

*Come to think of it, doesn't cleanliness always have more to do with popularity (and poise and charm) than one might casually suppose.*



## Try this just for a month

If you have any doubts whatever about the connection between happiness and careful personal cleanliness, please try an experiment.

For just one month, and every day without fail, put on not a single article of clothing that is noticeably soiled. Check up on everything: shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, stockings, dresses, underwear.



Do try this, just for one month, and see for yourself if something delightfully important doesn't happen to you . . . to your ensemble appearance, and to your own and others' appreciation of it.



## Try this, too

But nice clothes alone are not enough. How can a girl be charming when her body, face, hands, hair, neck are not quite clean?

Always "step in before you step out." Remember that the thorough bath lends real attractiveness to the most modest good looks... clean skin; vivid, healthful coloring; vivacity; self-assurance.

There's no greater beauty secret than the steaming, sudsy, *daily* bath. Nothing else so easy pays half the returns. Try this, also, for a month.



## And this, and this, and this

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then brush them every night with warm soapy water, and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you don't get as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub the nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with a towel. Except for occasional shaping and polishing, you'll find that little else is necessary.

Women who worry a little about their complexions shouldn't forget that it's fully as important to cleanse the pores each day of the left-over powders and creams as of dust and dirt. The answer, of course, is soap and water face-washing every day.

With heads bobbed so simply, it never was so needful that nice hair



should be kept looking nice. On the other hand, it never was so easy to shampoo the hair frequently.



## Is it really such a puzzle?

Should the secret of great charm be so puzzling after all? . . . or greater popularity so unattainable by anyone?

So many things come in the wake of conscious, strived-for cleanliness: better health, better looks, more naturalness . . . even brighter talk, and better dancing, new friendships and wider happiness.



Agnes Sligh Turnbull



Robert W. Chambers



Lois Montross

# MC CALL MIRRORS

**C**HRISTMAS—candlelight and star-light, evergreen and holly. And rising out of the flames of countless hearths, old songs that are ever new. It is a time when tales are told, now gently, now bravely, of a star in Bethlehem, or the spirit of Christmas riding like the wind out of Arctic wastes with a welcome for everyone. In this light we have fashioned the December issue of *McCall's*.

*Erich Maria Remarque, Capt.  
John W. Thomason, Jr., R. C. Sheriff  
and Henri Barbusse*—four soldiers from four countries join in an epochal message that will startle every reader of McCall's.

Eleven years ago they were messengers of death, locked in mortal combat on the fields of France—Remarque, the German, who wrote the greatest book of war ever written, *All Quiet on the Western Front*; Thomason, the captain of American Marines, and author of *Fix Bayonets*; Sherriff, the obscure Englishman, whose *Journey's End* is said to "stand beside the cenotaph of the Unknown Soldier at Westminster, playing the part that Lincoln played at Gettysburg"; and Henri Barbusse, the French poilu, author of *Under Fire*, written in the heat of battle.

These men have sent their message of human brotherhood across the seas in answer to the question: "What deathless ideals have survived the War to guide mankind?" Their words form an overwhelming and unforgettable monument of eternal faith that will appear exclusively in the December McCall's.

*Temple Bailey*, whose *Burning Beauty* and *Early to Rise* have endeared her to every reader, has written *The Lighted Path*, a Christmas story which should find a home in every mother's heart.

*Lover, Come Back*, by Helen Topping Miller, will be remembered long into the new year, for it is the most convincing and appealing picture of two young people seeking romance in high places that we have enjoyed in many a day.

*Agnes Sligh Turnbull*, whose stories mark milestones on McCall Street, has drawn an epic drama of the brave journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. No finer tale will be told this Christmas-tide.

**Zane Grey** will send Arizona Ames on a daring quest in a further installment of his greatest novel, *Arizona Ames*. And Primrose Muffet, that dashing child of fortune whom you meet this month in *Early to Bed*, will lead you through tears and laughter down the glorious road to romance. For beneath the gay little bonnet of this ultra-modern daughter of the very rich lurk all the lures of crinoline and old lace.

*Lynn and Lois Montross* have led the kind of life, which, if placed between the covers of a book, would form as romantic a tale as they have ever told in any of their novels. Eight years ago they met in the offices of a Chicago magazine, she a graduate of Illinois University and he of Nebraska. Both were very young. He had left school to enter the War, first with the Australian troops, then the French, and later the A. E. F. Both wished desperately to write; and what they had not dared to do alone, they did together. They were married soon after their meeting; and shortly after moving to New York, they were launched on a successful writing career. They write about young people with a humor and a sympathy that make them real. There is a seven-year-old daughter, Charmian. Mr. and Mrs. Montross spend their summers in Woodstock, Vermont; their winters in travel. Morocco, they say, is their next port of call.

**Brooke Hanlon**, who was born in the Allegheny mountain country of Pennsylvania, believes that the personal stories of authors usually resemble the booklets describing world tours. She, herself, is taken at times with the travel fever, murmuring names like Sumatra, Tahiti and Rio; but so far, she has not pushed beyond the borders of the eastern United States. She is a graduate of Pittsburgh University and has been writing for nearly four years. Stories of the younger generation interest her most—she is one of its youngest members.

*Robert W. Chambers* is a triumphant figure in the field of American writing. Born in Brooklyn in 1865, Mr. Chambers is the author of over fifty volumes, including novels, short stories and poems, many of them having been published for the first time in *McCall's Magazine*. There will be other short stories and a new serial, *The Fifth Horseman*, by this famous author appearing in future issues of *McCall's*.

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*This Symbol Affords Protection  
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PUT your personality into your hospitality. Make your home truly reflect your business and social standing—a constant aid to advancement.

Just as you judge others by *appearances*, you, too, are judged by the background of your home. What people say about your home furnishings in months to come, will rest upon what you do, now.

The emblem pictured here is the mark of a selected group of progressive and aggressive

merchants. Seek the store that displays this symbol. It affords protection in your selection.

These select stores, maintaining the highest standards of service, have adopted the emblem "First, Furnish Your Home—It Tells What You Are." When you select home furnishings look for the store displaying this emblem. You will find it, too, reproduced in the store's windows

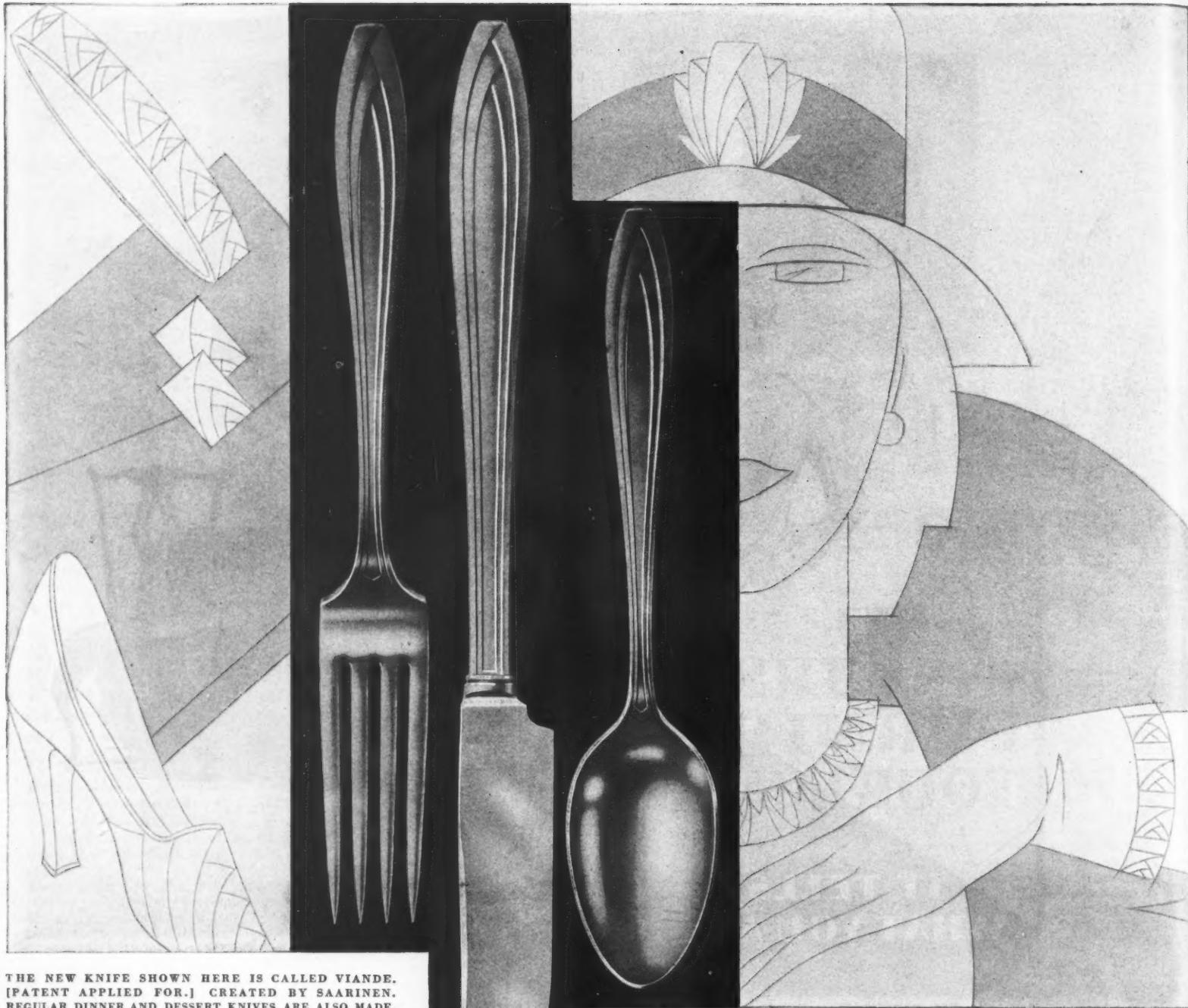
and advertising copy; on road signs, stationery, and elsewhere, as a mark of identification.

Thus, furnishing your home in the fashion of today is now a simple matter. And a sound investment that you can make without years of weary waiting. For the modern method of buying furniture is sound, sensible, business-like.



*This helpful, 24-page color-illustrated booklet is free! Ask any dealer who displays the*

*above emblem for your copy.*



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REGULAR DINNER AND DESSERT KNIVES ARE ALSO MADE.

*Presenting*

Look at you, a modern. Look at all the lovely details that go to make you—*a 1929 you*. Paris has given certain swirl and line to your hat. To your frock. Your jewels. Your footwear. Something crisp and clean . . . and right! Certain basic lines, lean lines, stream lines running sweetly through all of them. That's modernism, in its newest, truest sense. And that's SILHOUETTE . . . for now Paris has given to 1847 ROGERS BROS.' new modern pattern these same basic lovely lines. Keyed to you . . . and all of your intimate personal possessions. For your dinner table, and not for the woman who is ten years

## SILHOUETTE

behind you in thought. Designed to accent the service of a meal as your clothes and jewelry accent you. Modern as this day and age, but ageless in style, quality, and length of service. For 1847 ROGERS BROS. is the finest of silverplate. The lines of SILHOUETTE are the sure, basic lines of good taste, and good taste knows no calendar. You'll be seeing SILHOUETTE upon the smartest dinner tables soon. See it sooner than that, at any silverware counter. For illustrations and prices of SILHOUETTE pattern write for booklet L-45 to Sales Promotion Dept., Factory E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

•1847 ROGERS BROS.

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Helen Keller,  
whose new  
book "Mid-  
stream" is a  
vivid reflec-  
tion of a warm  
intelligence

# What's Going On in the World

## TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOYES HART

### To The Ladies

**I**T HAPPENS that several of the most important books that I have been reading recently are not only by women, but about them; so this month I am going to close the doors unchivalrously in the face of the other half of the human race, and let us listen to what we have to say for ourselves.

Helen Keller is, I suppose, the most remarkable woman in the world. The story of Cinderella is no more familiar to us than the miraculous fairy tale of this other little girl, sitting in the rags of despair beside the ashes of her life, waiting, deaf and dumb and blind, for the Fairy Godmother to come, to send her in a golden coach to the music and the lights and the dancing of the feast from which she was barred. We know that the Fairy Godmother came; and that our Cinderella went to the ball. Twenty years ago, in a book called *The Story of My Life* she told us how sweet the music sounded; and now, in another book, *Midstream*, twenty years later, she tells us what happened after the clock struck twelve.

It is an amazing book—to me an infinitely more amazing one than that first enraptured outburst—that touching and intolerable paean of hope and triumph and desperate gratitude. Certainly, what held us breathless over those other pages was not the personality of the girl who wrote them, but the miracle of the accomplishment itself. But in *Midstream* it is the woman herself who rivets our attention; no longer the radiant young prophetess of sweetness and light; but a spirited, faulty and warmly human intelligence—rebellious, impulsive, sentimental; amazingly honest with herself, amazingly frank with us; bitterly impatient at her own limitations and quite as bitterly im-

patient with those of others—a really vivid personality. She is still able to pour out pages on the enchantment of Nature and the delights of friendship, and the richness of life that has poured through her fingers; but behind the soft cadences of "Hearts and Flowers" there sounds more than once a bitterer and more stirring music—the distant trumpet rallying together the scattered forces that have battled long and wearily with disillusion and despair. And it is that music, valiant, undaunted and rebellious, that seems to me to sound an everlasting challenge in our dull ears.

Maristan Chapman's *Homeplace* made me homesick for a world that I have never known—a clean, airy, casual world, with the winds blowing forever across its tall hills—winds fresh with rain and sharp with the blue haze of wood-smoke. Somewhere, long ago, I think the shrewd music of this alien tongue was my speech, too; I know that it falls more comfortably on my ears than the slipshod patter that we wrap half-heartedly about our thoughts these days; and if the natives of Maristan Chapman's Happy Mountains are not invariably so felicitous in their casual speech as she shows them here, I am none the less convinced that this is the way that people should talk. Not since the jabberwocky have I come across such a thoroughly soul-satisfying vocabulary; and if "cumflattered" isn't more vivid than excited, and "muzzy" than

feeble-minded, and "pattier" than nervous, then I don't know good words when I see them. And I do know good words when I see them! I like the people in this unknown world; pleasant people, soft-spoken and high-handed—I wish I knew them better. I'd like to sit for a little longer on the doorstep of Fayre Jones' hard-won homestead, watching the goldenrod and the daisies growing tall against the gray snake-fence, where Fayre's Bess, slight and small, with that golden chrysanthemum head of hers, [Turn to page 126]

## The Religion of Young People

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

REV. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON



Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr

**D**R. NIEBUHR, until recently pastor of the Bethel Evangelical Church in Detroit, is now a professor in Union Theological Seminary in New York. His first book, *Does Civilization Need a Religion?* was a best-seller two years ago; and his new book, called *Leaves from the Note-book of a Tamed Cynic*, is sure to be widely read. Few American preachers have had such wide and varied contacts with students in colleges and universities, both in preaching and in conducting discussion groups; and out of his rich experience he speaks in the sermon here reviewed.

"There is no more unfounded notion," says Dr. Niebuhr, "than that which pertains to the alleged irreligion of college youth. The most vital and hopeful religious life in the nation today is to be found in the colleges. That does not mean that all college students are either vitally or traditionally religious. Far from it. Many are neither one thing nor the other, since the college population reflects the life of the nation in religion, as in other things."

"Vast numbers of students," Dr. Niebuhr reminds us, "come from irreligious homes, or homes religiously indifferent, and nothing at college has changed the attitudes with which their homes endowed them. There are others, also a large group, who [Turn to page 92]



*A scene from the "Hollywood Review," in Mr. Sherwood's opinion "the biggest event on the screen since 'Broadway Melody'"*

# What's Going On in the World

## Sound and Color

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES  
BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE popularity of the talking picture has begun to wane. This is not due, as might be supposed, to an overwhelming desire on the part of the public for a return to speechlessness on the screen; nor is there the slightest prospect, at this time, that the silent drama will be restored.

The growing apathy of the film fans is attributable to the increasing monotony of the entertainment offered to them in the film palaces. Originality, which never thrived to any remarkable extent in Hollywood, now seems to be completely moribund; and the bored boys and girls in the sound-proof studios are repeating themselves to an appalling extent. Almost all of the films now being released have the same characters, the same dialogue, the same jazz bands, the same revolver shots, the same theme songs. As the girl said after she had been out yachting for three hours, "When you've seen one wave, you've seen them all."

The movie producers, unable to achieve variety in the plots of their pictures, are now trying to alleviate the tedium by introducing new mechanical novelties. They consider that if the electrical engineers saved them once by developing the Vitaphone, other engineers can save them again with other ingenious contrivances.

Mechanical novelties are now expected to fill the hole created by the absence of creative artistry.

Just at present, there is a great deal of excited discussion of color photography. The success of the color sequences in *The Broadway Melody* and other pictures, and the all-colored *On With The Show*, have led to the belief that extravagant use of variegated tints on the screen will keep the customers satisfied until the scenario writers discover a new plot or until the engineers invent something else.

Although it is an undistinguished picture, *On With The Show* is an impressive demonstration of the Technicolor process. It proves that colored movies are getting away from the tints associated with colored post cards; that lights and shadows can be clearly and effectively defined; and that the nudity of the average Broadway revue can be indicated with startling realism. *On With The Show* is to be followed by dozens more along the same lines: "All Talking, All Singing, All Dancing, All Color."

The use of color is limited in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Hollywood Revue*; so this colossal production must be considered a bit old-fashioned; but in all other respects it is the biggest event on the screen since *The Broadway Melody*. It is a magnificent vaudeville show, with some good musical numbers, handsomely staged, some comedy skits that are everything but funny, with personal appearances by such Metro stars as John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Buster Keaton, Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, Ukelele Ike—all of them are there except Greta Garbo and Lon Chaney, the two whom audiences would be most interested in. [Turn to page 92]

## Sweet Adeline

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER  
BY LAURENCE STALLINGS



Helen Morgan of "Show Boat" fame

THERE is always a deft style in his use of book for music shows. The chorus rarely prances through one of his dramatic scenes, urging us to come and play in old Bombay beneath the South Sea moon. There was a time when the great love scene of the play was brazenly aired before sixty onlooking chorus girls, twenty chorus boys, three comics, a double quartet of colored singers from Harlem, and the snooty mother of the rich young heroine.

He changed this somewhat. Usually, at his first act finale, these interlopers have been smoking up the alley; and even the orchestra has been under the stage playing pinochle. To show the limits of his effrontery, he once actually contrived to have the soprano married to the tenor at the end of Act One. And that, as any music-show racketeer will tell you, is like waving a red flag at a traffic bull.

Oscar Hammerstein 2nd came down from Columbia ten years ago to practice law in New York City, where two generations of Hammersteins had already built theaters and opera houses glorifying their name.

One searches in vain for evidences of his legal prowess, but recalls vividly Miss Edith Day acting his book and singing his lyrics in [Turn to page 88].

## WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

## Needlepoint Music

THE law of supply and demand being what it is, the output of gramophone records in America, up to three or four years ago, was overwhelmingly on the side of popular ballads, dance music, vaudeville jokes and the more obvious operatic airs and instrumental pieces. The record-buying public wanted to hear the world's famous singers and instrumentalists; but it emphatically did not care to hear them interpreting any but the most elementary forms of serious music.

Then something happened. Radio sets became cheap enough, and good enough, for everybody to have one; and almost overnight the bottom—or shall we say the top?—fell out of the record market. The famous recording artists began to sign contracts with the broadcasting studios; and as their radio audience increased, their record audience began to diminish. The reason was simple enough: [Turn to page 78]

# We made this a cozy-corner kitchen ... it's family headquarters now"



ONCE this was just a kitchen—worn, colorless, dull. You came into it spirited and gay . . . left after leaden hours with a sigh of relief. But look at it now—colorful, bright, the happiest room in the house. And a very special nook where mother can sit a bit and sew, or father keep his feet out of the way. It's family headquarters, all right, and a wonderful workshop as well.

This room proves that there's really no reason for any clever housewife to put up with a dreary kitchen. Color, for one thing, is at your instant call. Even a scrub-weary floor need not stop you once you make up your mind to rejuvenate the room.

Let's see how it works. This kitchen, for example, is all cozy and bright. Yes, young, even though it might have seen a century of service. It's truly stylish in its comfortable, old-fashioned way. The secret? Right underfoot.

That old worn floor that made a woman get down on her hands and knees is no more. At least, it's out of sight, safely hidden by a quaint but modern flagstone effect in Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum.

Perhaps it was an advertisement like this or an Armstrong Floor display in a local linoleum, department, or furniture store that started it all. Perhaps one thing that made it all so possible was the fact that a new Armstrong Floor can be laid right over an old—cemented in place over linoleum lining felt in less than a day's time . . . or the wide range of smart designs . . . or the pleasingly low prices. Then,

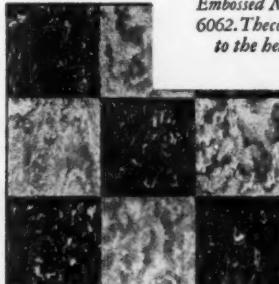


[ A GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FLOOR, TOO! ]

too, the new Accolac-Processed surface must have had some appeal—much, we feel, for it makes an Armstrong Floor spot-proof, stain-proof.

Think what this means in a kitchen—no scrubbing! Just a quick damp-mopping removes even grease; while to keep the surface satin-smooth merely calls for occasional coating with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (You may wax if you wish, but do not lacquer over wax.) How this Armstrong Floor suggested the rest

A floor of Armstrong's Linoleum never admits its age, never calls for costly refinishing. Its Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof, stain-proof. Cleaning-care is simple. The design in this modernized kitchen is Embossed Moulded Inlaid No. 6062. The colors go clear through to the heavy burlap back.



De Luxe Marble Inlaid No. 14021



Embossed Inlaid Design No. 3175

of the decorative scheme—but wait! Why not get the whole interesting story as told by Hazel Dell Brown, head of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, in her newbook—

"New Ideas in  
Home Decoration"

It reveals a very practical method that shows your rooms mirrored in miniature before you begin to decorate. Illustrates many model interiors in full, natural color. Even offers the author's free color scheme suggestions. When you write, enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.)

Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 323 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



**Armstrong's Linoleum Floors**  
*for every room in the house*

# 117 tasted



**C**AN Crisco improve the flavor of fried foods so much that people will notice the difference—even men who may not know the difference between a skillet and a double boiler?

I wanted to know. (I have an experimental kitchen where we're always making unusual tests. Besides, I have that kind of curiosity.)

So, for weeks I made tests to find out. I asked my visitors to taste potatoes fried in Crisco and then potatoes fried in another good cooking fat. I made tests in other kitchens, too.

In all, 117 people tasted. One was an executive of an important New York company. One was food editor of a leading women's magazine. Four were artists. Two were workmen who were making repairs around my kitchen.

Without knowing which was which, 95 out of the 117 chose the potatoes fried in Crisco!

"Because they're nicer." "Because they're not greasy." "They taste more like real potatoes," they said in explaining their choice.

That proved something to me which I had long suspected:

Even people who may not be epicures *can*, and *do*, discriminate about the subtleties of food flavors. And especially about the flavors of fried foods. I've cooked for a lot of people, and I've found that when I serve them foods fried in Crisco, they usually say "What makes this *taste* so good?"

Crisco makes fried foods taste good because it tastes so good itself.

I have never been willing to fry food in a fat that I haven't been willing to taste in its natural state. That's the reason I use Crisco—because it tastes as fresh and pure as unsalted butter.

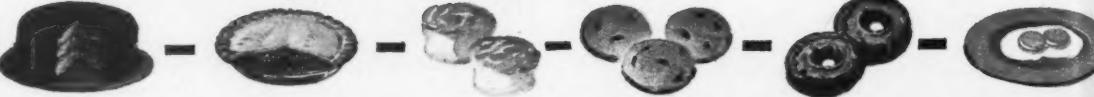


**My experimental kitchen, where I made the potato tests.**

If you want to make a vast improvement in the flavor of everything you fry in your skillet, I suggest that you just make this simple change: *Fry in Crisco*. And, if you wish to prove the truth of my statement—

for yourself—taste Crisco, just as it comes sweet and fresh from its air-tight can. Then you will know why *95 out of 117* people preferred the Crisco-fried potatoes. Your grocer sells Crisco in various sized tins.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your 

# potatoes in Crisco because they tasted nicer

--- 95 chose  
the ones fried  
because they tasted nicer



POTATO APPLES

JULIENNE POTATOES

CARAMEL SWEETS

## 12 WAYS TO SERVE FRIED POTATOES

**W**ITH Crisco and your skillet and your deep-frying kettle (or saucepan) you can surprise your husband and your family with potatoes fried in ever so many interesting and different ways.

On this page I suggest a dozen. Some of them are the old familiar stand-bys. Others are ways used by chefs in smart hotels and restaurants.

### Cottage-Fried Potatoes

Slice cold boiled potatoes and brown on both sides in Crisco in your frying pan. Fried in Crisco, your potatoes will be a good-looking even brown, without unsightly scorched places.

### Caramel Sweets

Slice cold boiled sweet potatoes and fry as Cottage-fried potatoes, with this exception: sprinkle the potatoes generously on both sides with granulated sugar while they are frying.

### Rich Potato Cakes

You can make extra-delicious potato cakes to serve with cold meat by adding a beaten egg to left-over mashed potatoes. Form into round flat cakes and brown on both sides in the sweet-tasting Crisco in the skillet.

### French-Fried Potatoes

All the utensils you need are an ordinary saucepan, a wire strainer (or a French-frying basket) and a 3-lb. can of Crisco.

Pare potatoes and cut in strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Soak in cold or ice water about 1 hour, drain and dry between towels. Fill saucepan about half full of Crisco and heat slowly. (Don't be afraid to use enough. You can use Crisco over and over—when done, simply strain Crisco back into can through cheese-cloth or a fine sieve.)

When Crisco is hot enough to brown a bread cube in 20 seconds ( $395^{\circ}$  F.), it is ready to fry potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke—it doesn't at the proper temperature. Fill strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat a little, as cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.

When brown, lift potatoes out of the fat, shake lightly, then drain potatoes on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt. Now enjoy the finest French-fried potatoes you ever tasted!

### Julienne Potatoes

These are sometimes called shoe-string potatoes or potatoes almettes (matchstick). Pare potatoes. Cut in matchlike strips. Soak in cold or ice water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Drain and dry between towels. Fry as you would French-fried potatoes (see recipe) 'till a delicate brown.

### Sweet Potato Puffs

4 medium size boiled sweet potatoes; 1 egg, well beaten;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; dash of pepper.

Put potatoes through ricer, mix with egg and seasoning. Drop by teaspoons in grated bread crumbs, roll into balls. Fry as French-fried potatoes. Crisco browns them almost instantly, without soaking into the soft mixture.

### Hashed Brown Potatoes

Chop and season cold boiled potatoes. Brown in Crisco in your frying pan. Stir occasionally until partly brown all through. Then let them brown over top, fold over like an omelet and serve immediately.

### IN ITS NEW AIR-TIGHT CAN, AS SWEET AND FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE



### Pittsburgh Potatoes

These are really hashed brown potatoes with a little chopped green pepper added.

### Potatoes O'Brien

Dice cold boiled potatoes. Mix them with chopped raw bacon, onion and pimiento. Fry in Crisco in a frying pan as you would hashed brown potatoes.

### Lyonnaisse Potatoes

Slice cold boiled potatoes thin, add as much sliced onion as you like, a little chopped parsley and fry all together in Crisco in the skillet, tossing the potatoes with a fork until they are a nice brown.

### Sauté Potatoes

Dice cold boiled potatoes and fry in Crisco in the frying pan.

### Potato Apples

I discovered these in a smart Park Avenue restaurant. Choose potatoes about the size of crab apples (if you're clever with the paring knife you can fashion these out of larger potatoes.) Fry in deep hot Crisco ( $395^{\circ}$  F. or when a bread cube browns in 20 seconds) until an appetizing brown and cooked through. Insert a clove in one side to look like the blossom end of an apple, a sprig of parsley on the other side to do duty as the leaf. Dash paprika on one cheek to give a rosy glow.

### FREE! 12 dozen Time-Saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free; simply fill in and mail coupon below.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XM-119) P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, free, the cook book "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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# 67 miles an hour -

and a smudge  
at every tumble!

#### ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES No. 19

One bright brisk morning last spring, I turned a street corner—and nearly bumped into three small boys who were neck-and-neck in a stirring tricycle race.

"We're going 67 miles 'n hour," shrieked a voice as the three of them shot gayly through a fine big puddle!

"Oh," I thought as I pressed the next doorbell, "how I hope I'll find one of *their* mothers! For she'll know a lot about soap."

And when the door opened, I soon discovered that here was the mother I'd been wishing for!

"Soap?" she laughed, repeating my question, "I certainly have to use a *good* soap! For that boy on the blue tricycle is my Tommy. We ought to call him Humpty-Dumpty—because he's always falling down and picking up smudges. Yet with all the washing his suits have, P AND G never fades the colors—"

"So you do use P AND G?" I eagerly interrupted.

Mrs. Burns\* twinkled appreciatively at me. "Oh, I'd never go back to yellow soaps now," she said. "P AND G is so much nicer—so white and smooth and fine, and really much better for white clothes. Why, I only have to rub the very worst smudges on Tommy's clothes.

"Every summer," she continued, "we go to the moun-

\*This is not her real name of course.

tains. And then P AND G is such a help—because it works just as well in cold water. But tell me—how does it happen that I can often buy a cake of P AND G for two cents less than other soaps?"

Since my talk with Mrs. Burns, I have wondered if many other women haven't asked themselves the very same question.

The answer is simple. So many women use P AND G White Naphtha that it has become the *largest selling soap in the world*.

So P AND G is made in enormous quantities. Since large-scale manufacturing costs far less than small-scale manufacturing, you can buy a fine white cake of P AND G for less money, ounce for ounce, than ordinary brown or yellow soaps.

And millions of women can't be wrong in their preference. P AND G *really is a better soap!*

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry methods, in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NM-119, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.



# The largest-selling soap in the world

## NOVEMBER MC CALL'S 1929



"He's knocked clear out. Get some water, somebody"

## EARLY TO BED

*The story of a child of fortune*

By Lynn and Lois Montross

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS the hour when parties begin; the hour when the first after-dinner somnolence has worn off enough so that somebody wants to go somewhere; the hour when the evening's first round of refreshment is suggested. And at this hour statisticians have computed that in America at least 146,000 cases of Muffet's Very Dry Ginger Ale are opened nightly. But on this certain Saturday evening, while all these thirsty people were opening all these cases of his Very Dry Ginger Ale, what of Mr. Muffet himself?

He slept—slept in a gorgeous pale-green Italian bed, hand-decorated with pink and gold roses, beneath silk

quilts of lavender and green; upon the lavender taffeta counterpane one of Mr. Muffet's large, blunt hands strayed wistfully, as if it were timid of ruffling the taffeta. Below the fluted, gold half-canopy, Mr. Muffet's baldish head fringed with graying hair attempted even

in sleep to look appropriate on the embroidered pillow, and failed.

Now nobody is in bed and asleep at nine-thirty unless he is ill, bored or rising at dawn; but as the quaint exception to this rule, Mr. Muffet was sleeping for none of these reasons. He had retired early because his daughter was gone and it seemed such an excellent chance to retire early that he could not resist it.

For people somehow stayed up until all hours when Primrose was around.

Outside the open casement windows a stealthy, rustling, scratching noise began. Mr. Muffet slept. Once he sighed and smiled. Perhaps he was dreaming of his new

shipment of books, or of the satisfaction of having a business-like young man to catalogue them properly. Or of the 146,000 cases of ginger ale being so profitably opened at this hour . . . The rustling noise grew into a little thump and a little squeak. Over the sill appeared the head and later the shoulders of a dark silhouette.

"Zz-s-s-s-s-sl!" said a voice.

Through the silence Mr. Muffet's breathing came with calm steadfastness.

The silhouette hummed to itself and seemed to ponder. "Hoo-ooh!" it trilled loudly. "Yea-ay-ay!"

AND now Mr. Muffet started, and sat up in response to the cryptic incantation. Above the tumbled covers his pajama coat of black, green and purple—a startling design—appeared in elegant contrast to his ordinary, pleasant, slightly timid face red with astonishment.

He stared fixedly at the silhouette. At last he managed in a voice gruff with terror: "Who's there?"

"Is that you, father?" said the intruder blandly.

Mr. Muffet cleared his throat and relaxed somewhat. "Yes, it is," he admitted grudgingly. "Certainly it is. Who would it be?"

The intruder laughed in feminine, youthful merriment. "Well, it's hard to tell from the outside just which windows are which. And please don't make me laugh, father; I don't exactly like the way I'm balanced."

"I don't like it either," said Mr. Muffet with spirit. "I don't like it at all." He took a silk handkerchief from

his pajama pocket and blew his nose protestingly. "You make me dizzy hanging in the window like that. There's no sense in it. Why don't you come to the door like ordinary people? You may break your neck, not to mention keeping me awake at this hour."

"At this hour!" she jeered. She cautiously shifted her position to peep at a watch that glistened half-hidden by superfluous jewels on her wrist. "Nine-thirty."

"It feels like midnight," he yawned.

"Well, look, father, I want you to slip on something and come down. There's a party here and you know you love parties."

"What do you want me to slip on—a step?" He waited a moment and then laughed eagerly at his own joke.

"Dad, dear!" said Primrose reprovingly. "Can't I ever break you of punning? Look, darling, I want you to put on your evening clothes and come down to the drawing-room and be reading or something and look terribly distinguished when we come in. It's a bunch of lovely artists and grand writers and sculptors and things, and they never sleep, never. And I did so want you to be in evening clothes—and reading."

Mr. Muffet drew a deep breath of pleasure, recalling his shipment of books.

"Oh, Primrose! The books came!" he cried, as happily as a boy remembering his first roller skates waiting below for trial on the morrow. "And they're being catalogued. He's working now. They came in such big boxes that we had to get them through this window on pulleys."

"H'm," said Primrose. "That's why the ladder is here." "Oh, that's what you're on?" said Mr. Muffet. "Mind you don't fall off."

"I shan't," she said happily. "Hurry and dress."

"Primrose," he now asked solicitously, "is the Mercedes all right?"

"Hundred per cent," she assured him. "Did you think I'd wreck it the very first thing?" It was a new speedster, white and gleaming, and this was the first night she had driven it.

MR. MUFFET withdrew into the room after seeing her dismount from the ladder safely. He stretched sleepily. Then, thinking of the books, red and green and blue and brown, he felt very wide awake with anticipation; and he started to dress, quite forgetting to ring for the valet who always confused him, anyhow. Primrose was back. There was going to be a party . . . And he wanted, so much, to look distinguished—for Primrose.

Knotting his dress-tie his expression was amiable as he hummed cheerfully a tune he had heard on the radio:

Gotta hoss and a ring and a ring and a hoss  
And ready to go,  
Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap!

But as he turned toward the stairs he composed his features in a stern, aloof mold; even his large, fair

mustache took on dignity; and for a small man he achieved a certain grandeur of step as he descended. The huge, polished staircase leading into a Tudor hall, raftered with massive hewn oak, had, surprisingly, a handrail of Spanish conception. But Mr. Muffet was blissfully unaware that he had hired the wrong architect to build the wrong house, and the wrong decorator to choose the furnishings. "This is ours, think of that," he was wont to say to Primrose.

AT THE door of the library he paused to draw a long breath. He had not expected that the servants could unpack and stow away so many books upon the shelves in one afternoon. The reds and blues and greens glowed colorfully in the lamp-light. Mr. Muffet was extremely pleased. He saw that the decorator had been right. It looked much more like a library. His feet on the deep, Chinese rugs made no sound; and the young man working in the corner started as Mr. Muffet approached.

"Oh, good evening," said the young man, writing inexplicable numerals and letters on a gummed label.

"Working?" said Mr. Muffet with zest. Ingenuously he loved all this bustle and labor going on at his command.

"Yes, sir," said the young man. He licked the gummed label and stuck it in a book.

"Oh, better not do that," cried Mr. Muffet, alarmed. "Better not stick those things in the new books!"

The young man threw down the book impatiently. "If I'm going to catalogue—"



"It's hard to tell from the outside which windows are which"

"Oh, all right! I suppose it's all right. Just go ahead. I was thinking about the decorator—he mightn't like it."

Hearing the clamor of voices and footsteps in the hall, Mr. Muffet hastened to an armchair and dropped into it. He crossed his legs, settled his eyeglasses. "Give me a book," he commanded.

The librarian seemed to pick up interest. He surveyed the shelves with narrowed, speculative eyes. "What shall it be? Conrad? Balzac? This new biography of Benjamin Franklin—?"

"Give me a red one," said Mr. Muffet in nervous haste. The chatter was drawing close to the library door. Then paneled door swung open and Primrose came in, followed by the party.

"Why, Daddy, dear!" she cried in surprise; "I imagined you had gone to the theater."

Grasping his red book firmly, Mr. Muffet achieved a refined and haughty air. "I thought I'd sit a while and read," he said.

Primrose waved her hand at him proudly. "My father," she said to the party. The party bowed. "But I can't remember any of your names!" she cried despairingly, fingering her silver chiffon dress. "It doesn't matter, does it, really?"

"Nah," said Mr. Muffet genially. "I've got a good memory for faces, but names don't stick somehow." He gazed with open admiration at the splendid assortment of well-dressed people—artists and writers and sculptors and things, Primrose had said. A number of lovely women, all tall, all slim, all with lips as ripe as tangerines, with hair immaculately close-clipped and shining, had fallen into graceful attitudes about the library and there they stood smiling vaguely like well-bred statues. The men, more dissimilar from one another, but all as armored with assurance, strolled about the room, murmuring cryptic remarks in undertones.

BUT Primrose—this was her party and she didn't quite know what to do with it. A little girl, slim like the rest, but not very tall in spite of her charming long legs; a child seeming to masquerade as a woman in silver chiffon with a swirl of jade feather fronds where her gown was slashed low and a necklace of barbarous emeralds and pearls clasped close about her immature throat. Her eyes, velvety and dark, looked wide-eyed at life. And her hands, rather brown and capable, with yet an appealing softness, hovered now at her sides, now touched her hair, now were locked together in excited unrest as if they were impatient of all quietude. Upon her unwise mouth lay the faint imprint of many youthful dreams. But her feet were unconditionally gay.

One of the men spoke to her, a wearily genial man with gray at his temples. "Don't you cut your books?" he inquired, proffering a volume he had selected from the crowded shelves.

"Of course not," said Primrose flippantly. "We have the gardener cut everything."

The tall, graceful women, close-clipped and shining, laughed formally. There was an unaccountable moment of silence. Everybody had stupidly forgotten to murmur.

"Oh, hell," said Primrose out of the embarrassed void.

Mr. Muffet, who had started to smile as he always did at the opening of her lips, shook his head instead. "You oughtn't to talk that way," he said in low admonition. "It isn't ladylike."

"Well, everybody was thinking it," remarked Primrose cheerfully. "This isn't a party. It's a morgue. Let's dance, shall we?" Triumphant now that she had accomplished the difficult feat of getting them all back to the drawing-room, she moved in a lilting fashion to the door, and was followed in her exit by the party. The young librarian, who had all this time been crouching unobtrusively behind a desk, sticking gummed labels furiously in all the volumes in sight, emerged from his cramped position, sighing.

Mr. Muffet closed his book. "Well, that's a dandy crowd, isn't it?" he said in meditation. "Nice young people . . . Nice clothes."

"Yump," said the young man moodily. He raised his head and listened to the loud strains of jazz which poured through the open door. Absently and slowly he licked another label.

Mr. Muffet rang for the butler. "Bring some ginger ale—Muffet's," he said superfluously, for there was no other brand in the house. "There's nothing like it on a warm evening. Nothing."

With an odd flush mounting to his forehead the young man coughed, stammered a moment, and said at last,



*"I don't even know where you came from or what your name is"*

"Was that—you know, I mean, was that—?" He waved his hand helplessly toward the door where Primrose had stood.

Mr. Muffet stared at him a moment and then comprehended. "Yep, that was her," he replied. "And don't go forgetting what I told you. It won't do, you see. It won't do at all. I fire the minute it happens." He looked stubborn and almost fierce. "She doesn't mean any harm. But she's young and people all look alike to her. You can't tamper with social position that way," he ended lamely.

"Don't worry," said the librarian, with an air of tremendous loftiness. He ran his scholarly fingers through his thick reddish hair. "I'm not interested, Mr. Muffet. I—I promised you, anyhow. You don't need to keep warning me."

"No offense," murmured Mr. Muffet, contentedly sipping the ginger ale which had been brought. He picked up the bottle and gazed thoughtfully at the bright green and purple label. "That's nice lettering, isn't it? You don't think those colors are too gaudy, do you?"

Beyond an infrequent glass of beer the ginger ale king did not approve of alcoholic drinks. It troubled him no little that his innocent, law-abiding beverage should be used chiefly as a basis for highballs. There was no cellar in the Muffet household. Primrose had never been able to over-rule her father on that point: about certain tenets of conduct he could be surprisingly adamant.

TONIGHT Primrose also had called for ginger ale, and with the help of generous flasks, her guests produced very plausible drinks tinkling with mint-green ice cubes. A sudden, inconsequential liveliness seized the party. Allison Blaine, the producer of solemn little-theater plays, forgot that he was Allison Blaine and began to learn how to dance "Black Bottom"—Louise, the charming Fifth Avenue mannequin was gravely teaching him. Her immaculate golden hair became loosened, almost tumbled. "Try to look more negroid!" she cried. Darty and Smarty, twins who danced in a musical revue, clapped their lovely hands to aid him with the step. Then impulsively they seized [Turn to page 66]

# The End of a Rhapsody



*"Why should I do all this for your husband?"*

ALL sorts and conditions of men and women made their home beneath the roof of the Brankscombe apartments. It was a human rookery; and its denizens sped forth in early morning in search of food, or of work which meant food, returning in the evening. There was none of the leisured classes at "Brank's," as it was familiarly called by its tenants. From the little dressmaker on the top story, whose furnishings consisted of a table surmounted by a sewing-machine, to Signor Bellerini, Professor of Vocal Culture, on the ground floor, the occupants earned their bread much as did their forefather Adam.

Geoffrey Heriot rented a room midway between these two; and there, by the aid of piano and reckless

use of quantities of manuscript music paper, he tried to climb the hill of fame. But that hill is sometimes of an incredible steepness; and his thoughts were often concentrated on the absorbing question of how to keep body and soul together.

"Fame will have to wait," he reflected, as he played his *Danse des Sylphes*, which he had just written.

At the moment the door opened a little way and a face thrust itself in—small and white beneath a tangled mop of black hair, with a scarlet line of a mouth and a pair of famished looking black eyes. After a minute the owner of the face slipped into the room and stood motionless as a statue, all her vitality and soul seemingly concentrated in the great black eyes. Presently a tremor passed through her body. She swayed a little from the waist, her hands and feet moving tentatively to the rhythm coming from the piano. She began to dance.

She was unbelievably thin; and her little body in its rusty-black frock swayed with the lightness of a flower. As the music ended, she stood poised, arms outstretched, an angelic smile curving her mouth. Then she dropped suddenly into a normal attitude, and nodded across at the pianist.

"You make ver' good music, you, *mon vieux*," she remarked with condescension.

Heriot laughed.

"Thanks, Sara. If you were Madame Marie Lopatka, now, your approbation might be of some use to me. As it is, well, my 'good music' is worth just that to

"When love has turned to kindness"—so the poet sang of a waning passion. But are there not a few whose love burns bright as any star though the years bring heartache and defeat? And when these meet again, do they find only the memory of an old affection or—  
The End of a Rhapsody?

*By Margaret Pedler*

*Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA*

me!" And he tossed four small coins on to the table. "That's precisely my worldly wealth, and half of that goes bang next rent-day."

"Lopatka!" she exclaimed disdainfully. "Lopatka is ver' good in her way. But me, I shall be better than Lopatka."

"Nothing like having a good opinion of yourself, my child," smiled Heriot.

"It is not conceit! But no, not at all!" she protested vehemently. "I was born a dancer. Lopatka is not! Only the Russian ballet made her one!"

The humor and pathos of the thing appealed to Heriot. Here was this little half-starved waif, the offspring of an invalid mother who earned a meager living by making artificial flowers and of a drunken father whose disappearance, a few months previously, had been the only benefit he had ever conferred upon his wife and child—coolly criticizing Lopatka, the famous ballerina! And criticizing her 'to some purpose, too. For although Lopatka's manner of dancing was perfect, it was admitted that her interpretation missed that fine poetry of conception which would have placed her at the head of the world's dancers.

WELL, I wish I felt equally sure Providence intended me for a composer," said Heriot. "Sometimes I feel convinced I was intended for a bricklayer."

"Non!" Again Sara shook her head vigorously. "You would not make a good bricklayer. Regard these hands"—spreading out his sensitive fingers, fan-wise—"They are for music. You will be great one day! We will be famous together, you and I. But," she added vehemently in French, "I should adore you the same, even if you were a bricklayer." There was great intensity in her declaration.

Heriot occasionally shared his supper with the child; and once or twice he bought a scarlet ribbon for her hair, recognizing her craving for color and beauty. In return, Sara attached herself to him with an elfin and pathetic devotion.

"There is only one thing," she would say thoughtfully, "that I love more than you, *mon Geofroi*—and that is to dance! When I dance, I am different, somehow—no longer a woman! I feel like a spirit—and spirits do not love . . . ."

"I should like to see her!" As she spoke, Jeanie Heriot pushed aside the illustrated paper with a full-page portrait of Madame Sara Lechitzka, most famous dancer of the day, and pulled toward her a basket filled with socks in last stages of disrepair.

"What awful holes you make, Geoffrey," she said. "Now if you were Lechitzka it might be comprehensible. As it is, I can't imagine how you contrive to wear your socks like this!" And she exhibited the hole in question.

"Tramping round to various music-publishers, I expect," answered Geoffrey Heriot. "An allowance for socks and shoe leather ought to be included in the contract, on the rare occasions when I get one. It's a dog's life!"

He sighed; and his wife looked across at him with quick sympathy.

"Are things so bad, Geoff?" she asked.

"About as bad as they can be. There's a trifling coming in from that last song of mine; and I've now but six or so pianoforte pupils, confound them!"

"And the *Rhapsody*?" she questioned eagerly. "Have you shown that to any of the publishers yet?"

He nodded gloomily.

"They won't look at it—advise me to stick to writing ballad-songs and let orchestral work alone. No opening for it, unless, of course, I could interest a leading conductor in it!"

"And can't you?" she asked wistfully.

"I've as much chance of interesting the sun and moon and stars! Unsuccessful composers don't rub shoulders with the gentleman in fine raiment who waves a little white stick above a symphonic orchestra."

**J**EANIE sighed. When she had first met Geoffrey Heriot, two years ago, he had just published a fairly successful song; the ensuing royalties had so tinted the future with rose-color that there seemed no reason why they should not marry and live happily ever after.

Geoffrey was not one to dash off tuneful pot-boilers. He hated such things from the bottom of his sincere musician's soul. So his deliberately concocted little jingles failed to keep the pot boiling; and as ill-luck would have it, his bigger work, into which he had put the real genius which was his, had never obtained a hearing.

So time slipped by; and with scraping and paring and rent-day anxiety, Geoffrey's face had taken on new lines, while Jeanie laughed less, grew shadowy-eyed and a bit pinched about the nostrils. But she had never given up hope.

"Never mind, Geoffrey, cheer up," she said, stabbing her needle viciously into the heel of a sock. "You'll surely get your chance some day!"

"And meanwhile," he said with forced cheerfulness, "if you're dying to see Lechitzka, you shall. We'll sit tonight in the gallery, and dream of a time to come when it shall be two orchestra chairs."

"She's absolutely wonderful!" declared Jeanie late that evening, placing a steaming cup of coffee in front of her husband and pouring another for herself.

The Heriots had just returned from their gallery view of Lechitzka, and Jeanie was bubbling with admiration for the Russian's marvelous dancing.

"And she gets more for a single performance than I can make in a year," confessed Geoffrey. "It's a queer world!" he went on. "I knew Lechitzka half-a-dozen years ago, when she was just a lanky kid with a passion for dancing and without two cents to rub together."

"You knew her?" exclaimed Jeanie incredulously.

"Yes. She and her mother lived at the Brankscombe when I had a room there. Poor little Sara was often half starved, and I've shared my sausage and pancakes with her many a time. And now she's at the top of the ladder, while I'm still grubbing at the foot."

"Fancy your knowing the great Lechitzka," Jeanie said impressively. "Why—why—oh, Geoffrey, she could make you! If she would only take your *Rhapsody* and put it on as a dance, you'd be famous!"

It was Geoffrey's turn to be astonished.

"I can just see myself suggesting it to her," he answered grimly.

"But if you were friends years ago? I don't see why you shouldn't," persisted Jeanie. "You did her a good turn then. Now she can pay it back."

"Sounds simple as the rule of three, doesn't it?" said Geoffrey. "No, no, Jeanie. When people get on in the world, they forget the friends of their poorer days. Anyway, they don't want the bill sent in!"

"Then you won't ask her, or show her the *Rhapsody*?"

"No," Geoffrey answered with decision. "I can stand being turned down by the publishers, but I'm hanged if I'll put myself in the way of being snubbed by Sara Lechitzka."

As the months wore on, the Heriots' financial outlook showed no signs of improvement; and when winter drew near, bringing in its train increased expenditure, affairs assumed gloomy coloring indeed. Jeanie grew more shadowy-eyed than ever, and Geoffrey became irritable and nervous with the perpetual strain. Then he developed a cough, which, with his low vitality, he was powerless to throw off; and at length the time came that he was too weak to go out and give the music-lessons which formed the principal source of his income. Jeanie was at her wits' end.

**I**T WAS then that the idea of approaching the great Lechitzka regarding the *Rhapsody* returned to her, and with heart beating high, she set out for the house of the famous Russian dancer. She asked for Madame Lechitzka with outward assurance, but inward trepidation; the latter increasing a hundredfold as a forbidding-looking maid superciliously inquired if she had an appointment. Indeed, the course of the Heriots' lives might have run very differently but for the fact that while Jeanie was politely wrangling about admission, Madame Lechitzka herself descended from upstairs. Perhaps it was that she caught a glimpse of Jeanie's eager face with its big, imploring eyes like two brown pansies. Whatever it was, the dancer stood hesitating on the staircase; and Jeanie beheld a beautiful black and white vision—a white face gleaming against dusky hair, and black, somber eyes.

With a swift movement, graceful as a cat, Lechitzka came across the hall.

"You wish to see me, is it not so?" she asked, speaking very rapidly and with a strong foreign accent.

"Oh, yes—yes, please!" Jeanie stammered nervously.

Madame Lechitzka smiled and nodded. "Bien! I will see you," she said. And a minute later Jeanie found herself alone with the famous dancer in a room full of mellow golden tints, in the midst of which Madame Lechitzka's sable figure struck a note of austere simplicity.

Stumblingly Jeanie poured forth her tale—of her husband's genius, of their poverty, of his struggle against continual disappointments until he had broken down in health. And she begged that Madame Lechitzka hear his *Rhapsody* and produce it. [Turn to page 76]



"When a woman has two loves,  
her heart may well suffer"



*Sinclair Lewis*  
Author of "Main Street"



*Walter Lippmann*  
Author of "A Preface to Morals"

# WHAT'S RIGHT

*As observed by Sinclair Lewis, Walter Lippmann,*

**T**HIS article is the first of a challenging series aiming at the rediscovery of America. Other authors in future issues will mirror the manners and morals of Main Street today—its society, its attitude toward marriage and divorce, the part the church plays in the cultural life of the community, how the children are reared, the influence of sports, automobiles and motion pictures on the life of the young, etc.

In each instance the most famous authorities, the most alert observers have been chosen to present their opinions to the readers of McCall's Magazine. Their words may widen our vision and create a new conception of the American home.

—THE EDITOR

**O**F LATE, we Americans have been somewhat like people driving at a multiple crossroads with heavy holiday traffic and too few or too many signals and signposts to guide them. Imagine all that complicated by the blare of jazz-bands, with the wail of saxophones rising above the din.

We have been tremendously busy, much confused and not quite sure of where we are going. What could be more natural than a desire to know?

There is just now an especial urge to our curiosity to know. We are still in the midst of, or perhaps barely emerging from, a period of confusion so great, that every pulpit, platform and periodical still keeps proclaiming upon it. We have been in a state of intense confusion in manners, morals, religion, politics—a condition that came perhaps naturally enough in the wake of the war, but the critics who told us of it made few enough allowances. The criticism has been loud, reproachful, strident at times, always plentiful. Much of it has been as the shouting of angry persons in the midst of confusion is likely to be—biting, satirical, acidly critical, with very little in the way of helpful direction.

There has been Mr. Sinclair Lewis, with his *Main Street* and his *Babbitt*. There has been Mr. H. L. Mencken, with his dissecting studies of the "boob" in his pet science of "boobology." Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch has analyzed our complete disillusionment; and the other day Count Keyserling, who visited us last year as a highly-paid lecturer, informed us that ours is

a wholly animal philosophy, aimed entirely toward merely animal comfort. There have been plenty of others besides.

Now, it is altogether probable that some of all this criticism was deserved. By the time we, or any nation, are wholly perfect, wholly free of criticism, our planet will be icy cold, with no life left upon it. One of our best traits, as a matter of fact, is our manner of accepting criticism. We pay well for it. We have treated Mr. Lewis excellently. We support Mr. Mencken, one hopes, in the style to which he has been accustomed; and many of his fellows, as well. We glory in our critics.

But is that all there is to the picture? If it were we should not be worth the powder and shot spent on the criticism. Let us look at a few of the facts.

Our prosperity is doubtless very great. Invention, machinery, labor-economizing devices, keep developing so vigorously that, despite those who believe the machines will soon overwhelm and enslave us, both our output and our leisure time keep on increasing. The worker, the artisan, as well as the housewife in the kitchen, have more leisure today than was dreamed of a generation ago. But is this material prosperity all?





*Will Durant*  
Author of "The Story of Philosophy"



*Robert S. Lynd*  
Author of "Middletown"

# LET WITH AMERICA?

## Will Durant and Robert S. Lynd

*and told to  
Henry James Forman*

Great and impressive changes have been taking place in our social life, as our prosperity has been increasing. Are we, McCall's Magazine has been interested to inquire, rising in the scale of other, less tangible, more intellectual and spiritual values? If, as we believe, America is great, what makes her great? How do all those physical factors, wealth, prosperity, vast output, economic superiority, blend to produce a great culture? Are we moving toward a great culture, or are we drifting backward, in a kind of mental and spiritual inertia, by very reason of our great prosperity? Where are we going out of the confusion?

"Growth is the foremost ideal in America today," Mr. Sinclair Lewis recently said. But growth in what direction?

In order to find out the writer received the agreeable task of enquiring among some of the foremost writers and thinkers we have in America today. The peculiar gifts of those selected, as well as their published work, show them to be keen observers, peculiarly susceptible to changes in our national outlook and, by long training, quick to note and to express what they observe.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, author of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, foremost of American novelists; Mr. Walter

Lippmann, editor of the New York "World," author of *A Preface to Morals, Drift and Mastery* and a number of other books; Mr. Robert S. Lynd, who, with Mrs. Lynd, has recently made the most fascinating and graphic survey yet achieved of an American community in *Middletown*; and Dr. Will Durant, author of the widely read *The Story of Philosophy, Mansions of Philosophy* and of a forthcoming *Story of Civilization*. These four men, we felt, can speak upon the questions, answers to which we were seeking, with as much authority as any in America. These are some of the questions we asked:

What kind of culture is evolving or likely to evolve in America from our present way of life? What ideals are stressed in America today? Are our basic ideals today very much inferior to those of Europe? Is Main Street still Main Street; and is Babbitt the same old George F. Babbitt? What of our youth today? Are we stagnating in all but material progress, or are we moving

forward? The questions, though varying somewhat in each case, were similar in their main purpose. The answers of these exceptional men

together form what may prove one of the most interesting composite interviews ever put before readers.

Did space permit, it would be pleasant to give the reader a picture of Mr. Walter Lippmann at his desk in the "World" tower, high above the noise of lower New York; Mr. Sinclair Lewis on the veranda of his hilly Vermont farm, ringed by woods; Dr. Will Durant secluded in his book-lined study on Long Island, at work upon his *Story of Civilization*; and Mr. Robert S. Lynd in his Manhattan office on the twenty-seventh floor of a building dominating Park Avenue.

"What kind of culture is likely to evolve in America?" Dr. Durant repeated the question. "That is something nobody can foretell accurately. But here is something in the nature of guide-posts. [Turn to page 95]





*"I'll not live a lie any longer. I hate Crow Grieve and I mean*



## ARIZONA AMES

By Zane Grey

IS REVENGE a two-edged sword? And must the soul of a man who avenges his sister's honor be condemned to lonely exile for life? Days have passed, and nights, too—under the light of western stars—since Arizona Ames, the greatest of Zane Grey's heroes, flourished his pistols in a fatal salute and rode off into the sunset.

Behind him rise Arizona, his cabin in the hills, and his beautiful, impetuous sister, Nesta, who had been betrayed by Lee Tate. Guests have already gathered for Nesta's wedding to Sam Playford, when she tells her brother why she must not marry Sam, who,

in spite of this shock, still wants Nesta as his bride. So the marriage takes place, though Nesta is soon to bear Tate's child. Tate paid with his life for that betrayal in Ames' gallant farewell to Arizona. And now new trails to freedom and high adventure beckon to the north.

### Part II

SPRING had come to the Wyoming valley, where the Wind River wound its shining way between the soaring ranges of snow-crowned peaks. The eagle from his lonely crag could gaze down upon thousands of cattle; and if he flew across the wide valley or soared above the center of its long length, from end



*to tell him the truth. I'd have left long ago but for the baby"*

## *A Galahad of the purple sage pursues the endless trail to romance in the greatest of Zane Grey's novels*

*Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN*

to end, he could have seen the rolling, grassy ridges, the green bottom lands and the vast levels, all dotted with straggling herds.

Here, perhaps, was the most beautiful location for a ranch in all that country. Kit Carson, guide for Fremont on his exploring expedition, made camp here in the early days when buffalo blackened the valley.

The ranch house stood on a high point above the shining rivers where they met. The green and yellow range rolled down hill to the south, and to the north waved by endless slope and swale up and ever upward toward the black Wind River Mountains.

One day in May the cowboy outfit of Crow Grieve straggled back to the ranch in two's and three's, some ahead of the chuck wagon and others behind. They

were returning from Granger, a shipping point on the railroad, where, following the spring round-up, Grieve had driven three thousand head of cattle. It had been a hard drive, ending in a carouse and fights, as common to cowboys as any of their habits. They had departed twenty-one strong and had returned minus several comrades.

Two of Grieve's boys would never ride again; others had drifted. They veered like the wind, these fire-spirited striplings of the ranges. In this case, after being drunk for one week and on horseback for another, the main body reached what they called home, sober,



broke, several of them crippled, many of them bruised, all of them weary, yet gay as larks.

Lany Price, cowboy of nineteen, tanned and tawny, comely of face, rode in far ahead of Grieve's outfit. The door of his bunkhouse stood open. A heavy, silver-mounted saddle and a neatly folded saddle-blanket lay against the wall. A tall rider in high boots appeared in the doorway.

"Howdy," he said pleasantly. "There wasn't anybody heah, so I made myself at home."

"Howdy, stranger," returned Lany, inclined to be irritated; not that he felt anything but welcome for a visitor, but because he had a reason for wanting to be alone and an errand to do which he preferred no one to see him perform. But after a second look at the stranger, the irritation left him.

"Stranger, you're new in these parts?" asked Price, as he dismounted and unbuckled the saddle cinch.

"Shore am. Wyomin' is about the only range I haven't ridden these last six years."

"Where you from?"  
"Where'd you say?"  
"Texas."

"I was born in Texas, but left when I was a boy."  
"My handle's Lany Price. What'd you say yours is?"  
"Reckon I didn't say yet," drawled the other.  
"So I noticed. Excuse my curiosity," rejoined Lany, with a keen cowboy's appreciative glance at his visitor.  
"Well, stranger, I'm seein' after my horse. If you don't want to look around, just make yourself at home."

The stranger contented himself with sitting on a bench against the wall, while he looked across the river at the far-flung vista. Price went into the bunkhouse, to emerge hurriedly, carrying a packet under his coat, something he evidently wished to conceal.

"Some of the outfit comin' now," he said, pointing down the wide lane past the corral. "Take them as they come, stranger, an' be mild. Savvy?" Then he strode off toward the ranch house.

**T**HE stranger lounged on the bench, watching the riders straggle in. Apparently to his casual interest these cowboys presented nothing striking. Soon the two-team chuck wagon rolled by, to be brought to a halt in front of the mess cabin. More riders put in an appearance down the lane; and by the time Price returned there was a line of saddle-horses, pack-horses and noisy cowboys all along the front of the bunkhouses.

Price came and sat down beside his guest and laughed as he named his comrades. "Some pretty decent boys, an' some hell's rattlers, too. Did you ever hear of Slim Blue?"

"Reckon I have," replied the other, with a quiet smile.

The line of cowboys below Price's bunkhouse led their horses off toward the corrals, but those above had to pass it, and they were nothing if not curious about the newcomer. Each one emitted some characteristic remark, which brought only a slight, pleasant smile to the stranger's keen, tanned face. The last cowboy stalked up, bow-legged, dusty, with jangling spurs. He had a lithe, slim figure, striking because it gave the impression of strength and suppleness not usual in a man so thin.

"Here's Slim Blue," whispered Lany Price. "He always wears a blue shirt. Whatever you do now, don't dodge!"

Blue possessed a remarkable face. It resembled a desert that had been scoured, fire, avalanche, lightning, rain and wind. He was so burdened with rider's paraphernalia that he had only a thumb free to indicate the quiet figure sitting next to Price.

"Lany, has your paw come to see you?" he queried.  
"No. Stranger blowed in," replied Price.

"Good day, Mister Blue," spoke up this stranger, pleasantly.

"Who'n hell told you to call me Mister Blue?" demanded the cowboy, belligerently.

"Nobody. It's your shirt. I saw you comin' four miles away."

"Is that so?" queried Blue sarcastically. "So you're that sharp sighted, huh? Wal, now, how good can you see with one eye swelled shut?"

The stranger leaned back with his sinewy brown hands clasping one knee. His wonderful eyes, a flashing blue, seemed to bear out his assertion.

"Cowboy, see heah," he drawled, in a lazy, cool way. "You've had a long drill. An' I reckon you're weak in more'n your mind. Better get some nourishin' food under your belt an' a night's rest before you talk that way to me."

Blue's jaw dropped. His face could not have grown any redder, so it was impossible to tell whether this remark had infuriated or confused him.

"Much obliged, stranger," he replied curtly. "You're orful considerate. But I jest can't take all that advice. I'll be back to ask you suthin'."

Some time later the strange rider, having patrolled a beat in front of the corrals for a reasonable time, approached the mess-house, where on the wide, comfortable porch a dozen or more cowboys lounged. They quickened as he stalked up, nonchalant, with that pensive little smile. He made a singularly striking figure.

"Do you-all reckon I'll get thrown out askin' for a meal heah?" he queried, drawling the words.

The cowboys stared. That question might be taken for insolence.

"See hyar, Texan, air you insultin' Wyomin'?" asked a stalwart rider.

"No offense. But course I caint tell. I was just hopin' you're not all like Slim Blue."

"Haw! Haw! An' why're you hopin' that?"

"Well, I never met no riders like him. Asked me if I could see to shoot with one eye swelled shut. He scared me terrible."

"Huh, you look it, stranger," replied the big cowboy shortly.

The stranger approached the open door and called: "Hey, cook, can a poor rider who's starved an' broke get a feed heah?"

"You bet. When I yell just knock over some of them hawgs an' come arunnin'," replied the cook.

"Hyar comes Slim now," remarked one of the loungers. "Gee, ain't he sassy lookin'?"

The stranger went forward to the front of the porch, stepped off and as he sat down his gun bumped heavily upon the wood. Far down the road behind Blue limped another cowboy, coming slowly.

Slim Blue, espousing the stranger, swerved out and came round the porch to confront him. Then the loungers on the porch sat up with interest.

"Stranger, I reckoned you'd be gone," announced Blue.

"Nope. I'm powerful hungry an' the cook told me I could get a feed heah, if I'd knock over a couple of the hawks."

"Wal, I'm orful sorry, 'cause you won't be able to eat very good, with two eyes swelled shut," said Blue.

"You won't take any advice?" drawled the stranger.

"Not from any tidy, clean, pretty strangers. Jest goes agin the grain."

"Slim," said one of the cowboys, "your personal dislikes ain't nobody's bizness, but it riles us to have you give Wyomin' a black eye."

**T**HE stranger stepped out from the porch and throwing aside his sombrero, thus disclosing a handsome head of light, shiny hair, said: "Blue, I've heard of you."

"Is that so?" growled Slim.

Then, swinging his fists, Blue rushed in. The rider suddenly moved with incredible swiftness to one side. His left arm shot out and his fist took Blue over the eye in a solid thump that all but upset him. The rider, swinging around with his right, took the cowboy squarely in the abdomen with a blow that sounded like a loud *bam*.

Blue, his face swiftly changed into one of awful contortion, began to sink down, his hands pressed to his body, his wide open mouth issuing his expelled breath in one loud explosion.

The cowboys yelled in glee. Blue sank to his knees. Lany Price, standing on the edge of the porch, called low: "Look out! Here comes MacKinney. He's Slim's pard."

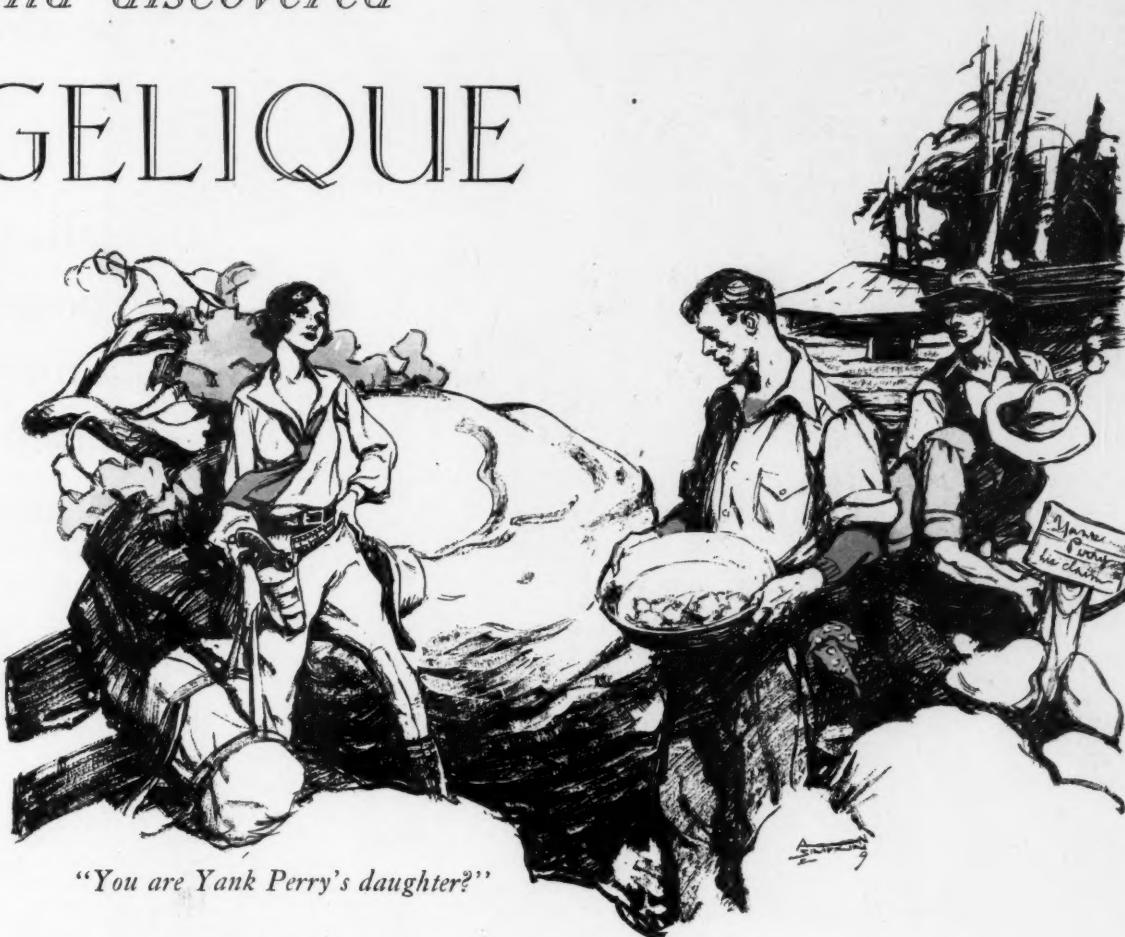
Just then the last cowboy arrived on the scene. His Scotch name suited the forceful step, the honest, ugly face, the gray [Turn to page 80]



*The oftener Ames saw Crow Grieve,  
the sorrier he felt for the young wife*

# How a band of innocent adventurers sought for gold and discovered

## ANGELIQUE



**S**O FAR, the new Canadian gold rush had halted hundreds of miles to the southeast of Mossy Creek.

Nobody had ever noticed any alluvial gold in that direction. In fact, nobody had ever been there except a few trappers and stray Indians between the upper Ionotes Lakes and the Aindayan.

Neither fur nor feather was sufficiently abundant to detain either Indian or trapper in the Mossy Creek country. A few shacks called Topaz City marked the northern edges of the gold rush.

By a miracle the story of Mossy Creek and its gravel rifts, brought into Topaz City by a drifter named Perry, was scornfully discounted, "Yank" Perry being known as a general scoundrel and liar. Besides he was, plainly, half dead of lung trouble and drink; he died, in fact, that same week. Died gratefully in the camp of Langdon's outfit, no other community offering to harbor him, and naturally not believing him when he said he was dying.

"You," he whispered hoarsely to Langdon the night he died, "are a soft mark; and so's this college bunch with you . . . 'N' soon's I'm through, you take a peek into my other pants . . . 'N' don't tell no smart alecks what you find, neither . . . keep it under your belt, 'n' fake your rah-rah boys 'n' go along to Mossy Creek—"

He began again to choke . . .

Langdon, just out of Yale, and for the first time up against realities, put one arm around the dying man. "Is there anybody I can write to?" he asked in an awed voice.

Yank managed to rasp out that he had a daughter in New York.

"I ben stakin' her to a eddication . . . I dunno if she done me dirt . . . I ben sendin' her what I clean up . . . but I ain't seen her these ten years . . . You send her what I got in my other pants. Will you?"

"I will," said Langdon solemnly.

Yank's mind wandered more or less, but in an interval of clarity: "You take what's in my other pants an' play fifty-fifty with Angelique . . . Say you will!" he barked.

"I will," said Langdon, "—on my honor."

"You're a kid; you'll do what you say," muttered Yank. Presently: "What d' you suppose Angie's been pullin' on me down to New York? . . . I ain't had no letter in six years."

He turned his head, wearily; looked up at Langdon out of sinking eyes. "They got me right; I'm a liar," he whispered; "but I ain't never meant no harm by it . . . I jest kinda make out how things is what they oughta be . . . Like them guys who write fancy novels . . . Only—I wish I wuz wise to what my girl's been up to."

Suddenly the end came with a rush. Langdon laid the man flat and called to Baker and Glenn who were cooking outside the shack.

Thus passed Yank

Perry, known all over the Dominion wilderness for a liar, a thief, a swindler and for whatever else anybody cared to accuse him of.

In his "other pants" were some forty ounces of gold in very small, water-worn nuggets; a greasy map; and a woman's name and address in New York City. To this address Langdon sent the gold and—after he had copied it—the map. In a brief letter to Yank's offspring he broke the news of her father's passing.

Three days later Langdon's outfit started northwest, making no unnecessary noise about their departure. But their departure was sneeringly observed by those who knew that these college youths had harbored, and finally buried, the most notorious liar in the Dominion.

"The poor dum' fools!" remarked Athabasca Jake. "Nobody wouldn't grubstake a grasshopper on that Yank's say-so—with his pants full o' pyrites an' all his dirty bunk. He couldn't help lyin' no more'n a skunk can help what he smells like . . . A dyin' polecat takes a last shot at the world; an' that's what the Yank's done to them kids."

Thus Athabasca Jake, with profane frequency, in the highways and byways of Topaz City. *Nil nisi bonum* was not Jake's nature, the Yank having victimized him in some shadowy transaction in some half-forgotten year long passed away. But during the next week or two the departure of the Langdon outfit was forgotten by the gold washers on the Topaz.

The only note of vivid color in all that vast wilderness of gray and green was the scarlet tunic of a trooper who looked in on the camp at Mossy Creek.

But he had gone on; no more Northwest Mounted appeared; and except for a crimson maple-leaf here and there, prematurely flamboyant, the immense monotony of green varied only where the [Turn to page 141]



# In Miniature: Evangeline Booth

By Selma Robinson



From an  
Etching  
by  
WALTER  
TITLE

*For the hall of fame: A good Samaritan*

THE games had been played. Nothing remained of the candles on the Christmas tree but icicles of colored wax. The children were sleepy and they said goodnight. One after another, all eight of them were put to bed and one after another drifted into sleep. Except Eva. She lay, her little fist curled under her cheek, remembering the events of the day. The meeting; the prayers; the voices raised in hymns. The deep significance of this day. Most disturbing was the thought that it was her birthday, and that she, Evangeline Booth, aged seven, had done nothing to alleviate the sorrow of this world. Her conscience troubled her at the thought of the vast difference between herself and that other Child whose birthday was also celebrated on this day. More and more she was impressed by her own unworthiness, until, unable to sleep, she slipped from her bed and went below to her parents' room. Without waiting for them to question her, she burst into tears and begged to be converted. With her father's hands laying blessings on her head and her mother's arms around her, Evangeline Booth in full consciousness of the importance of her decision became the youngest member of the Salvation Army.

SERVICE to humanity was a family tradition with the Booths; as medicine or the law is in other homes. William and Catharine Booth were God-adoring rather than God-fearing. With an unlimited faith in mankind and an almost superhuman patience, they devoted themselves to the salvaging of the unfortunate. The shining example of their parents before them, the children asked nothing better than to continue their work.

Mrs. Booth hoped that her children would mean something to the world, but she wanted them to be righteous above all else. Simply and directly she made them understand her: they must be good. It was like a familiar tune that was woven into their daily life, in their prayers and in the intimate little talks of mother and child. The modern mother may criticize her for the complete unworldliness in which her children were

reared. But Mrs. Booth felt there was a great power in not knowing how to be bad. Years later, when Evangeline was a girl of eighteen or twenty, she tapped her head significantly because an unmarried mother told her that her new-born child had no father. "No father," echoed Miss Booth. And then, pityingly, to a coworker, "Poor thing, her mind's touched. Who ever heard of a child without a father?"

Religion was a living, active force to the young Booths. It meant being kind to the aged and to the very young, to the sick and the weak. They played Salvation Army as other children play school. One of the children beat the drum, another urged an audience of brooms, dust mops, pillows and chairs to forsake the paths of evil. Eva played the harp or the banjo, and sang in a sweet, childish voice. Her little sisters and brothers were leaders; Miss Eva never. She was content to visualize her part in the Salvation Army as a silent, helpful worker, teaching music, or visiting the sick. She was a child of ten or twelve when her father called on her to speak publicly for the first time.

"Eva will tell you how she has given up her life to Jesus," he said.

The young girl rose to her feet obediently, and opened her mouth; but not a sound came.

After a few painful moments, her father said: "Never mind. Eva will talk yet."

When she tells the story now, Miss Booth adds, "Eva is talking yet."

Miss Booth is one of the world's best public speakers though it is martyrdom for her to face crowds. She has the temperament, the feeling for the dramatic, of a great actress. She has also the actress' ability to catch an audience quickly, to sway it to her mood. And her clear, cadenced diction is something to be profoundly envied in these days of sloppy speech.

Those who expect to see in her a sanctimonious, unreal divinity, must be disappointed. She has penetrating, laughing eyes, a sense of humor and an unerring perspective. When people come to her for advice, they get

Gallant heroine  
of peaceful battles,  
commander of an army  
that serves  
mankind

advice, not a recitation from the Bible nor a lecture on purity. Her father taught her: "When you are too divine for humanity, then it is time for you to be in Heaven."

There must have been a great kinship between the founder of the Salvation Army and his favorite child. The resemblance in their appearance was striking, and the daughter has inherited her father's passion for people and his ability as a leader. It was she whom he chose to accompany him on his preaching tours when she was only a child; and when she was not quite eighteen years old he placed her in command of her own station. Her instructions were to found a Salvation Army Corps.

The hall was located in the West End of London, in the most notorious section of the city. Evil was a familiar, foul-faced animal. In the crowded, filthy hovels, disease and ignorance killed hundreds of children. When Evangeline Booth visited their homes, she would be greeted by hot water thrown from the windows, by curses and obscene jokes. The inhabitants, embittered by poverty and misery resented her being better off than they. What right had a "lady" to tell them how to regulate their lives, to deprive them of drink and vice?

THE meeting hall held 2,500 seats. On the first night fourteen were occupied by those who came out of curiosity. Evangeline Booth was hooted as she walked through the streets. Obviously, she could not hope to gain the sympathy of these people unless she knew more about their lives. Casting her uniform aside, she dressed in rags that they wore, and sold flowers on street corners as some of them did. To gain entrance into their homes, she joined them in the making of match boxes that sold for "tuppence farthing," or about four cents a gross. While she glued pictures and pasted sides together, she talked with them, simply as another of the several women gathered in a small room, manufacturing match boxes. A contact was established and something grew that was warm and understanding.

Next she attempted to draw the children of the neighborhood toward her. But they spat in her face and tore the clothes she wore. In the window of the three-room apartment she occupied she hung a sign: "Broken Toys Mended Here Free." The children brought her sick mice and birds, carts without wheels; and one little girl who had never owned a doll offered her the only toy she had ever owned, a stuffed, torn sock that was not feeling very well. Though Miss Eva had never learned to sew as expertly as her sisters, she gathered about her women who could. From a manufacturer of dolls she obtained damaged dolls' heads, saw-dust and cotton; and while the women worked [Turn to page 124]



# GOING HOME

*By*  
*Marion Tally*



Nineteen—with the world of opera at her feet

*Marion Tally's personal reply to everybody's question:  
"Why is she retiring at twenty-two?"*

## INTRODUCED

BY MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

I'M LOOKING forward to buying a nice farm where we can have a front and back yard and chickens," Marion Tally told me early in 1927, the year after her first season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A few months ago, just two years later, newspaper stories announced that the young prima donna had actually retired from grand opera to buy her "nice farm." She has it now, 960 acres of it, but many seem to doubt that she will settle down to enjoy it. I am not one of the doubters. I know the Talleys and I think I understand them. There is no pretense about Marion. She's a middle-western girl who doesn't want to be anything else. She frankly says so and means what she says. That is a family trait with the Talleys.

I met them all—Papa and Mamma Tally, Florence and Marion—nearly seven years ago when they came on from Kansas City for Marion's first audition at the Metropolitan. Marion was fifteen then, a sweet, round-faced, magnolia-skinned little girl with her blonde hair down her back in curls. Although they took it calmly, as they take everything, the Talleys were a bit surprised that New York should make such a fuss about their arrival. They looked curiously at the thirty reporters asking relevant and irrelevant questions and the energetic photographers dashing hither and thither with their tripods.

I had been sent by a New York newspaper to get the story, mainly, I think, because the Talleys came from Missouri, my home state. Sure enough, we got on at once. I didn't meet them again for some months; but when I did run into Marion and her mother one evening in Central Park, we picked up our [Turn to page 92]

## MY OWN STORY

BY MARION TALLEY

A FEW months ago, after four seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House and in concert tours of this country, I announced that I was retiring. Today I'm of the same mind, but it's not because any stone has been left unturned to make me change. There have been literally hundreds of efforts in that direction—offers for radio, talkies, vaudeville and concert totaling thousands of dollars (two of \$10,000 each for a single radio appearance), remonstrances from friends and strangers, even tirades.

People wrote, telephoned, telegraphed and cabled their amazed disapprobation. The idea of a person my age—I'm twenty-two—retiring, seems to be incomprehensible to everybody except me [Turn to page 90]



*"I shall build a hut around your wagon to protect you"*

## NINA

*To give, not all—but everything!  
That is the gypsy test of love revealed in the light  
of gypsy fires on the banks of the blue Danube*

By Konrad Bercovici

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

IT WAS the fall of the year. And it had been a good year for all. Rain fell when needed and there had been many sunny days. The ripened blue grapes hung in thick bunches under the curled, copper-red leaves on the trellises of the vineyards stretching all along the Danube River.

Boyar Stan's grapes had ripened first, and the bunches on his vines were heavier; people said because the boyar was good and friendly, and not because his vineyard was on a hill sloping southward.

Boyar Stan himself had come to supervise the pressing of the new wine. While the vats were being rolled out from under the sheds and men were bending low over them scraping and washing them with hot water boiled in huge cauldrons hung over iron tripods under which burned whole branches of trees, the road became thick with the youngsters coming down to tread the grape. Barefoot boys, their hair garlanded with late deep blue and blood-red field flowers which the girls picked on the roadside as they skipped along, laughing, dancing, singing, running after one another, were on the way to pick up the gypsies at the inn. If one wanted his wine to remain sweet and to age well, one couldn't begin to press wine without music. And Naye, the one-eyed fiddler, was at the inn with his brother and his daughter, Nina. Naye brought good luck every time he

played at the beginning of a wine season. For dances, festivals and weddings, the peasants of Czerna went to look for other fiddlers who played much better, who knew how to put passion and gaiety into their song, whose bows bit the string every time they began to play, but for the inauguration of the wine season, there was no better man than Naye anywhere in the country. The boyar was lucky. All kind men were lucky. He had the thickest and heaviest bunches of grapes, and Naye was there.

On arriving at the inn the noisy young peasants surrounded the gypsies and began to dance around them. The youngsters had kept themselves dry and sober for a full week; so that they might in truth say, after drinking the first cup of the wine that would ooze out from under their feet, that it was the best they had drunk in a long time.

"Come, Naye, come!" they cried, catching at him. "Thread new strings in your fiddle."

Naye refused. He was expected far away to play at a christening, he said. When they pressed him closer he argued that he was expected at a wedding at a village near the Black Sea. And still they danced around him and tugged at him. There were a hundred reasons why he couldn't go.

But when they said that boyar Stan called him, he asked: "Why haven't you told me so before?" Tearing the old strings out of the fiddle, he began to put new ones in, blessing them. "That they shall sing songs of joy only. Let them call other gypsies to the christening and let them dance at the wedding to other gypsies' tunes. I go to play at the boyar's calling."

And so they all shouted and sang and forgetting their animosities against gypsies they embraced Naye and his brother; yet when one of the young peasants came too near to the gypsy's daughter, to Nina, he drew away, scared by the look in her eyes. The boys laughed. The girls giggled. One couldn't get too friendly with Nina.

It was so good of Naye. There would be better wine this year than any other year. Taking the gypsies in their midst, the peasants took the road from the inn to the vineyards, holding down Naye's arms to help him resist the temptation to test his new strings on the way. The strings of the violin must be as virginal as the purple grapes before the wine press.

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ands wit...  
rossed th...  
The young...  
their skirt...  
of hot wa...  
youngster...  
dozen vat...  
down each...  
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then he p...  
was stand...  
were emp...  
boyar, Na...  
began to...  
way to...  
them pla...  
and filled...  
they cri...  
"Play,  
The ol...  
girls and s...  
dances in...  
Dance! I...  
grandmot...  
or helped...  
falling sk...  
Dance  
plenty of

AT A s...  
sic s...  
down on...  
est child...  
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"We brought Naye with us!" the hundred garlanded young peasant boys and girls cried. The boyar shook hands with the gypsies. The young men knelt down and rolled themselves rapidly before beginning the harvest. The young girls sat down on low benches and raised their skirts to their knees, plunged their feet into buckets of hot water and began to scrub them clean. Soon the youngsters began to return with basketfuls of grapes. A dozen vats stood one near the other. Putting the basket down each boy lunged laughingly at one of the girls and kissing her up, so she shouldn't soil her feet, he raised her high over his head while she screamed and laughed; then he placed her in the center of the vat. While Naye was standing ready with his bow on the fiddle, baskets were emptied all at once in the vats. At a sign of the boyar, Naye began to play. The boys shouted. The girls began to turn and dance. The youngsters ran away to fill their baskets again, to empty them playfully over the heads of the girls and filled their mouths with grapes when they cried out protesting.

"Play, Naye, play a quick tune!"

The old women looked at the young girls and said: "Hey, we danced livelier dances in our days. Play faster, Naye. Dance! Dance faster." Mothers and grandmothers clapped their dry hands or helped the young girls to tuck their falling skirts high up under their belts. Dance. Dance. Sing. There will be plenty of wine for Christmas.

**A**T A sign from the boyar, the music stopped. The full baskets were laid down on the ground and the boyar's youngest child was made to draw the first juice in a large earthen pitcher. The boyar crossed himself and offered the first drink to the oldest man in the village. Only after he had drunk and pronounced the juice the best of any year was the pitcher passed to the girls pressing the wine; then to the men, the boyar having the last drink. The juice ran in thick streams. The girls, three, four in one vat, danced round and round. Their bare limbs stained a brownish violet color. Their hair hung loose above full white shoulders. Their lips parted wider. Their eyes glistened. And they danced and sang

and joked with the youngsters who emptied the baskets into the great open vats.

"We're thirsty, we're thirsty!" first one and then all the girls cried. The young men cupped their hands, filled them with juice and offered to sell a drink for a kiss. And some of the girls said the kiss was better than the wine and others said the wine was better—

Three hours later Naye snapped a string. It was greeted with loud shouts of joy. It gave them the first rest. In the twinkling of an eye the girls were raised out of the vats and carried to where a long row of straw mats was spread on the ground.

The older women and men began to tell tales, remembering how the same Naye used to play for eight hours without breaking a string. Once the girls had almost fainted with the dancing. Such was the custom.

The girls were not allowed to leave the vats before a string of the violin had snapped. But now either the strings were not as good as they once were, or the girls were luckier.

"Eight hours! Why," an older man remembered, "Naye's father used to come to play at the wine pressing with strings that lasted twenty-four hours steady playing."

Pursued by boys who threw bunches of grapes that splashed their necks and faces and smeared their faces and their hair the girls began to run this way and that. But this play only lasted a few minutes. They were all tired. They lay down one beside the other, fifty or more couples, with their folded hands under their heads. The dimming rays of the sun played on the copper-blue stained naked limbs, bare above the knees. Soon pieces of lamb broiled upon spits and thick slices of black bread were distributed by the older people to eager hands, and jugs of wine were placed nearby. The sun, the wine and the exertion put most of them to sleep before they had finished their food.

While the wine pressers and harvesters were still sleeping, another group of youngsters came into the boyar's yard to beg Naye to come with them to an adjoining vineyard. Upon receiving his gold pieces and the permission of boyar Stan, Naye, followed by his

brother and daughter, made ready to go; but the youngsters watched him change his strings first. New strings for new wine.

The music and the loud cries a few hundred yards away awakened the sleepers. Soon bare legs were plunged again into hot water and each young man carried his girl to the vat. They began to dance again, singing louder than ever, to drown out the sounds heard from the adjoining vineyard. For, if the wine be good it must be pressed to one's own music and not to sounds that come from afar.

In the adjoining vineyard Naye's strings did not snap. At midnight they were still dancing and singing, the young men falling from their feet so tired were they from carrying the heavy baskets on their heads; the young girls laughing with tears in their eyes, begging for more wine to slake their thirst.

Suddenly Naye's string was torn out by a hand that had reached over his head, and the voice of Nina, Naye's daughter, full-throated and angry, was heard above that of the others: "That he rest his weary arms."

**T**HE dancers veered angrily against the gypsy girl. That a *tzigan's* daughter should dare do that!

That a *tzigan's* daughter should dare talk to them in such angry tones!

Weary arms! Who ever heard of a *tzigan* wearying his arm playing? And were not they all weary, carrying heavy baskets and treading the wine? Who has been talking about weary arms, who?

They jumped out of the vats and came close, looking angrily at the girl. But Nina, who had taken the bow out of her father's hands and was holding it as one holds a knife, leaned forward and stared at each one who opened his mouth. Cold, black eyes silenced them. One by one or in couples, trudging silently, the young peasants took the road to their homes. Only Yan, an old peasant, looking at Naye, said: "It is a brave daughter you have."

Nina threw her arms about the old peasant's head and said: "Mosh Yan, you be the only human being here; as if you were a *tzigan* yourself."

At the inn the following day peasants talked of Nina's audacity. And there were such who spoke of the growing insolence of the *tzigans* [Turn to page 100]



"It is a brave daughter you have," said Yan, looking at Naye





*He didn't even ask her if she were over-tired*



## The ALTAR of HONOR

*Shadows of the past haunt the halls of Culverley on the eve of Charmaine's marriage*

CHARMAINE'S dreams and Griselda's sinister hopes were fulfilled soon after Charmaine's arrival in London for a visit with her stepsister, Sylvia. For Basil Conister, nephew of Lady Craventowne, one of London's most exclusive dowagers, fell in love with Charmaine and asked to marry her. It is not only the little English girl's determination to escape from home and the domination of Griselda that prompts her to accept; she has a genuine affection and admiration for Basil. But always in her heart there remains the old adoration of "Rory Daredevil"—the prince charming of her childhood. Resolutely putting this dream behind her, Charmaine goes with Basil and his Aunt Edith to their beautiful family estate of Culverley. Basil's older cousin, Hugh, holds the title; but his health is frail. All is apparently serene until shortly before the wedding, when unexpectedly Charmaine meets Rory in the woods between Culverley and Starfields, the neighboring estate. Rory—her ideal.

### Part IV

**A**T LAST!" said Charmaine. "At last!" And then, with a little quivering laugh of sheer rapture, "Oh, is it true? I don't believe it is!"

"It's true enough," Rory said, gazing down at her as one who gazes upon a treasure newly-found. "And you—you are prettier than you were even in the old days. Or p'raps I've forgotten how pretty you were then, though I never forgot your hair."

He spoke breathlessly, boyishly, while he held her in his arms, dwelling upon her vivid young beauty.

"Remember that day on the shore?" he suddenly asked.

And she answered, glowing, "Don't I remember!"

"You're just the same," he said. "But I like you best with your hair down. No, I don't. I like you best as you are. You're perfect."

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

She clung round his neck. "Rory! So are you. There's no one like you, never could be."

"What friends we were!" he said. "Do you remember?"

And she answered, deeply blushing, "I wonder how often I've cried by myself because I couldn't forget."

"Have you?" he said. "Not really! You cry-baby!"

She laughed again, the tears even then not far away. "I used to dream of you and wake up crying because it wasn't true. But it is true this time, isn't it? It really is true!"

"True enough," said Rory again. "It's ages ago, isn't it? How long? Five years?"

"Nearly six!" said Charmaine between a laugh and a sigh. "Why did we ever lose each other again?"

"Ho! It wasn't my fault!" said Rory. "I went down two days running afterward and waited for you; but you never turned up again."

"I was ill," said Charmaine.

"Were you? What rough luck! And after that my time finished and I had to clear out. Didn't want to a bit. Often thought of you since. Your people left, didn't they? Pat told me. I say, let's go and sit on those steps and talk! I'm trespassing!" He laughed carelessly. "But it doesn't matter, I always do. You know the Johnny who owns this place?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Charmaine. She preceded him across the bridge, still holding one of his brown hands fast in hers. "I'm staying here—with Aunt Edith. He's

a cripple, you know—Lord Conister, I mean. And you—where have you come from?"

"Oh, I'm stopping with Aunt Eileen at Starfields, close by. You know it, I expect." Lightly he made answer, but his fingers were even more firmly clasped upon hers.

"Starfields!" exclaimed Charmaine. "Yes, I can see it from my window. And your aunt is there—the Deloraines. How funny! I didn't know."

"Not Pat! He's fishing in New Zealand," said Rory. "Got tired of the old country. Aunt Eileen's there, with a collection of Irish cousins, all mad as hatters, of course. It's rather fun. You must come round."

"I'm going tomorrow," said Charmaine.

"Going! So soon!" cried Rory in consternation. "Look here, you can't—you shan't! I won't allow it."

"It's no use," she said. "One has to, you know. But it isn't tomorrow yet. Let's enjoy today while we have it! This is the Lovers' Temple. Isn't it pretty?"

"It's the one place on earth where I should have expected to find you," declared Rory.

"Would you?" Her laugh had a faintly wistful note. "I wish it were the Garden of Eden, don't you? And we could stay here for ever and ever!"

RATHER!" Rory replied. He turned and looked at her curiously. "I say, Charmaine! That's an idea, isn't it? You and I—you and I—for ever and ever!" She shook her head. "We couldn't. I didn't mean it. It isn't the Garden of Eden, you know."

"Something uncommonly like it," said Rory. "Now tell me everything about yourself! What are you doing here, in the first place?"

"Let's sit down! It'll be more like it used to be."

They sat down together, still hand in hand on the top step, the blue water stretching below them, the golden sunlight all round.

"Now," said Rory, "let's hear all about everything!" She leaned against him, her eyes half-closed. "You first!" she said.

"Me!" cried Rory. "I haven't much to tell. I'm a sub-lieutenant on His Majesty's Ship 'Paragon,' and that's all there is to it. I'm on leave at the moment, but we're off to Gibraltar next month to join the Mediterranean Squadron. It's been five years of pretty stiff training with me. We were in the North Sea a year ago last winter, and that was fairly tough, I can tell you. But I want to get to the East."

"How nice it must be to be you!" said Charmaine.

He laughed. "Oh, not always! There are heaps of things you wouldn't like. But it's a good life on the whole. It keeps one fit anyway."

"It's made a man of you," she said. "You're twenty now, aren't you? Twenty last Trafalgar Day!"

"And you remembered!" he exclaimed, with another keen look at her.

"I always kept your birthday," she said.

HOW decent of you!" said Rory. "Afraid I can't say the same, though I believe I can remember the date if you'll hold on a minute. Yes," triumphantly, "it was Guy Fawkes' Day! Why, you must be seventeen. I never realized you were any older than when I saw you last."

"Oh, I am," said Charmaine, with a sigh. "Aeons older!"

He laughed at her. "I don't believe it! You're pretending. Take your hair down and let me see!"

She shook her head again. "There's no time. I shall have to go soon. Aunt Edith will be wondering where I am."

"Oh, never mind Aunt Edith!" said Rory comfortingly. "She can wait. You're too old to get into a row or to care if you did. Remember that last time? What a hurry you were in! Did you get in in time?"

"No." Her voice was low and oddly shaken. "I was found out. Griselda could never forgive me for it. That was one of the reasons why I never saw you again."

No!" said Rory. "Mean to say you were punished?"

"Yes, I was punished." She spoke under her breath. "And I was forbidden ever to go out again without permission."

"And you never did?" ejaculated Rory.

"No, I never did. I was ill at first, and afterward—" she hesitated a moment, shuddered at her memories, then ended drearily — "nothing ever mattered again."

"Great Scott!" he said. "And doesn't it now?"

"Not in the same way," said Charmaine. "You see, I'm older now, and everything is different. I don't want to play any more."

"Not with me?" Rory asked eagerly.

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. "You see, we can't, because we're never together. We're both too old to be play-fellows now."

"Rats!" said Rory.

She caught her breath in a little, tremulous laugh. "Oh, isn't that like you! Everything was 'Rats!' Whenever I thought of you, you were saying that. I'm glad you say it still."

"It shows we're not so very much older than we were, doesn't it?" he said.

"I don't know." She spoke with her head against his shoulder. "I don't think you are; but I am—years. You see, I skipped all the playtime."

"Why?" he demanded. "What did they do to you?"

She flinched slightly at the question. "It wasn't so much that," she said, "as the not being wanted. Nobody ever wanted me after Mummy went, except you."

"I say!" His arm went round her in a flash. "You don't mean that! And is it the same now? It can't be!"

"Oh, no, it isn't!" She answered him with her forehead resting against his brown neck. "It's different now. I've got away from Griselda; and I'm never going back. But, oh"—suddenly her voice broke—"if only I could have got away from her sooner! If only—if only—I could!"

"Why?" he asked, drawing her closer. "Tell me why!"

She clung to him, whispering incoherently. "Because—she—she was so hard. She—she crippled me, made me different from other girls; made me—made me afraid of life!"

"Charmaine!" he cried. "You poor little thing!" What brutes there are in the world! But you'll be all right. Don't cry! I say, don't cry!"

"I'm not!" said Charmaine, and drew a long breath. "It doesn't make any difference, does it? And so long as you know, it doesn't matter. Because we're friends always, aren't we, however far we are apart?"

His arms grew tense about her. "I know one thing," he said. "You're mine, and I'm going to keep you."

She started in his hold. Her eyes, which had half closed again now opened wide, and there was dawning

apprehension in their look, though her attitude remained one of complete confidence.

"Oh, no, Rory," she said. "You and I only belong to each other like play-fellows. Not in any other way!"

"Why not in any other way?" he demanded.

She hesitated and faltered. "Don't—don't be so fierce, Rory! You know quite well you're always away."

"Rats!" he exclaimed impetuously. "I get leave sometimes. I shall come back to you."

"Every five years?" she suggested, with a slight break in her voice.

"No, more often than that. Much more often! Look here, Charmaine!" His voice was insistent, his dark eyes held her imperiously. "You and I belong to each other, always have, somehow. There's no chance of my marrying yet, but we're both young and presently I can. You'll wait for me? And we'll have such a jolly little home together some day, down by the sea somewhere. Think of it! A home with just you and me in it! Doesn't that appeal to you, mavourneen?"

I SHOULD love it," she said faintly. "But, oh, Rory—"

"What is it?" he asked. "What's the matter, darling? You'd trust me, wouldn't you? You wouldn't be afraid to give yourself to me? I'd take such care of you."

"Oh, I know," she said. "I know." And then again, her arms about his neck, she kissed him. "It isn't that, Rory darling! It's too late! I thought you were never coming and—and anyhow I never thought you'd dream of marrying me. So it's too late now. I've given myself away."

"What do you mean?" Rory asked. "Don't cry, love! Don't cry! Tell me what you mean!"

But his boyish face had altered and grown stern. The eyes that looked into hers had lost their flashing gaiety. And Charmaine shrank from them and hid her face.

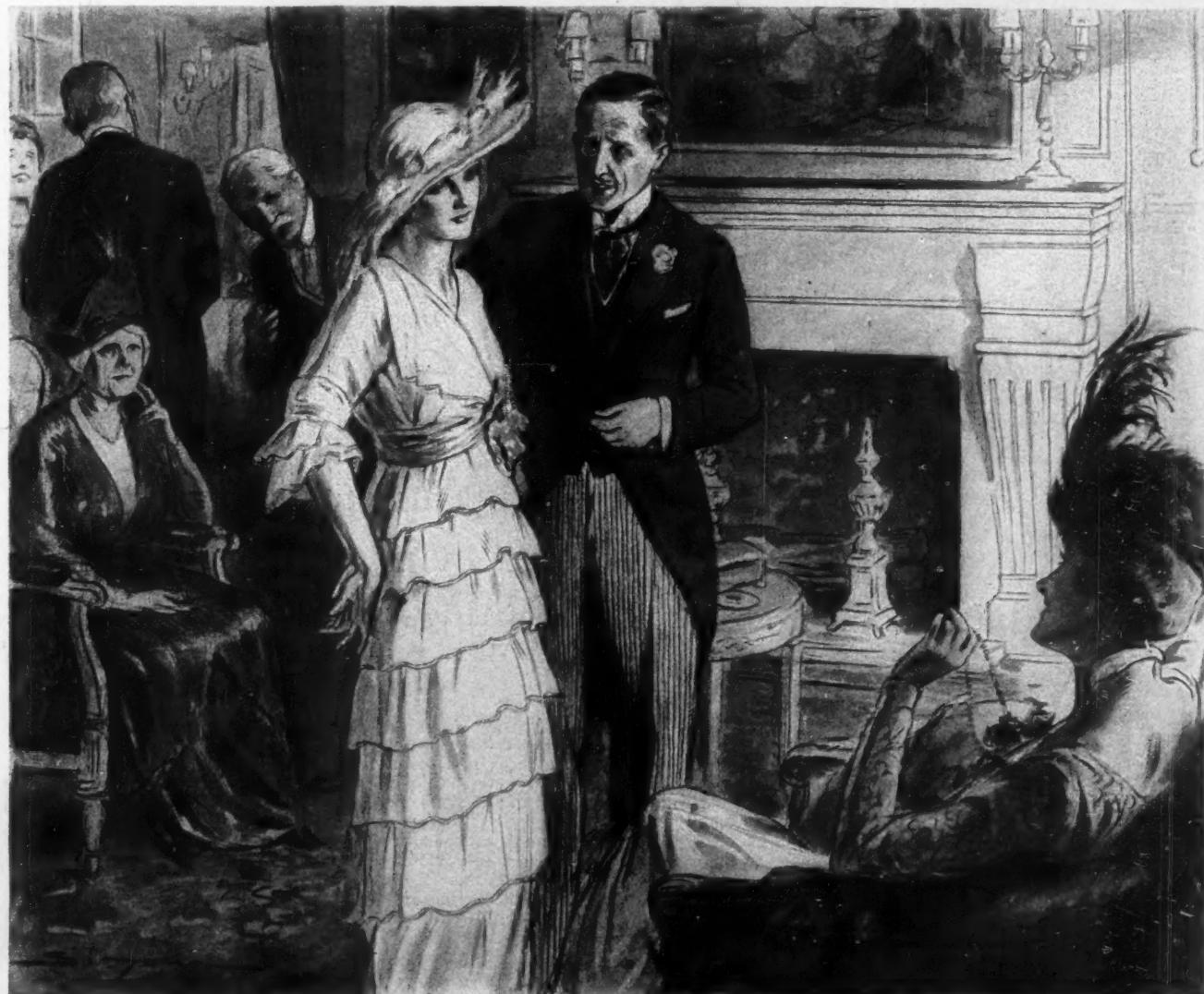
"I couldn't help it," she said. "It just—happened."

Trembling, she unclasped her hands from his neck and laid the left one on his knee.

He pounced upon it in a moment, his hold tense.

"What! You're engaged!" he said.

"Yes," whispered Charmaine. [Turn to page 108]



"Looking forward to being married?" Baba asked



"They're up on the Wells' side porch drinking lemonade."

*By  
Brooke Hanlon*

*Illustrated by  
RAYMOND SISLEY*



## *Geranium Wells*

Half flower-half girl. With a lilt in her laughter and her hair a bright flag waving, this distracting little daughter of Eve dances through an idyll of shy thirteen

THE kitchen door swung to with a click behind Thelma, and she went down the back steps with a relieved and joyous flirting of her skirt. She was careful to avoid stepping on Edith's sand cakes, crumbling and dry now from their afternoon in the sun and bearing wilted buttercups and curled-up daisy leaves in the numerous convolutions of their surfaces.

The flirting of her skirt was for the supper dishes that were washed. It was Mrs. Ritchey's bridge club day and Thelma had been deputized to give her father and Edith a cold lunch out of the refrigerator. She'd made everything neat and tidy again and looked now disparagingly down at her hands, taking the path that led to the lilac-banked fence.

Warm water always made her hands pink and crinkled looking. Would Harvey notice she wondered.

When she had pushed through the rather worn branches of a lilac and an orange blossom bush she put her tongue to her upper teeth and expelled air forcibly but with a certain scientific restraint. She repeated the shrill but not unmelodious call that ensued three times and then waited. Before long a faint echoing trill came through the open windows of a house set in the lawn next door and almost immediately the branches parted on the other side of the fence and Irene Cunningham appeared, her straight short hair still wet from a recent brushing and her white teeth showing in her habitual surprised smile.

"I thought you had to mind Edith tonight." Irene's voice was hushed, though both girls knew there was not a listening pair of ears within two hundred feet of their trysting place—a rendezvous sacred to them alone.



"I did." Thelma returned the secrecy. "But Dad's staying home and he's going to take her to the movies."

"Where'll we go?" The stress against Irene's short upper lip was too great, suddenly, and a burst of giggling had to be smothered into her shoulder.

"I don't know. Where shall we?" Thelma teetered enjoyably on her toes.

"I don't know—where shall we?" Irene's surprised blue eyes met Thelma's and a spontaneous duet of smothered laughter gave evidence of the fact that a destination had been decided upon.

"I told Fay to start walking up Baum at seven o'clock." Irene consulted a little enamel watch on her wrist and subdued the giggles temporarily by catching her lip with her teeth. "My heavens, it's that now."

"I'm ready." Thelma looked back over her shoulder, patted her scant silk skirt into the hollow of her knees and eyed the seams of her silk stockings critically. It was her first summer in seams and they were a care.

THE girls walked arm in arm up Baum Street, breathed the odor of locust trees over their heads, fragrance of the happiest summer they remembered. Life had taken on an entirely different slant with the closing of school in Florence this year. Boys like Regis Woomer and Harvey Tate and Colin Cartwright—oh, and Puddle Abernethy—had been taken out of Florence school last fall and sent up to Malvern as day pupils; and this simple happening had changed everything almost beyond recognition in Florence. They had been Malvern boys at Christmas vacation, skating on Baird's lake in blue sweaters with huge maroon letters on them and when school closed they were as strangers met in the streets. Something mysterious and momentous about them now; they weren't any longer just Colin and Regis and Harve. As a gang they had threaded the tree-lined streets of the town other summers, and this summer they began to thread them in pairs. Irene and Regis Woomer, Thelma and Harvey Tate, Fay Rider and Colin Cartwright, these were three of the pairs beginning to define themselves on the consciousness of younger Florence. When Fay Rider had had her birthday party on the lawn in June great care had been taken to invite the guests in couples.

"But you'll have to have Preston Abernethy," Mrs. Rider had looked at the list with an uncomprehending frown between her eyes.

"Puddle Abernethy? Mother, why? Why do I have to invite him?"

"You always have, and—"

"I know, but this year he'll just spoil things. There's no girl—I mean, no girl looks at him. He's just a pest."

Puddle, however, had been invited to this party, as to other affairs that summer in which mothers had a hand.

FAY was sighted now coming down Baum and a veritable birds' gallery of trills burst upon the air. All three hastened their paces and came together with a little rush.

"Are we going to—?" Fay raised her eyebrows knowingly, and a gust of laughter struck the group as with one accord they turned off into Ridley Street. "I do hope that obnoxious Puddle Abernethy won't be hanging around," Fay said, wrinkling her nose.

"He will," Irene said philosophically. "I just said to my mother today, 'Why do you suppose Puddle Abernethy has grown up to be such a pest?' I said, and—"

"He is the most obnoxious—I mean I believe he's the most obnoxious boy in town."

"Well, anyway—" Three pairs of white kid slippers had been beating in perfect rhythm on the pavements of Ridley Street. Three pairs of slender silk-clad legs had been advancing steadily. Now there was an almost imperceptible slackening of pace as a tan, a green

and a pink silk dress came together in a blur of color. The three girls crowded close in curiosity. A huge moving van stood in front of the old Peters' house. Four men struggled with a grand piano on the walk. A group of floor and bridge lamps stood like heavy-headed flowers at the edge of the lawn. Windows were open all over the house and the shrill music of a phonograph floated out. Their eyes were glued to the slim figure of a girl of about thirteen prancing up and down on the porch. Prancing was the word the three used uncharitably in their hearts, yet such prancing they had never seen. She flung her arms wide to a new town in welcome, her small limbs like running water, her hair a bright flag waving.

At that moment the music stopped, and a woman with that same bright hair appeared at a window.

"Geranium," she called reprovingly. "Geranium Wells!"

The three, still huddled together as an unconscious defense measure, moved slowly out of sight.

"What a show off," Fay Rider breathed.

"Did she say *Geranium*?" Irene's voice was incredulous and a trifle snappy.

"The license on that van was from out of the state," Thelma observed quietly, and they walked in silence for a block. Their faces wore expressions indicative of repressed thought as they turned into Seamon Park.

"Let's not say anything to the boys about her," Irene suggested lightly, as a group of knickered forms came toward them. "No." "No." "No." The pledge was passed with a linking of little fingers.

Puddle Abernethy, too, had anticipated difficulty in getting out that night. He debated the matter throughout dinner—was the twenty-four-year-old male cousin more to be considered his guest or his parents' guest? There was ten years difference between them and surely he, Puddle, wasn't to be expected to sit on the porch all evening and listen to grown-up talk. Or was he? Puddle sighed. He particularly wanted—

What he particularly wanted was to get hold of Harvey Tate, Regis Woomer and Colin Cartwright before they got in with those girls. The evening might be salvaged for something in which he, too, could take part if he could deflect these three from what was undoubtedly their goal—the knoll back of Seamon Park where they were wont to meet Irene and Thelma and Fay.

Puddle was a rather insignificant looking boy. Two or three inches shorter than the rest now—Harvey and Regis and Colin had shot up under the strict athletic regime of Malvern, while he had only seemed to pack down the tighter—he was a stocky boy and had a countenance which, though he would turn fourteen in a month, had not yet shed from itself the babyish contours of extreme youth.

He had fifty cents in his pocket, and if, he'd be able to show Colin and Harve and Regis two packs of forbidden Pyramids, perhaps they'd be willing to go down to the shack and—

WHAT they're most interested in, of course, is love charms." The cousin was leaning forward, his alert gray eyes holding the eyes of Puddle's father and mother in a sort of amused hypnosis and Puddle came out of the maze of his own thoughts to listen, if not with interest, at least with a cessation of active disinterest, to the conversation of his elders. "The love charms are the most expensive, too. When I first went down there I tried to heckle with them, beat down their prices, but it was no use. Any old witch doctor down there in those southern mountains would tell me how to cut my rival out with a girl; but not one of them would part with information for less than fifty or seventy-five dollars. Yet this was the very material I needed for my book and I had to have it. What do you think I did?"

"What did you do, Arthur?" Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy were hanging upon this talented cousin's words.

"I went into the business myself," the cousin asserted. "I painted my flivver bright red and [Turn to page 105]



"Hello. You here!" her eyes seemed to signal to Regis



*"It was like acting in a butternut movie."*

# GREEN TIMBER

By James Oliver Curwood and Robert E. MacAlarney

*Illustrated by E. F. WARD*

**S**MOKY mist cobwebbed Tamarack when Alan Campbell awoke. Pine needles were damply warm as he strode to the springboard on which he had taught Bessie not to shrink from the mirror awaiting her reluctant plunge. Recharging power throbbed in this sheet of cobalt, a fillip for jaded nerves. From the impact of his dive a circle widened, to break upon shelving granite. A crow challenged; the feathered rascals were changing guard above the marsh. He turned over lazily, swimming in with slowly regular strokes. Sleep and the cleansing shock of Tamarack had scoured away uncertainty. Yesterday was yesterday; there would be no more unwariness.

Fairfield's harsh clapper sounded as he halted the sedan in the yard where Gerda Larsen surveyed her jostling scholars.

"Going?" she asked.

Only that. No eager, impeding phrase; apprehension batten under deliberate calm. Partly acting, but partly natural courage, a heritage from Nordic forbears. Viking women must have blazoned similar laconic serenity while their mates boarded dragon-prowed ship in the fjord.

"Don't come to the cabin until I send for you," he told her. "But come then. For if I send I shall need you, Gerda."

Tinny bell gave an expiring clang.

"When will you send?"

"I cannot tell. Wish me luck."

"More than luck, Alan. I wish you wisdom. You will not lack courage." Her palm was cool and steady in his grasp.

"There is a loaded automatic at the bottom of the lake, if that interests you. I am playing this hand without Twisty's ace of trumps, even if I lose."

"Good. The magic continues to work. You will win."

She moved between the battered desks to her platform. As he went over to the postoffice he heard:

Good morning, dear teacher.  
Good morning to you.

Bessie's voice was not blending with that juvenile chorus. Alan scowled, tearing off the wrapper of the

newspaper Mrs. Grant handed him. Drew Scarfell's features smirked from the front page. "Will Run For U. S. Senator," the headlines flaunted. Two columns of interviews endorsed his candidacy, including a panegyric by the clergyman who broadcast religious patter from a pulpit Scarfell had endowed. Senator Scarfell! Campbell contemplated underworld rehabilitation nearing its peak while he drove to Booneville.

The crime baron had carved an estate out of ravaged hills intelligently. Flourishing second growth carpeted the valley where neat wire fencing divided private land from state acres. A trout stream foamed along the ridge upon which his bungalow stood. From the summit a banner whipped. It was like Drew Scarfell to display a flag. The hapless Stars and Stripes over all—insatiate rapacity, murders contrived, tight clutch upon the throat of municipal law and order. A future United States Senator owned that oblong of bunting. Campbell divined the patriotic drivel this representative of a commonwealth would unlimber beneath Capitol dome in Washington. He backed his car into the laurel and got out, following a footpath up the hill. Behind a clump of birches a man laughed.

[Turn to page 117]



The Campbell's Soups  
I send to you  
Will make you happy  
Through and through!



# Children especially require healthful vegetable foods!

"Yes," you may very well say, "I know my children should eat plenty of vegetables, but I wish you could see the time I have getting them to do it! What one of them likes, the others don't. And every last one of them has one eye cocked on the dessert!"



There is a special reason why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so good for growing children. Not only does it contain all the best garden vegetables, but these are prepared in a way that insures giving their greatest benefit.

supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup combines all the wholesome invigoration of a hot soup with a wonderful variety of vegetables that no other food supplies.

You just add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes.

Think of the great convenience of that!  
12 cents a can.

Ask your grocer for any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienné	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

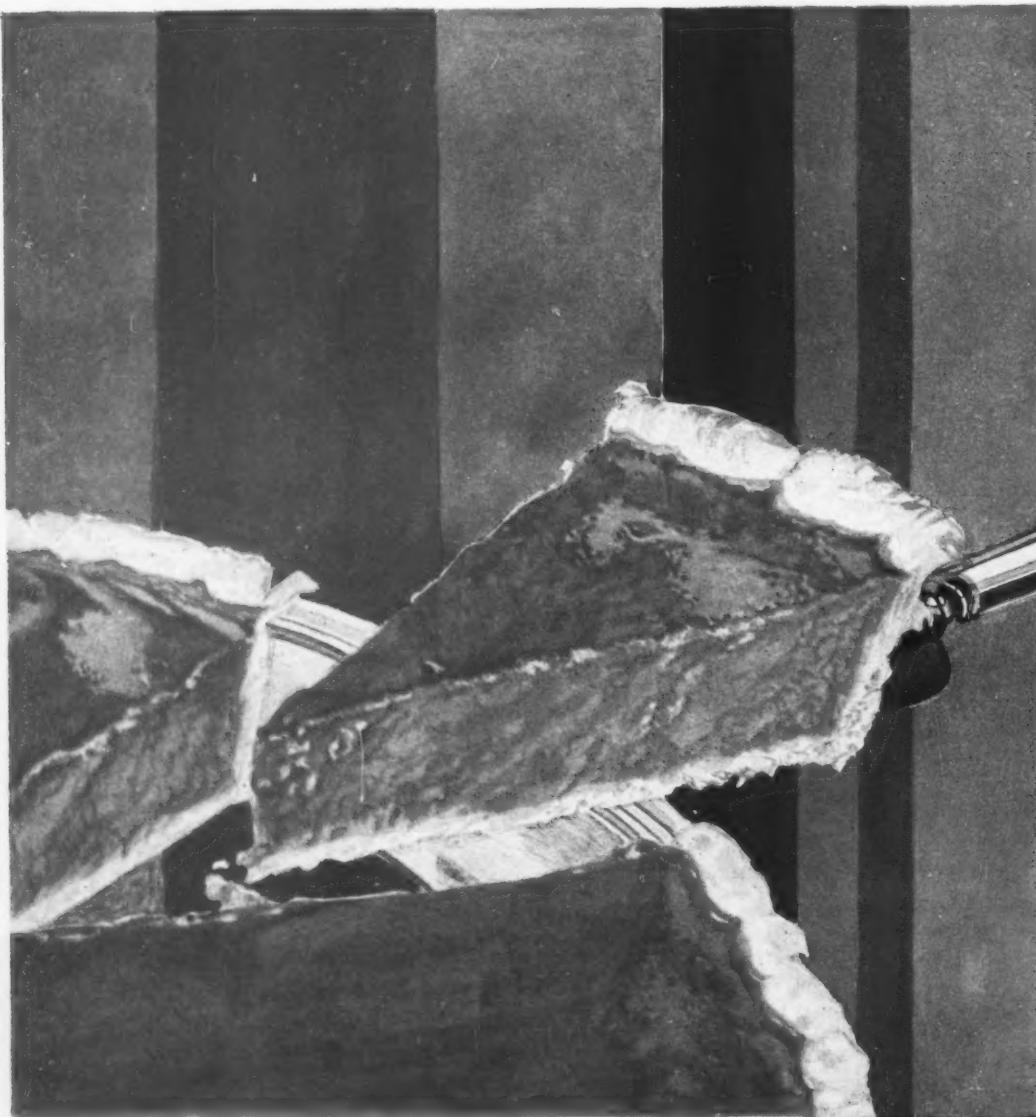


EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

*A Turkey's in the Oven, red Apples in the Bowl,  
You ought to see the Pumpkin Pie—I'd like to eat it Whole.  
I'd love to get the Wishbone, for I'd make a wish—oh my!  
That I could have an Extra Piece of Mother's Pumpkin Pie.*

When you begin to talk about pumpkin pies, remember that Snowdrift will make pie crust as deliciously crisp and flaky as any you ever tasted. Light, and tender, the way you like it.

Snowdrift is itself just as good to eat as the pies, cakes and biscuits that it makes. And why shouldn't it be since it is made from the same fine oil that is used to make Wesson Oil such a delicious salad oil. The same goodness that has made Wesson Oil so popular for salad dressings, for baking and for frying, is found in Snowdrift



too, hardened and whipped into a creamy white shortening.

Why not try this pumpkin pie with the Snowdrift crust? Or if you prefer, use Snowdrift in your own favorite pie crust recipe. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La., for a copy of the Snowdrift recipe book.



#### PUMPKIN PIE

$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked strained pumpkin  
1 teaspoon salt • 2 eggs •  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger •  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar  
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all of the ingredients. Line a pie plate with pastry. Prick with a fork. Bake for ten minutes in a hot oven ( $450^{\circ}$  F.), pricking again if necessary. Fill with pumpkin mixture. Bake at  $325^{\circ}$  F. for thirty minutes. Do not allow filling to boil or it will curdle.

#### PIE CRUST

$\frac{2}{3}$  cup Snowdrift • about  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup ice water  
1 teaspoon salt • 2 cups flour

Sift together flour and salt, cut in the Snowdrift with two knives until lumps of fat are about the size of a pea. Add cold water enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out lightly. This will make one double crust pie or two pastry shells.



*Extremely decorative, with their wide choice of design, are these resilient floors of rubber composition*

## COMPOSITION FLOORS of MANY KINDS

*The home floor of today draws on varied sources for its inspiration*

By ELIZABETH HALLAM BOHN

LINOUEUM literally entered the home by the kitchen door. Today its smart descendants are welcomed in every room in the house. The plain neutral tones of velvet carpeting effects, or of parquetry, or jaspé bring out the full beauty of handsome rugs in the more formal type of room. Colonial plank designs duplicate the wide seamed and doweled boards that make old floors so attractive. "Marble" tiling, set off by a plain dark border, gives a note of character to the front hall.

Informal rooms glow with colorful tiles, given a lifelike surface by their hit-or-miss design and the mortar lines actually sunken below the surface. The jagged flagstone linoleum, in restful or vital tones, brings in a breath of out-of-doors. There seems literally no end to the bewildering variety of designs.

Linoleum, to give its best service, should be cemented tightly over a layer of special builders' felt. This cushion not only adds to the resiliency which makes this floor so restful to weary feet and backs; it also adds to the life of the linoleum by absorbing all strain caused by the expanding and contracting of a wooden underfloor. On a perfectly dry concrete base the underlining is not so necessary except from the point of view of comfort.

A new linoleum should never be laid over an old one, nor over an oiled floor. The surface should be removed

from a painted floor before linoleum is laid. And in a basement or on a floor in direct contact with the ground, the surface must first be thoroughly waterproofed. For dampness will prevent the cement from holding fast, and the linoleum will deteriorate before its time.

When a printed linoleum is to be laid, it should be cut scant so that the "quarter round," joining wall and floor, will barely cover it. This molding should be nailed back in place against the wall, not through the floor, so that the linoleum may work under it as it stretches.

Plenty of time must be allowed before fastening down. Sometimes the quarter round will hold the strips firmly without nailing. If not,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wire brads should be set about an eighth of an inch in from the seams at three-inch intervals.

Whenever possible, the linoleum should be run in a different direction from the boards of the underfloor, which must be flat and smooth. For an irregular under-surface will cause wear on the uneven places and eventually a break will occur. If the linoleum surface has not been lacquered at the factory, a coat of waterproof linoleum varnish will protect the pattern. If it is re-varnished as this protection wears off, these printed linoleums will give years of satisfactory service.

Many of the finer grades of linoleums are finished at the factory with a tough yet flexible lacquer which effectually penetrates the surface and protects the material itself. Some manufacturers also wax their flooring so that the surface is completely finished as soon as it is laid. If no waxing has been done, the floors of living-rooms, dining-rooms and bedrooms should be waxed as soon as possible after the laying is completed. Waxed sparingly with one of the liquid waxes, and polished with an electric floor polisher, the lustrous sheen will take the brunt of the wear from the lacquer underneath and prevent scratching. A dry mop will be the only further care required, with [Turn to page 65]



Rubber tiles which look like marble



Linoleum tiling in gorgeous reds



Jagged flagstone linoleum for the sun-room



*A simple method of getting rid of moths is low temperature*

# WHAT TO DO ABOUT MOTHS IN FURNITURE

**M**Y UPHOLSTERED chairs and davenport are a great worry to me," a young housekeeper said a short time ago. "I'm scared to death of moths, and the thought of those terrible looking things probably creeping and crawling around through our davenport makes me dizzy."

We may suppose that such thoughts run through the minds of thousands of housewives, but there is little excuse for fears of this sort—if upholstered furniture is given the general cleaning care which any household object deserves.

Upholstery fabrics, such as jacquard velours and tapestries—except wool tapestries—are made from cotton. Moths will not feed on vegetable matter; therefore such coverings are quite immune from attack. If the piece is stuffed with hair, however, there is a possibility of moth worms finding a way to eat or "dig" their way through and feed on the hair, which is, of course, animal fiber.

Mohair fabric is woven only from angora wool. Moths will feed upon it. That is why most mohair coverings, during the process of weaving, are treated with moth-proofing solutions. These liquids penetrate into the oils of the fibers themselves and make the fabric distasteful to moths. The small moth-miller may lay her eggs in the darker places on an upholstered piece just the same; but when they hatch, the larva won't feed on the nap or on the loop of the mohair fibers in the base of the covering.

Even though a fabric has been put through a moth-proofing treatment during the process of weaving, no manufacturer or dealer can rightly say that moths will not attack the furniture you buy. Either maker or dealer may guarantee the furniture against moth attack and then make good if damage by moths occurs; but it can't logically be said that moths will not feed on or in such furniture.

It is certain though, that a so-called "moth-proofed" covering is a much better buy for the housekeeper than one not so treated.

The same careful attention and cleaning methods should be given all upholstery coverings treated or untreated, however. Unclean fabrics, soiled fabrics, especially when the soiling is from greases or oils, are much more likely to be attacked by moth worms.

Supposing, though, in spite of all our care, there is evidence of moth damage? What can be done?



*Make the closet air-tight*

By R. R. RAU

The surest way to get rid of them is to send the infested piece or pieces to a fumigation company which you know has the proper equipment and which uses powerful gases, such as chloropicrin or carbon disulphide. This will penetrate into every square inch of the furniture, devitalizing all eggs, killing all live larva in the pupa or cocoon stages. This is especially recommended for very fine coverings.

Fumigation of this sort will not harm the fabric at all. Fumigation does not insure against reinfestation, however. Some good moth-proofing spray would have to be used carefully and thoroughly to accomplish this.

Having the furniture taken out of the home to be fumigated may not put an end to moth troubles



*Attack moths in davenport by use of chlorine crystals*



*Sprays are better for moth-proofing fabrics*

Recent experiments show that chlorine crystals, if used in the right way, are successful in killing off moths. Wet sheets carefully, put around an infested davenport or chair, with a sufficient quantity of the crystals in the compartment thus created to assure proper evaporation and subsequent vapor circulation. Use of the crystals in a closet which has been sealed to make it air-tight will also do the work. Temperature of the room, atmospheric conditions, etc., all influence the value of such effort, however.

In commercial establishments heat treatment for killing of moth life has been found certain. Several hours of heat application are quite certain to destroy eggs and larva.

Perhaps the simplest of all methods of getting rid of moths in furniture is the low temperature treatment. If you live far enough north so that zero or near-zero temperatures occur, exposure of moth-infested furniture to the cold will be effective. You must be certain, of course, that the low temperature penetrates to every part of the piece thus exposed. Over-night exposure in near-zero air should do the work.

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dynes,  
Not  
pores,  
© 1929, T

*A cold cream that leaves the skin transparently clear  
... a finishing cream that imparts a velvety softness*



## *the Season's Best Play . . .*

the curtain about to rise . . . admiring eyes following you down the aisle. In that moment, the audience is yours.

The evening ends. "Behind the scenes" in your own room, you reach for your mirror. As a critical audience of one, you study your skin with searching eyes . . . you imagine you can see the dryness that you feel.

Not unlikely, for, with make-up clogging the tiny pores, your skin cannot breathe. Soon it loses its nat-

ural moisture, becomes dry and drawn—even marred with blemishes and blackheads.

That is why you will want to begin this very night to use Woodbury's—the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. Under your fingertips, you feel it penetrating down into the pores, softening and dissolving away the powder and rouge, so that your skin—refreshed and cleansed—is free to renew itself while you sleep.

For day-time use—and as a powder base—you have Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and quite grease-

less, it keeps your skin soft and pliable—protects it against outdoor exposure.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. M-11, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## THE TWO WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*



Candle sconces topped with an eagle, a corner cupboard for colorful glassware, and Windsor chairs are effective in this Colonial room

# AMERICAN COLONIAL FURNITURE HOLDS ITS OWN

ONLY a few years ago on the wave of the craze for antiques which swept this country, the fad for simple Colony styles of furniture took root among American decorators. Gradually those of us who decorated our own homes without benefit of professional advice reached out toward these same styles. Our choices were necessarily limited at that time to antiques because only a few specialists among the furniture manufacturers were turning out new furniture in these simple maple, pine and hickory pieces. With such antiques as we found, our grandmothers' pewter, a china tea-set or a few plates, and an odd assortment of old-time silver were particularly effective. The grandfather clock in the corner seemed to tick with more authority; the old-fashioned flowered and figured wall papers at once became more beautiful. We were recapturing something of the simple charm which once characterized our Colonial ancestors' homes.

Then simplicity and good taste seemed to influence the great furniture manufacturers of this country; all at once they set their best designers and craftsmen at the task of reproducing the noble furniture of our forefathers. In many cases they copied choice pieces in our museums. Today if we want Colonial American styles in our homes we have but to go to any furniture or department

By LAURA DUFFY

store and there select some chairs, tables, chests and beds which not only are shaped like those found in American antique collections; but the wood and finish are so similar that in many instances only an authority can say which is antique and which was made last week.



Fine copies of old models



The hallway is a gallery for old pewter

Best of all we can afford to buy them. Rug manufacturers are faithfully copying the hooked and braided rugs which covered the floors of the old homesteads.

Pewterers work their metal into superb copies of the old plates, porringer and jugs of other days. Silversmiths have taken pride in their copies of the Colonial patterns while glass and porcelain factories are making exact reproductions of old Waterford and Chelsea and the other patterns which graced our grandmothers' tables.

It is our good fortune to be able to choose from a great variety of beautiful things which were out of the reach of our Colonial ancestors. Such styles fit admirably into the room furnished with painted furniture or any of the English, Dutch and French provincial styles. A few pieces may be safely added to any house except the formal and elaborate interiors of city homes.

In one house where the general decorating scheme is early American the hallway serves to some degree as a small gallery for the owner's collection of old

pewter. He has effectively set these jugs, plates and other pieces off against an old-fashioned foliage pattern wall paper and white painted woodwork. Hooked rugs cover the floor, a grandfather clock dominates one end of the hall where it keeps good company with a dower chest and mirror. The tables [Turn to page 40]



A corner cupboard for china

# 4

## UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM



1. Pond's Cold Cream



for thorough cleansing



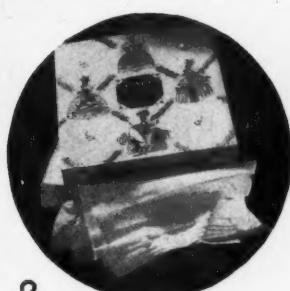
apply it generously



always after exposure



and before retiring.



2. Pond's Cleansing Tissues



soft, ample, absorbent



remove cream and dirt.



To banish oiliness



and firm your skin



3. Pond's Skin Freshener



pat it on briskly.



For powder base



and soft, white hands



smooth in a little



4. Pond's Vanishing Cream.

VITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important, yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

Pond's Cold Cream comes first . . . pure, light . . . use generously for thorough cleansing two or three times through the day . . . at bedtime . . . always after exposure. Quick, caressing, upward, outward strokes to smooth it in . . . they keep

your contours young and firm. Now leave a moment to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . coax every particle of dirt up to the surface.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues next . . . to remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

Now Pond's Skin Freshener . . . cool, exhilarating . . . it banishes the last trace

of oiliness. See how you soak a sizable pad of cotton . . . pat face, neck all over briskly. This gentle Tonic closes, refines the pores . . . for sallow cheeks it's magic to conjure back fresh vital color.

Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them velvet-white.

And now your powder and rouge blend beautifully. Finished, enchanting,

your loveliness will last the evening through!

For generous trial sizes of these four unfailing aids—send coupon below.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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111 Hudson Street . . . New York City

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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## Lucky Babies

**L**UCKY indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have."

Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning? Even when diphtheria is

Prevention of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with treatment of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.

This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged



not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects.

The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

*Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect. Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.*

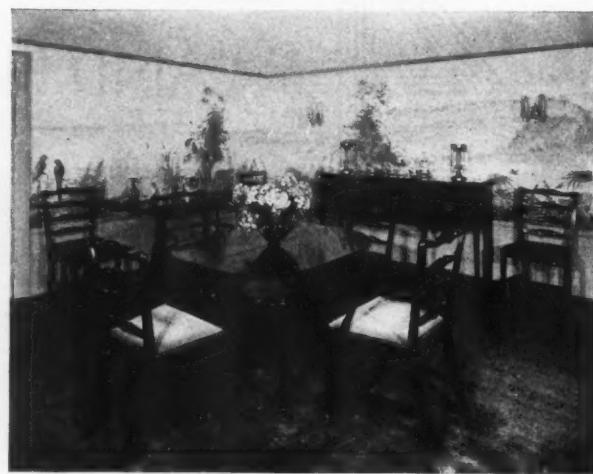
danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly cooperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-M.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

## COLONIAL FURNITURE HOLDS ITS OWN

[Continued from page 38]



English landscape wall paper is an appropriate background for simple furniture styles

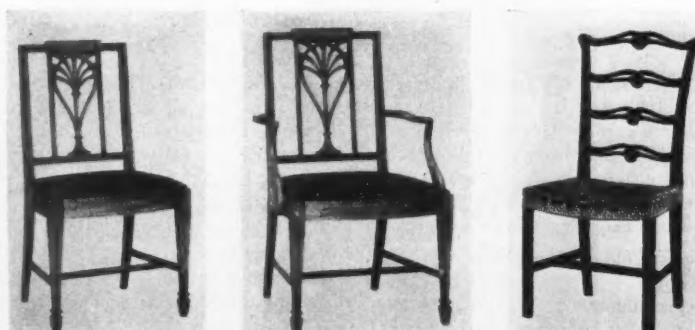
and chairs in this hall are Queen Anne and Windsor; the pictures are old family portraits and framed samplers.

A little later than the pine, hickory and maple period of Colonial furnishing, when fine mahogany pieces were coming into the country from England, and our own cabinet makers were copying in the same woods, the "better" homes used English landscape wall papers in some rooms. These papers, strangely enough, are quite at home with the more simple furniture styles, as well as with mahogany and walnut pieces.

A pictorial paper of this type is used in a room of this house. We see placed effectively against the walls (with which it is covered) electric candle sconces topped with an eagle, the ornament once so constantly in use in American interiors. A corner cupboard holds colorful glassware. Ladderback

and splatback rush-seated armchairs, Windsor armchairs and upholstered chairs are grouped effectively for comfort, while a davenport covered like the large chairs provides another place for repose. In this room the window curtains hang straight to the sill, while the side draperies of a heavier silk are held back by glass knobs. Small tables, a footstool and the fireplace tools are in keeping with this scheme of decoration. Because of the pictorial character of the wall paper, no pictures are hung in this room. As in the hall, hooked rugs are used; but the large central area of the floor has also been covered with a one-tone chenille carpet.

The furniture and lamps have been arranged to meet the needs of the family, whether they want to sit alone and read, or to form a group for conversation or a game of bridge.



Side and armchairs to supplement English period pieces in living room, hall or bedroom

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buy your stockings*

You can for instance, get an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



LARGE  
TUBE  
25¢

## A new polishing agent that whitens teeth *almost over night*

**W**E have included in Listerine Tooth Paste a remarkable polishing agent, selected after 49 years' study of dental caries (tooth decay).

It is harder than tartar, but softer than enamel. So it gently erases the former and leaves the latter glistening white and unharmed.

You brush your teeth a few times, and lo, they seem to be transformed. White. Lustrous. Healthy.

And so fine in texture is Listerine Tooth Paste that it penetrates the

tiniest crevices between the teeth, and from them routs decaying matter. Moreover, this dentifrice imparts to the mouth a marvelous feeling of exhilaration which you associate with Listerine itself.

Do not take our word for the exceptional results obtainable with Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it for one month and see for yourself.

And don't forget that in so doing, you will cut your tooth paste bill in half. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



*A compartment dish is a convenient way to serve the usual relishes*

# WHAT MAKES A GOOD THANKSGIVING DINNER?

*Success is for the hostess who knows the technique of menu-making*

WHEN the entire family gets up from the table agreeing, "My, but that was a good dinner," do you ever stop to think why it satisfied and pleased them? Good cooking had something to do with it, of course, but even with the best cooking in the world meals can be disappointing. No, it is your good planning, either conscious or unconscious, which is the chief factor in making any meal a success.

Perhaps you have been keeping house so long that you now put the right foods together instinctively, thinking no more about it than you do about mixing a cake or washing the dishes. But how would you tell your young neighbor to do it, who has not had as much experience as you? Take Thanksgiving dinner, for example. How is she to serve a gala meal and yet save her guests from that uncomfortable oh-I-wish-I-hadn't-eaten-so-much feeling? Again, planning is the answer.

Let us suppose that we have been asked for advice by a friend who either does not care to serve turkey this year, or whose budget will not allow for one. A Crown Roast of Pork is the very thing for her and, around it, we can build a menu like this:

Grapefruit Maraschino	
Tomato Bouillon	
Crown Roast of Pork*	Brown Gravy
Spiced Apple Sauce or Candied Cranberries	
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style	
Cauliflower, Butter Sauce	Turnip Puffs*
Lettuce and Watercress Salad, French Dressing	
Pumpkin Tartlets	Cheese
Coffee	Nuts and Raisins

As pork is slightly more difficult to digest than meats which contain less fat, the course, or courses, preceding it must be light, and must consist of foods which tend to stimulate the digestive juices. Fruit, tomato juice cocktail, a simple serving of hors d'oeuvres, or a clear soup will start the meal right. Or if two "first" courses can be served, we suggest a tart fruit and a light bouillon. But our friend must not attempt more than she can do well.

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Cookery and Household Management

With pork, apples in some form seem almost inseparable. Yet cranberries are delicious, too, and add color to the Thanksgiving table. As to potatoes, we need only to remind our friend not to serve fried ones with pork;



*For a hearty dinner a clear soup is preferred*

she must keep them to serve with the lean meats such as lamb and beef. Mashed white potatoes would be all right, but sweet potatoes, mashed and reheated in a casserole with butter and brown sugar are better, since we already have one white vegetable (cauliflower).

Next, let's choose a "leafy vegetable," and in this case, it might be cauliflower, because at this time of year it is inexpensive. A butter sauce, rather than a rich Hollandaise or cream sauce, is chosen to serve over it. Turnip Puffs, an extra for the holiday menu, are not necessary to complete the meal; they may be omitted without in the least detracting from its well-roundedness.

A salad (selected both for its digestibility and color) and pumpkin pie, one of the conventional feast-day desserts, complete this menu. Plum pudding or mince pie would be rather rich to serve after roast pork, but if our young housewife insists we shall advise her to serve it in small portions.

For the families who look forward to Thanksgiving as the time of the "Fatted Gobbler" here is a menu planned around that festive bird:

Shrimp Cocktail*	
Consmomé	
Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy	Raisin Stuffing
Mixed Relishes	
Baked Squash	Mashed Potatoes
Glacéed Onions	Brussels Sprouts, au Beurre
Grapefruit Salad	
Steamed Pudding	Coffee
Salted Nuts	Mints

Here, again, changes may be made to suit the likes of a particular family. A crabflake, or oyster, or a mixed-fruit cocktail, may be substituted for the shrimp. And instead of consommé, small portions of a thin cream soup, such as cream of tomato or cream of pea, may be served. The vegetables must contrast in color as well as in texture and food value—so with mashed potatoes we would not have another all-white vegetable, nor another which has been mashed, nor one [Turn to page 62]

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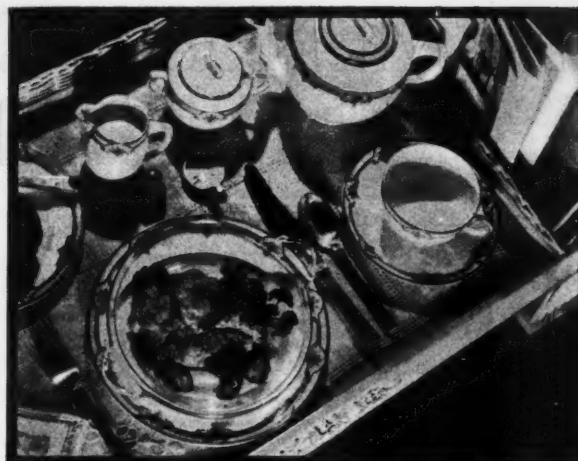
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Baked sweetbreads with mushrooms for the invalid's tray

## MEAT DELICACIES For the whole family

By MARGUERITE MADDOX

*Hot Liver Sandwiches*

3 eggs  
Salt and pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
1 cup cooked liver, chopped  
2 tablespoons bacon fat  
1 tablespoon parsley  
Crisp bacon

Beat eggs, add salt, pepper and milk. Combine with cooked liver and turn into frying pan in which bacon fat has been melted. Cook until creamy, adding parsley just before mixture is done. Serve on hot toast and top with two slices of crisp bacon. Garnish with parsley.

This type of sandwich, with a light salad, makes a complete luncheon.

*Liver with Spaghetti  
Italian Style*

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup onion, chopped  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon shortening  
1 cup beef or pork liver, cut in pieces  
1 teaspoon parsley, minced  
2 tablespoons grated American or Parmesan cheese  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup tomato pulp  
3 cups water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup uncooked spaghetti

Cook onion in shortening until golden brown. Add liver, parsley, salt and pepper and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Add tomato pulp and continue to cook slowly 20 minutes longer. Cook spaghetti in salted water. When done, drain and place on a warm platter. Pour over it the liver mixture, and sprinkle with cheese, just before serving.

A delicious way of using up left-over liver.

*Calves' Brains au Gratin*

$1\frac{1}{2}$  sets of calves' brains  
2 cups white sauce  
Grated Parmesan cheese  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup buttered bread crumbs

Let brains stand in cold, salted water for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Drain, cover with boiling water and simmer for 15 minutes.

[Continued on page 65]

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each week...



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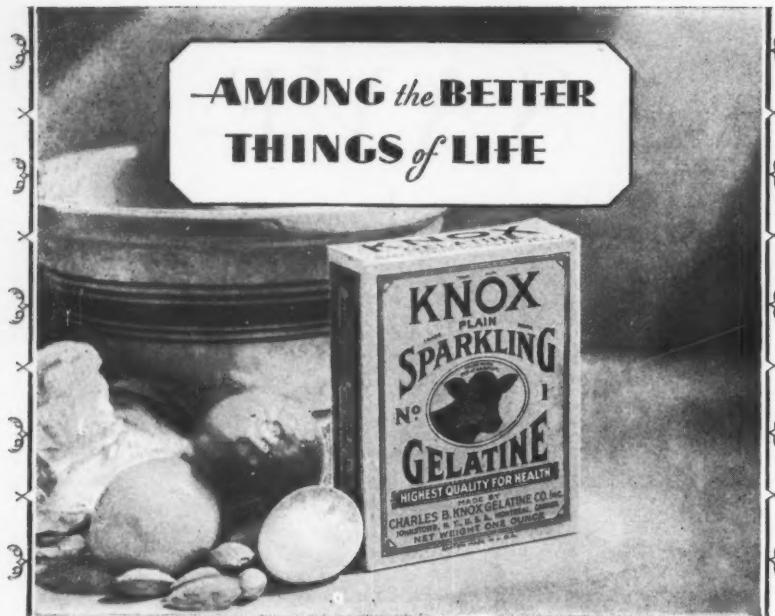
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expensive. *Actually*—there is enough gelatine in a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to make *four* different desserts or salads, *six* generous servings of each.

Just try *real* gelatine. Order a package of Knox and try these original recipes. And if you want a complete education in the making of dainty dishes, mail the coupon—we will send you a real surprise for your kitchen library.

### THANKSGIVING PUDDING (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1 cup cream, whipped
1/4 cup cold water	1/4 cup prunes
4 bananas	1 orange
1 tablespoonful lemon juice	Few grains salt
1/4 cup powdered sugar	

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve over boiling water. Mash bananas, add fruit juice and a little of the grated rind of the orange. Beat in dissolved gelatine and sugar, and fold in cream whipped very stiff. Turn into wet mold. Unmold and garnish with orange slices.

### TUNA FISH, SALMON or CRABMEAT SALAD (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/4 teaspoonful paprika
3/4 cup boiled salad dressing	1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup celery, chopped	2 teaspoonsful vinegar
2 tablespoonsfuls chopped olives	1/4 cup cold water
1/2 green pepper, finely chopped	1/2 teaspoonful salt
1 cup tuna fish	Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool and add tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into wet individual molds, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pickles, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/4 cup prunes
1/2 cup cold water	Juice of one orange
1/2 cup prune juice	1/2 cup pecans
1/2 cup sugar	1 cup cream or evaporated milk
1 square chocolate	Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Drain juice from cooked prunes. Heat with sugar, chocolate, six cloves and three-inch stick cinnamon. Strain, add soaked gelatine and cool. As it thickens, beat well and add cream whipped very stiff, chopped prunes and nuts. Turn into wet mold. Unmold, garnish with whole nut meats and stuffed prunes and serve with whipped cream or evaporated milk.

### TURKISH DELIGHT

2 level tablespoonsfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine	Juice of one orange
1/2 cup cold water	Juice of one lemon
1/2 cup boiling water	1/2 cup chopped nut meats
2 cups granulated sugar	Red coloring
Grated rind of one orange	

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put sugar and boiling water in saucepan, bring to the boiling point, add soaked gelatine and let boil twenty minutes. Add flavorings and coloring, strain, add nut meats and turn into a bread pan (first dipped in cold water) to one inch in depth. Let stand until firm, remove to board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. The nut meats may be omitted.

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# TEN MENUS FOR AND CLUB



By DOROTHY KIRK

**C**OOKING and serving for a large number of persons is not as difficult as it seems if careful plans are made well in advance, and the work is well organized. The first and most important step is the selection of a capable chairwoman. She should be someone who is liked in the community, one with whom other women will be glad to work. Above all, she should be a good executive, for it will be her duty to choose her chief assistants and see that they carry out their assignments efficiently.

To these assistants will be delegated the responsibility of (1) arrangement of dining-room and serving (2) menu-making and marketing (3) cooking and "dishing-up" (4) making the coffee or other beverages and (5) final cleaning up. Each assistant will form her own committee of helpers. The committee for "cooking and dishing-up" should be the largest and should consist of women who do not tire easily, for they have by far the hardest work to do.

Where the church or community kitchen is not efficiently equipped for cooking, it will be necessary to ask different women to prepare food at home. The chairwoman, in this case, may ask Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. to make scalloped potatoes, providing pans of a certain size, so that she will know how many servings she can count on from each assignment. She will ask Mrs. C and Mrs. D. each to roast a ham; and Mrs. E., F. and G. to make apple pies. With the heavy part of the cooking taken care of outside, she will then assign the lighter kitchen duties—preparing salads, heating canned soup and rolls and making coffee—to a few women who will work at the church kitchen.

The committee on menu-making and marketing will find helpful the following list of common foods, with amounts to purchase for 100 servings:

Chicken for pie—40 to 45 pounds; for salad—25 or 30 pounds; for fricassee—50 pounds; for patties and à la king—30 to 35 pounds; roast turkey or chicken—50 pounds; roast ham, veal and beef—40 pounds; Hamburg steak (round of beef)—22 pounds; croquettes: beef, lamb, chicken—42 pounds (solid meat); meat loaf—18 to 24 pounds.

Scalloped oysters—3 1/3 gallons; stew—12 quarts oysters, 12 quarts milk; salmon croquettes—12 (1 pound) cans; creamed salmon—16 (1 pound) cans, 6 quarts white sauce.

Lettuce—12-15 heads; tomato jelly—12 quarts; salad dressing—2 quarts. Celery—20 bunches; olives—2 quarts; cabbage and pepper relish—4 small, firm heads cabbage, 1 dozen peppers.

Mashed potatoes—3/4 bushel; scalloped potatoes—40 pounds; potato salad—24 quarts (about 30 pounds raw potato); potato chips—4 pounds; peas—4 (No. 10) cans or 12 (No. 3) cans; corn—8 (No. 2) cans; baked beans—5 1/3 quarts dried beans.

Fruit (mixed fruit for salads or cocktails) 4 (No. 10) cans or 12 (No. 3) cans.

Rice (boiled or steamed)—5 pounds; baked macaroni—6 pounds, 5 1/3 quarts white sauce, 3 1/3 pounds grated cheese.

Pastry tarts—3 quarts flour, 3 cups shortening; berry cobbler—4 quarts flour, 12 quarts fruit; lemon sauce—6 quarts; prune whip—8 pounds prunes, 4 pounds sugar; coffee jelly—3 quarts boiled coffee; ice cream—14 quarts (7 or 8 servings to quart); whipped cream for garnishing desserts—2 quarts; pies—15 (cut each in 8 pieces).

Coffee—2 to 3 pounds, depending on method of making.

The menus which follow have been tested by actual practice in a church where as many as five hundred persons have been served. A record of quantities purchased, costs, and number of servings obtained is always kept.

### Women's Auxiliary Luncheons

(1)

Fruit Cocktail  
Creamed Oysters  
Baked Potatoes-on-half-shell  
Sweet Pickles Asparagus Salad  
Coffee Jelly Small Cakes  
Rolls Coffee

(2)

Chicken Patties or Shortcakes  
String Beans  
Olives  
Cabbage Relish Rolls  
Ice Cream Sponge Cake  
Tea Coffee

### Young Peoples' Society Suppers

(1)

Cream of Chicken and Corn Soup  
Chicken Salad  
Potato Chips Olives Rolls  
Chocolate Ice Cream and Cake  
Coffee Lemonade

# CHURCH GATHERINGS

(2)  
Tomato Bouillon  
Baked Beans, Chili Sauce  
Brown Bread Celery  
Peach Shortcake Coffee

## Father and Son Dinners

(1)  
Split Pea Soup  
Hamburg Steak, Chili Sauce  
Fried Onions  
Creamed Potatoes  
Rolls Celery  
Ice Cream Chocolate Cake  
Coffee  
(2)  
Vegetable Soup  
Roast Beef  
Potatoes browned in pan gravy  
Creamed Lima Beans (dried limas)  
Jelly Rolls Pickle Relish  
Apple Pie Cheese  
Coffee

## Church Family Reunion

Tomato Bisque Soup  
Roast Chicken or Turkey  
Glacéed Sweet Potatoes Corn Pudding  
Celery Rolls  
Fruit Cobbler Lemon Sauce  
Coffee Cocoa

## Country Suppers

(1)  
Vegetable Soup  
Fresh Baked Ham  
Apple Sauce Mashed Potatoes  
Cauliflower Au Gratin  
Rolls Cabbage and Carrot Relish  
Chocolate Pudding Coffee  
(2)  
Broiled Country Sausage  
Fried Apple Rings Creamed Potatoes  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Tomato Jelly Salad  
Pumpkin Pie Cheese  
Coffee

## Grange Dinner

Fruit Cup  
Chicken and Vegetable Pie  
Sweet Potato Croquettes  
Rolls Celery Olives  
Hot Gingerbread with Whipped Cream  
Coffee

Expense and popularity are two important points to remember in planning a church or community meal. Attendance will be cut down if the price is too high, and people will not come a second time if they are once served poorly cooked or freakish foods.

## Beef Loaf

4 loaves bread  
(about 3 qts. crumbs)  
2 qts. stock  
(or water + 6 bouillon cubes)  
20 lbs. beef (round, chopped)  
1 lb. salt pork  
1 cup chopped onions  
1/3 cup salt  
Pepper  
12 eggs

Soften bread crumbs with hot stock. Mix with chopped beef and finely chopped pork and onion. Season with salt and pepper and add well-beaten eggs. Blend together thoroughly and pack into loaf pans. Bake in moderate oven (300° F.), basting occasionally

with beef stock or bouillon. If regular bread-size loaf pans are used this quantity will make about 10 loaves and should bake for 1 hour.

## Scalloped Potatoes

40 pounds potatoes  
1/4 cup salt  
2 teaspoons pepper  
1 cup flour  
3 cups butter  
4 quarts milk

Wash, pare and cut potatoes in thin slices. Put a layer of potatoes in greased baking pans, sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour and dot with bits of butter. Repeat layers until pans are sufficiently full. Pour over enough hot milk to almost cover top. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) until potatoes are tender. (Time depends on size and shape of pans; probably about 1 1/2 to 2 hours slow baking.)

## Baking Powder Biscuits

6 1/2 quarts flour  
1/2 cup salt  
3/4 cup baking powder  
3 cups shortening  
2 quarts milk

Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Rub in shortening with finger tips or mix with pastry blender. Add milk slowly, to make a soft dough. Roll out on slightly floured board to 3/4-inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. Put on a greased baking sheet and bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

## Cranberry Jelly

8 quarts cranberries  
12 cups (6 lbs.) sugar  
2 1/2 quarts water

Wash and pick over cranberries. Add water and cook until berries are soft. Strain through a colander to hold back skins. Add sugar and bring to boiling point; cook slowly until thick. Turn into pans or molds to cool. This should make a firm jelly. If a cranberry sauce is preferred, use 3 quarts water and cook cranberries, sugar and water together until cranberries are soft. Do not strain.

## Cole Slaw

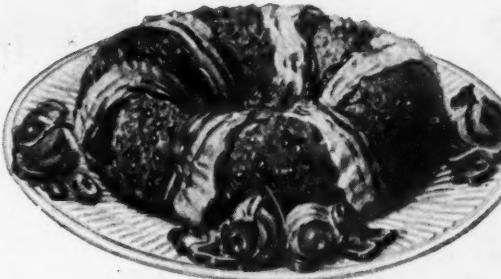
Make boiled dressing, chill and mix with shredded cabbage. The cabbage should stand in ice water to become crisp before mixing with dressing.

*Boiled Dressing:*  
1 tablespoon mustard  
2 tablespoons salt  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon paprika  
5 eggs  
2 quarts milk  
3 cups vinegar  
3/4 cup butter

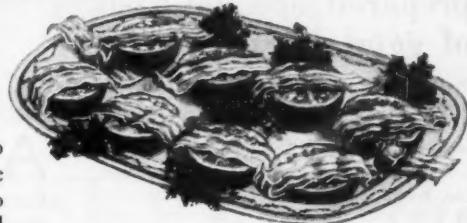
Mix mustard, salt, sugar, flour and paprika. Add eggs, slightly beaten, and mix until smooth. Add milk and vinegar slowly and cook over hot water until thick, stirring to prevent lumping. Remove from fire, add butter and cool. Add extra seasoning to taste, if desired. (Enough for 100 servings.)

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## ANEMIA YIELDS ITS SECRETS

*Diet, handmaid of science, works a miracle of relief*

By E. V. MCCOLLUM

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

**A**NEMIA is the condition in which the number of red corpuscles in one's blood is too low, or in which there is not a normal amount of red pigment (hemoglobin) in such red corpuscles as one does possess.

It has long been known that the hemoglobin contains iron; this iron pigment makes it possible for our blood to carry the oxygen which our bodies need for burning the foods we use for energy. It will be seen, therefore, why an anemic condition is a great handicap to health, energy and accomplishment.

In 1927 Professors Hart and Steenbock of the University of Wisconsin made a remarkable discovery regarding the dietary conditions under which iron may be assimilated and converted into the red blood pigment. They produced a severe grade of anemia in rabbits and in rats by feeding them only milk for several weeks. Milk is so poor in iron that when it constitutes the sole diet of an animal, blood production cannot keep pace with body growth. Growth requires increase in blood volume, and when there is not enough iron the blood becomes pale and the number of corpuscles is decreased.

PROFESSORS Hart and Steenbock attempted to compare on anemic animals the merits of different iron compounds in restoring the quality of the blood. They were much surprised to observe that animals made anemic by diet could not utilize iron salts of any kind they administered. They were forced to conclude that the milk-and-iron diet lacked something which is necessary for the proper functioning of the bone marrow, where the red blood corpuscles are manufactured.

They therefore tried adding to the milk-and-iron diet small amounts of several natural vegetable foods. The addition of lettuce, cabbage or yellow corn to the milk-and-iron diet resulted in an immediate benefit to the animals. The number of red blood cells increased rapidly, and the amount of red

iron pigment which they contained also rapidly increased. Lettuce was superior to cabbage, and cabbage was superior to corn grain.

Eventually they succeeded in proving that the element which the body must have in addition to iron, before the iron can be converted into blood pigment, is copper. Although the body needs but a very little copper we must now regard it as an indispensable food principle. Most of the copper in the body is in the liver, and by eating this organ one can get a greater amount of copper than in any other food.

While the studies of Hart and Steenbock were going on at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Minot of Boston made the discovery that persons suffering from pernicious anemia could be permanently relieved by eating a liberal amount of liver daily. Pernicious anemia was so named because hitherto there had been no successful treatment for it. This discovery is the most important one which has been made in many years in the field of therapeutic dietaries. Recent studies have shown that kidney is nearly as effective as liver in the treatment of pernicious anemia.

From what has been said it will be seen that there are anemias of different kinds. Pernicious anemia is a primary anemia in which the bone marrow cannot form red corpuscles. Anemia resulting from loss of blood, from iron starvation, from copper starvation, or from the effects of poisons of several kinds which cause destruction of red corpuscles, are all classed as secondary anemias. In these latter conditions the anemia can be successfully treated without the administration of liver, since the bone marrow is still functioning; the problem is to supply either enough iron, copper or the proper protein materials, from which new corpuscles can be formed. The pernicious

anemia patient must, however, have either liver or kidney, or both, since there is no other effective method of treatment for this dread disease.

Because the supply of liver is not very great in proportion to the demand, the general public, as well as the patient with a non-pernicious type of anemia, should either not eat liver at all, or should eat it in only small amounts. Liver and kidneys can be combined with other foods, so that a little of them can be made to go a long way, thus leaving the bulk of the supply for the sufferer from pernicious anemia. The demand for liver and kidneys has gone up enormously since the discovery of Minot, and, in consequence, the price has greatly increased. Yet, however high the price, the pernicious anemia patient must eat half a pound to a pound of liver every day. At present prices the cost is almost prohibitive for poor people.

IT SOMETIMES becomes difficult for people with pernicious anemia to eat as much liver as is necessary to keep them in good condition, because they become very tired of it. To overcome this natural objection it should be cooked in a variety of ways. Fortunately, Minot and his associates have also been able to prepare in concentrated form the principle of liver which is of value in this condition. It is, of course, quite expensive and is not available in amounts sufficient for all the people who could profit by taking it.

Nutrition investigators have had a wonderful hearing from the women of America, who are now giving more attention than ever before to the feeding of their children and other members of the family. Yet there is still room for progress in this direction especially among young adults and people in middle life. Every year new facts have come to light which emphasize the importance of prevention rather than cure in the entire field of health.

[Continued on page 65]

# ON THE AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME



**PHILCO**

*presents LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and the  
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA*

*Sunday, October 6th . . . November 3rd . . . December 8th*



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HAVING secured the most talented and highest priced instrumentalists in the world—and having gained the leadership of conductor Leopold Stokowski, genius extraordinary—the Philadelphia Orchestra has been for years hailed as the finest symphonic orchestra in America or Europe.

With such a reputation to uphold—and being naturally unwilling that radio listeners should form an inaccurate impression of the orchestra's magnificent tone—the officials of the Philadelphia Orchestra have steadfastly refused until the present time to send its glorious music out over the air. But within the past year the whole level of radio reception has been raised, and foremost in progress is the new Balanced-Unit Philco—a radio whose units are so perfectly balanced that it reproduces the most subtle tone-colors of the symphony orchestra . . . And so, Leopold Stokowski has consented to go on the air for the first time. Now under the sponsorship of Philco, you may

listen in your own home to the famous orchestra for which every seat for every concert is reserved by subscription, months in advance.

Demonstrations of the new Philco have proven to leaders in the musical world that here at last is a receiving set which will bring to radio listeners all the sonorous, gorgeously rich, orchestral tone which has called forth salvos of applause from the most sophisticated concert audiences in the world. If you want to hear the music of the Philadelphia Orchestra with all its glamour undiminished, if you want to enjoy every tone-color—from the highest harmonic of the violin to the deep throaty warble of the bassoon, tune in with a Balanced-Unit Philco. If you do not yet own a new Philco, arrange to listen in at the home of some friend who does. The difference in reproduction is worth traveling miles to hear. Or—see your Philco dealer today and arrange for a demonstration. Easy terms if you decide to buy.

*This series of broadcasts will be heard over the N. B. C. Coast to Coast hook-up*

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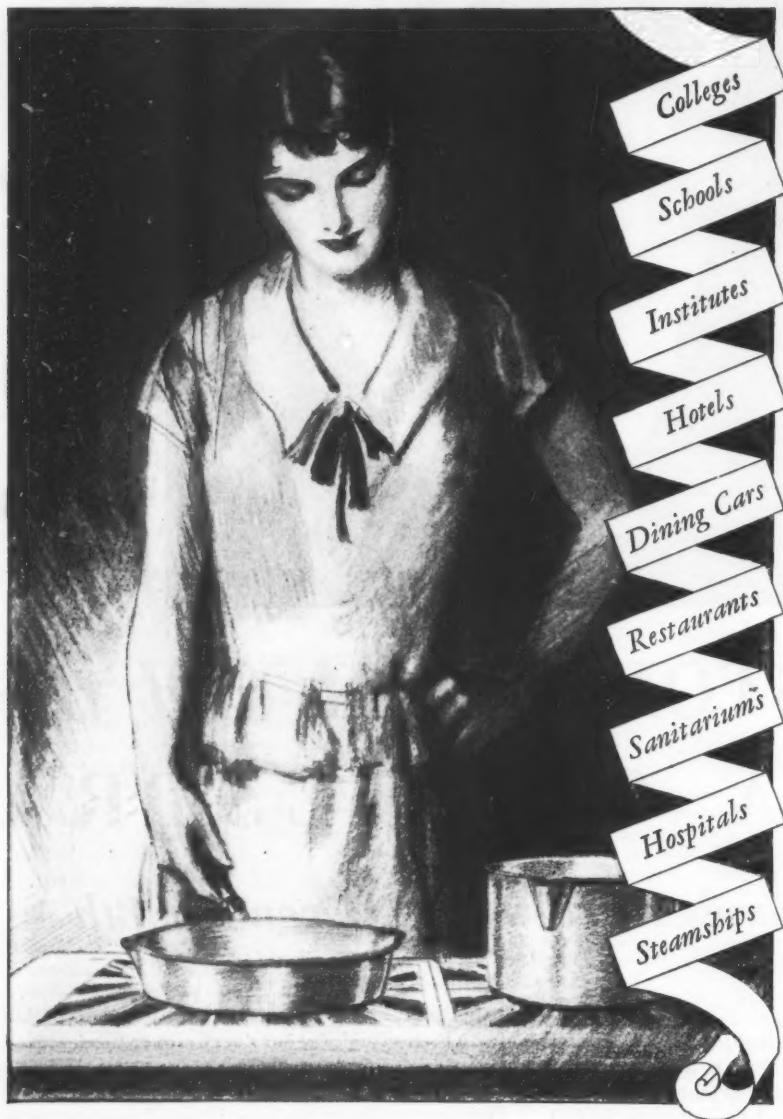
Detroit WWJ; Duluth-Superior WEBC; Hartford WTIC; Hot Springs KTHS; Houston KPRC; Jacksonville WJAX; Kansas City WDAF; Los Angeles KFI; Louisville WHAS; Memphis WMC; Miami WIOD; Milwaukee WTMJ; Minneapolis

St. Paul KSTP; Nashville WSM; New Orleans WSMB; New York WEAF; Oklahoma City WKY; Omaha WOW; Philadelphia WLIT; Pittsburgh WCAE; Portland, Maine WCSH; Portland, Oregon KGW; Providence WJAR; Raleigh WPTF;

Richmond WRVA; St. Louis KSD; Salt Lake City KSL; San Antonio WOAI; San Francisco KPO; KGO; Schenectady WGY; Seattle KOMO; Spokane KHQ; Tulsa KVOO; Washington WRC; Worcester WTAG.

5:30 to 6:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time

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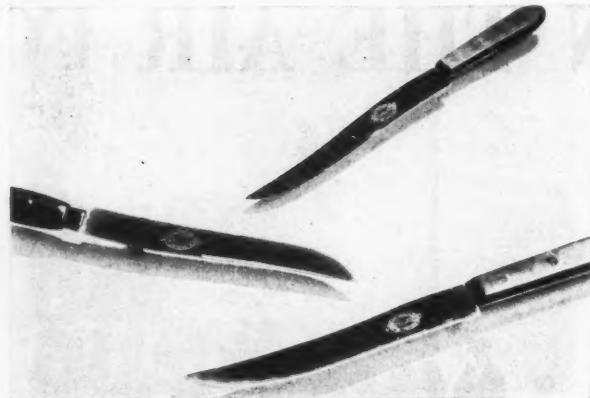
Aluminum is beautiful. You learn to love its sparkling lustre as you love the gleam of silver or the mellow glow of polished pewter. It is a fine, true metal—and its beauty goes clear through and lasts forever.

For years the most efficient kitchens have relied upon aluminum. Aluminum is the master heat-conductor. It spreads the heat and saves the food from burning. It is immune from action by food acids—approved for all cooking by the greatest scientific authorities. For its cooking ability, its economy, its safety, and its beauty—in countless homes and in great hotels and hospitals—the best cooks use aluminum.

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Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:



Good knives have strong blades with thin cutting edges

## KNIFE LIFE IN THE KITCHEN

By E. ECHIKSON

**I**N CHOOSING kitchen cutlery examine the handle first of all. See that it is very smoothly enameled or lacquered. A rough finish indicates cheap, inferior quality and workmanship. Pick a handle shape that fits your hand. Make sure that the parts of the handle fit snugly against the blade, leaving no space for dirt to collect.

After you have satisfied yourself that the handle suits your taste, try the blade. First of all, bend it moderately. If it is properly made it will spring back to its original straight shape. If it stays bent, or set, there is something wrong with the material or workmanship. The blade is probably soft and will not hold an edge. In this connection bear in mind that paring knives and light slicers should be flexible and springy; butcher knives, boning knives, large slicers and bread knives should be fairly heavy and stiff. The gauge, or thickness, of a blade is a fair indication of its quality. Cheap knives are usually made with thin, skimpy blades; good ones employ steel of substantial weight and thickness.

Notice whether the blade is nicely finished. A bright polish helps to prevent corrosion. However, do not base your judgment solely on the polish of the blade. Although good cutlery is always well polished, it is possible to find knives of the most inferior materials masquerading under a mirror-finished blade and a colorful handle. Your best safeguard is to buy from a dealer who stands behind his goods.

Examine the edge. Any knife used for paring or light slicing should taper down from the back to a thin edge. Butcher and other similar knives however should be fairly heavy throughout their entire width, being rolled to a strong rounded edge.

Now look at the etching on the blade or the marking on the handle. Is the knife made by a reputable manufacturer? If you are buying a stainless steel knife is the blade marked "Stainless Steel"?

Although some reputable manufacturers prefer to market their stainless cutlery under their own trade names, these brands are well-known. If in doubt insist on seeing the imprint "Stainless Steel," not just "stainless" or some other tricky coined word which is designed to conceal plated or non-stainless merchandise.

Begin caring for your cutlery as soon as you get it home. If it is non-stainless steel keep it bright and sanitary by scouring after every use. Do not neglect it, because once rusting has started it is almost impossible to remove the corroded spots by scouring. If your cutlery is stainless cleanse it by rinsing it in warm suds or washing-soda water. Don't scour stainless steel—you will spoil the glossy surface.

Keep knives sharp. The best plan is of course to send them to a cutlery shop or professional grinder. If you do so, emphasize the fact that you want only the edge ground. Do not

[Continued on page 78]



There is a handy tool for every kitchen need

# "I've found my affinity"

says SUE CAROL

"*Perfumes . . . I'd haunted the perfume counter for months, trying to find one I really liked . . . Sweet . . . sad . . . demure . . . languorous . . . oh, there were all kinds there, except one for me . . . And then . . . one day . . . I found such a modern little flacon . . . 'it looks like it might be' . . . I said, half doubtfully . . . And it was . . . my very own dreams, come true at last, in a fragrance . . . I knew then and there . . . SEVENTEEN was my affinity!*"



For modern you . . . a new perfume . . . SEVENTEEN

For you . . . goddess of a new age . . . a perfume which is the very soul of you!

Seventeen is young . . . with your own eternal youth. Seventeen is daring . . . demure . . . different as you are from everything that has ever had its being in this world till now!

Seventeen is your delightful self . . . whispering your own keen ecstacies, your own flashing charms, your own laughing challenge to things of other eras . . . it is a poem of fragrance . . . made to say . . . the inmost thoughts of you!

\* \* \*

Try Seventeen today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . and the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brillantine* . . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!



## MRS. JONES of Pipestone says her say...

Yes, Mrs. Jones is convinced. Time and again her efforts to get the family laundry satisfactorily done were thwarted. For on thing the water in Pipestone, Minn., like so many other places, is quite hard—you know how discouraging that is. Then she noticed an advertisement for 20 Mule Team Borax and tried it.

These are her very words. "Next washday was a revelation. The powdered Borax added to the soap made a rich, lasting suds, softened the water and worked wonders on the clothes. They came from the machine white, sweet smelling and spotlessly clean. I shall never be without 20 Mule Team Borax."

**Millions of women everywhere have learned the merits of Borax for laundry work, cleaning, water softening and dish-washing. Are you missing something?**

**20 Mule Team Borax protects fabrics and hands. It is cleansing, deodorizing and mildly antiseptic—truly a health product. Write today for our helpful free booklet.**



Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 514  
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Please send your free booklet  
"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



*The child's environment largely determines his future*

# WHAT DO YOUR BABY'S HABITS MEAN?

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.  
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers", "What Every Woman Should Know", "Practice of Pediatrics" and others

**N**EWLY born infants are to be divided into two classes—the normal and the abnormal. The abnormal characteristics may involve either the body, or the mind, or both. We will dismiss the abnormal types by stating that physical abnormalities are readily apparent; and the abnormal in mentality is determined by the degree in which a child differs in conduct from normal infants.

All normal infants show sensibility to sight, hearing, taste and smell on the first day; and thirst hunger is present at birth. The normal baby usually holds the head erect at the fifth month. (Not a few babies will do this at an earlier period, but it is most unusual for the head to be held unsupported before the fourth month). I have seen many normal infants, on the other hand, that were unable to do this before the eighth or ninth month. The normal infant usually sits erect, unsupported, from the sixth to the eighth month. At the tenth month he can stand with assistance, and from the eleventh to the thirteenth month he may take a step or two unsupported. Many normal infants, however, do not walk alone until after the fifteenth month. My earliest standing and walking infant could stand with assistance at the fifth month and walk unaided at the eighth month.

**T**HE normal infant never smiles before the third week and rarely before the fifth. Intelligible words are uttered about the twelfth month and from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth month simple words are put together. Memory in the young is very short. I have known infants from eighteen to twenty-four months old to forget their mothers in a week.

Such are the visible behavior reactions of the very young. The child's character traits are influenced in large degree by his contacts. In other words the child's environment largely determines his behavior for the future.

As a rule, heredity is held to be of greater influence than it is, and this is because physical characteristics are transmitted from generation to generation. Thus there will be a strong family resemblance of bodily features, by which I mean short or tall, stout or lean, the coloring of the eyes and hair, and the physical qualities of endurance and the capacity for effort. Truth, honesty, kindness and the ability to accept discipline—foundation stones upon which character is built—have never been inherited by anyone.

These qualities of mind may only be developed through association. Infant and child life are moulded every day in the home, in the school, and by contacts with play-fellows. Place a child who possesses an ideal inheritance among the vicious and depraved, and keep him there, and his fine inheritance amounts to nothing.

A question I am often asked is, "Do you believe in corporal punishment?" In my experience it is the only punishment for the boy or girl who is habitually cruel to smaller children and animals.

In the small as well as in the big things of life, contact, association, training are the determining influences in behavior. Thus a baby may be spoiled as early as the third day of his life. Suppose he cries. You pick him up and he stops crying. Then you put him down and the crying is resumed. At this very tender age his behavior has been influenced by his environment.

Out of justice to the child the health factor must always be taken into consideration in relation to behavior. A child who is only slightly ill will always behave badly. He will be peevish, irritable and subject to brainstorms. Such manifestations in rapidly growing boys and girls, particularly in the latter, should always be investigated for physical causes. Anemia, defective elimination, over-work at school, and passing through the puberty period have been the cause of behavior defects in many of my patients.

**A**s a general statement, a child should always be treated as a human being, regardless of his age, and not as a toy. The chief business of a child is to grow into the best possible type of adult and all ends must be served to bring this about. I do not, however, agree with the behaviorists who believe that petting or fondling a child tends to the development of the so-called baser instincts—judicious fondling, approbation, and praise for duties well performed is a necessary stimulus to the budding mentality. The child who is reared without opportunity to react to such attention develops into a cold, unsympathetic, hard-boiled individual with no love or sympathy for his kind. Such methods of child building make the poor mixer and the recluse.

In conclusion, we grant to heredity, influences that determine bodily conformation, features, physical stamina, capacity for effort, endurance—all largely animal characteristics. For the development of the finer qualities of the mind, denoting character, a rigid daily censorship is needed, tempered with love and an absorbing interest which the child can feel.



## The new *V*ogue in Gas Ranges

**U**PSETTING all traditions, ignoring all precedent, American Stove Company has created a new, exquisite and totally different type of gas range—*Magic Chef*—to satisfy the demand for a stove to conform with the art trends of the times.

*Magic Chef* sounds a new note of beauty for the kitchen. Possessing the aristocratic elegance of a piece of fine drawing-room furniture, *Magic Chef* will give your kitchen a refreshing atmosphere of individuality and modernity.

Authorities on interior decoration have pronounced *Magic Chef* the most notable style-creation in the house furnishings field in a decade. For this immediate acceptance by experts a large measure of credit is due Frank Alvah Parsons, B.S.,

If gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.



UNLESS the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

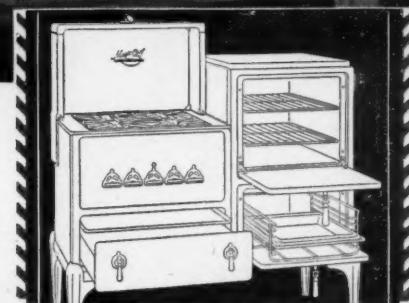
*Magic Chef*

President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, whose expert advice contributed materially to the artistic perfection of *Magic Chef*.

But, *Magic Chef* has more than pleasing proportions, symmetrical lines, beautiful finish and radiant coloring. *Magic Chef* possesses,

in addition to the famous Red Wheel, many exclusive service features that make it an unusually durable, efficient, labor-saving cooking appliance.

Dealers in all gas-served communities now have *Magic Chef* on exhibition for public inspection. Watch your local newspapers for Dealers' announcements. Plan to be among the first to see and examine this new departure in gas range design—merely to see *Magic Chef* is to want it for your own.



Patents Pending

1. "Patrician" Model shown above in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite. Also, "Jonquil" Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim. All enamel.
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7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.
8. Roomy service-drawer on rollers.

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**S**TRAIGHT from its homeland . . . Vermont . . . comes the sap that gives Vermont Maid Syrup its rich, true maple flavor.

Tapped in the heart of the Vermont maple groves . . . where the world's finest sap is produced . . . it brings to this famous syrup a deeper, richer maple taste that will haunt your memory.

Try Vermont Maid Syrup on your pancakes or your waffles. Made from pure maple sugar, blended with pure cane sugar to bring out the flavor, it mingles with the melting butter to give you a taste thrill you can't forget . . . Vermont Maid Syrup poured over biscuit, corn bread or mush, makes a real treat of these familiar foods.



Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup in attractive glass jugs. You'll want to put the jug right on the table for all except the most formal occasions.

Made in Vermont by Vermonters, you can buy no finer syrup for your table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

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I enclose 10¢ for  
generous sample  
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Maid Syrup and  
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## VERMONT MAID SYRUP

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MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS



Ivy is the finest  
of all plants for  
the house

# LIVING ROOM GARDENING

By MRS. FRANCIS KING

This is one of a series of articles which Mrs. King, one of the foremost authorities on gardening in America, is writing for McCall readers.

A practical gardener herself, she is the author of "Pages From A Garden Note Book," "Chronicles of The Garden," "The Beginner's Garden" and others.

**T**HE real foe of good house-plants is dry air. There are now for the city apartment several devices to set on radiators, or elsewhere, to give moisture to the air, and these should materially help the health of plants in winter . . . but there is one thing not generally known, and that is that the more plants you grow in the house, the more moisture will there be there. A very simple way, too, of increasing this moisture according to a good advisor is this: place the pots in a shallow, galvanized iron tray, a water-tight tray which fits the top of a table or window ledge. Pebbles and sand placed in the tray will collect and hold the water which goes through the pots; this water will supply moisture to the air.

Pests, unfortunately, are almost as common on indoor plants as on outdoor ones. There are remedies that may be used safely. For red spider—the signs of which are a turning gray of the leaves of your plants, and small webs, perhaps, appearing at the tips of the leaves—spray with water. This is the treatment for red spider out of doors as well, on such things as arborvitae or other forms of cedar. For mealy bug on coleus—which shows itself only as a soft white moss—try washing off these nests or groups of the bugs with soapsuds and a soft brush. If small aphids, or little lice appear on your plants, try the liquid said to be so remarkably good for roses, called Aphistrogen . . . spray this on the infested leaves and twigs, or dip the end leaves into a solution. For green fly, white fly, and red spider a spraying with soapy water is good.

**I**IVY is, I think, the finest of all things for the house; its classic leaf, its beauteous dark green color, its delicate garland-like habit of growth, the ease with which it may be trained anywhere, fastened here by a small staple, allowed to fall there, its exquisite pattern against wall or window, put it in a class by itself, but it requires care. The leaves must be washed frequently. They collect dust for one thing, and that dust keeps the moisture and the air from the leaves. With a soft cloth and mild soap suds, they should be gone over on both sides as often as they seem to require it. Ivy needs plenty of water, and as someone says, "even an occasional drying-out is sufficient to stunt the young growth, and to cause the ever-waiting scale and aphid to appear." An ivy will always do better indoors in winter if it can have a summer out-of-doors.

There are few houses or apartments in this country in which at one time or another the Boston fern has not been seen. Weak ammonia water given occasionally is a good thing to keep it in condition; keeping suckers out, and taking all imperfect fronds from the plant are things that must be done. Once a year take out three or four inches of old earth and fill up the pot with new. Many are the glorious specimens of this fine fern that

have come under my eye, but these have never been grown in too much sun, and seldom in that trying cover for the pot known as a jardiniere. All agree that the jardiniere has caused more loss among house-plants than any pest. The owner of the fern or begonia is apt to forget the hidden water, slowly climbing around the pot which is set in this outer pot, and even though the plant is on an inverted saucer in the other receptacle too often the steadily rising, silent tide of water does its deadly work.

Many ferns do well in the house beside the Boston ferns, and among these are Whitman's fern, the Holly fern, the Maidenhair, beloved of everyone, and the Australian Tree Fern. Ferns should not be kept in windy places in a room, or where persons passing can jostle their foliage. Leaf mold should be in the pot from the beginning, and these pots must have the best drainage. Also remember that ferns always need moisture in the air.

The leaves of every kind of palm should be sponged off at least once a month.

There are two kinds of plants which will stand even the lack of sunlight in a room; and these are the old Wandering Jews of two kinds—the green and white one and the one with purple in its leaves. These are wonderful plants for unpromising conditions in the house; there is hardly a little greenhouse in the United States where a small hanging curtain of these things is not seen as one walks through it; and slipping can be done in water as well as in soil. These are among the best plants, used in pots, to place as I have seen ivy placed to beautiful advantage; on a high wooden shelf—or a glass shelf—at the top of a window, so that the long trailing branches hang. No lovelier curtain than this one of ivy, if not too thick—and in the house it will probably not grow too heavy—can be seen, and this is an ingenious plan which is worth trying for the Wandering Jews, too, but they should be kept thinned a little or the mat of leaves may keep out too much of the precious winter light.

The cactus is a most popular subject for window gardening, and may be even more popular from now

on as flower lovers have seen the wonderful exhibit at the New York Flower Shows of these desert subjects. At the 1929 Show, Mrs. Sherman Hoyt of Pasadena showed some interesting ones. It was a remarkable thing for a woman not only to have brought this great collection of cacti to New York, but to have taken them on to London as well, to show at the great Chelsea Show, the gardener's Paradise in flower shows. The cactus in the house requires a good admixture of sand in the soil, and very little water, especially in sunless weather. Watering only when very dry, and only a very little water then, is the practice of some cactus raisers.

The best variety for the house is considered the Christmas or Crab cactus (*Epiphyllum*) which has flowers at Christmas of a most charming bright pink. If flower buds drop from your cactus plants it is probably because of too much water. Remember the original dwelling place, the arid regions.

For those who grow it, the calla lily—now so much in favor as a decorative flower and leaf—needs a dry, hot rest for its bulb in summer, when the pots should lie on their sides in the sun. The variety Godfrey is the calla mentioned as the best one for the house; and rich soil and a change of pot in the autumn are absolutely necessary to indoor success with these lilies.

Why not raise begonia plants from seed? Beautiful varieties of seed are now offered by leading seedsmen, varieties such as Christmas Cheer Red, a dark crimson-scarlet; Prima Donna, a warm rose carmine; Salmon Queen; G. Knacke, a fine salmon pink; and many others. We know that begonias will start, as will the lovely velvety gloxinia, from a leaf from pots, but growing new varieties from seed would be an exciting occupation and probably an easy one.

**O**NE winter I had some deep oblong terra cotta boxes from Italy, and wanted them as fascinating little bulb gardens in themselves. So in them were set a few crocuses, purple and white; some scilla siberica in tiny tufts here and there; a few paper white narcissi, with a rather generous amount of that beautiful polyanthus narcissus, the much-flowered kind, N. Poetaz Elvira. From this choice came what I wanted in the sunny south windows that winter, a little succession of bloom, with the fresh leaves of crocus and scilla, after the flowers had departed, as a nice setting for the orange and yellow daffodils that followed. The box must be deep, eight inches perhaps, the soil fairly sandy, and a drainage hole should be provided.

One of the most charming winter effects I have seen was in a shallow bay-window. Everything was in pots large and small, but mainly small; and these pots were all on glass shelves. The lovely hues of flowers were enchanting against the windows.



## TO CLEAN TEETH ECONOMICALLY USE BAKING SODA

**U**SED on a moistened brush, as you would any tooth powder, Baking Soda removes film and stains from teeth, leaving them clean, white. It also preserves teeth. Due to its antacid property it neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay.

A teaspoonful of Baking Soda dissolved in a glass of cool water makes a refreshing mouth wash. Used after eating, this wash leaves the mouth fresh and sweet, free of acids.

You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package from any grocer. Insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical and have been made by the same company for over 80 years. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

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Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.  
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# WHY ORDER NURSERY STOCK IN AUTUMN?

By M. G. KAINS

**M**OST fruit trees, vines and bushes, also deciduous shrubs and trees (but not evergreens or extra-size deciduous specimens) are dug in the autumn by the nurserymen and stored in specially-built warehouses. No one can maintain that such stock is as vital as the same kinds which have been freshly dug.

Fall planting is not always advisable. In the north, and other cold climates, it is unsafe to plant fleshy-rooted trees, like magnolia, and thin-barked ones, like birch and cherry. It is also better to postpone planting small, fibrous-rooted plants like dewberries, even though hardy, because they do not have sufficient time to become established before winter sets in, and are therefore likely to be heaved out of the ground by frost. Hardy, woody plants—for instance, lilac and currant—are safe to plant, and will be fine in the spring.

No matter what stock is planted in the fall, whether evergreens, berries, shrubs or trees, it is always advisable to mulch them heavily with loose material such as corn stalks, litter, marsh hay, fallen leaves or even cut weeds. This will prevent the alternate heaving and settling of the soil by freezing and thawing. When this is not done newly-set plants may be lifted little by little until their roots are exposed to the sun and wind. The result is that the plants are dried and killed.

Heeling-in, the tried and true method of storing nursery stock, is so easy that anyone can do it successfully the very first time and every time as follows: Choose a well-drained site as far as possible away from places where mice may have their nests; for instance, buildings, straw and hay stacks, soddy fence rows, etc. Dig a trench from east to west at least a foot deep and with a long slant on its south side. Unfasten the bundles of nursery stock and lay the specimens singly and side by side so that they will be separated in the trench with their tops on the slope and their roots against the vertical side of the trench. See that each specimen, or group of each variety, has a copper-wired label on it which is not in contact with the soil.



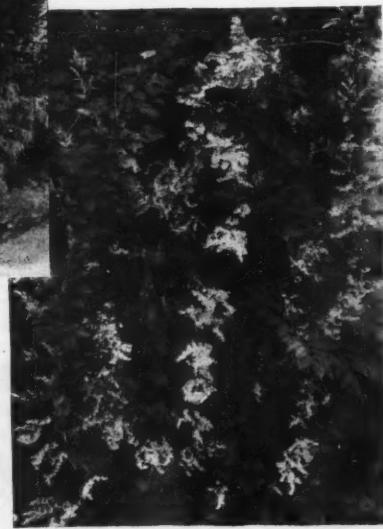
Plant your shrubs at the right season

Have the stock delivered in the fall, even though it is not to be planted then. In this way the buyer is sure that it has been freshly dug, that its vigor is unimpaired when shipped, and that each tree, bush and vine has in all probability been selected and dug by hand. This means the roots are less likely to have been damaged than when taken out of the ground by machine. In case it is not planted at once, far better storage can be provided at home than it would receive in any but the most perfect of nursery warehouses.

The point, however, that the amateur will probably appreciate most is the fact that when his order is delivered in the fall he is much more likely to get the varieties he wants. Nurserymen's stocks are apt to run low in the spring.



By placing an order in the fall one can get the choicest varieties



The most favorable time for planting evergreens in temperate climates such as that of southeastern New York is the late summer and early autumn.



## Troubles that begin with harsh toilet tissue—*often end on the operating table*

**T**HE slightest inflammation... caused by harsh toilet tissue... may develop into serious rectal trouble.

Surgeons who operate daily on cases of this kind say that rectal ailments are astonishingly prevalent. Among all classes of people—men, women, children. No one is immune:

580 physicians and 223 hospitals recently sounded this warning to American housewives: "Watch out for inferior toilet tissue. It can cause serious injury."

For complete safety in this bathroom essential they specified these qualities: *softness, absorbency, chemical purity*.

Today you can buy three toilet tissues that are specially processed to satisfy these medical requirements—ScotTissue, Sani-

Tissue and Waldorf. Each sheet is composed of millions of tiny "thirsty-fibres". Fibres that absorb quickly... completely.

You can prove their remarkable absorbency by dropping a wadded ball in water. It sinks almost immediately. Ordinary toilet tissue—non-absorbent—floats for several minutes.

Scott Tissues are extremely soft. Crumpled in the hand they feel as suave and yielding as old linen. Yet they are firm in texture.

Only the finest, fresh materials go into Scott Tissues. They are always chemically safe—neither

alkaline nor acid. The sheets tear squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are designed to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Protect yourself, your family, and your guests by always asking for one of these three safe tissues—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



# Scott Tissues

Copyright, 1929, Scott Paper Company

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world... Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty-fibre* qualities.

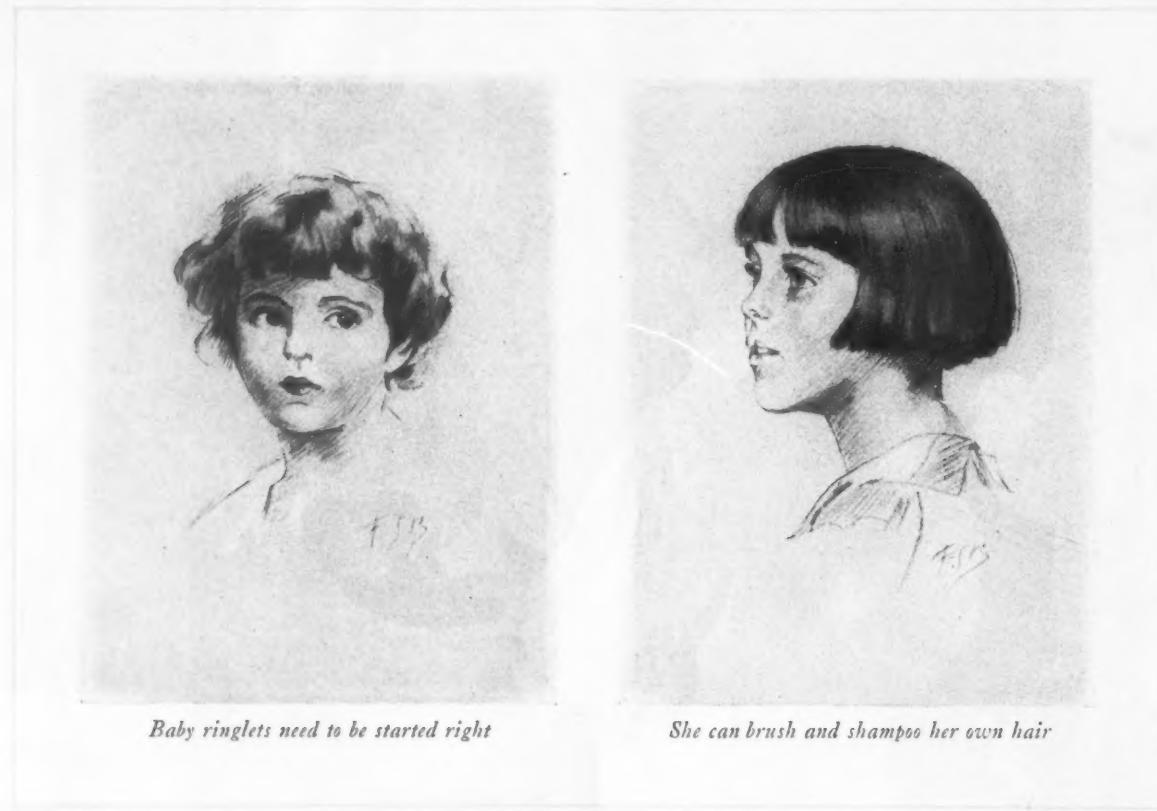
Waldorf  
3 for 20¢

Sani-Tissue  
3 for 25¢

ScotTissue  
2 for 25¢

Prices for  
U. S. only

# THE SEVEN AGES OF HAIR



Baby ringlets need to be started right

She can brush and shampoo her own hair

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

**H**E most important age of your hair is, of course, right now. Now, whether you're fifteen or fifty. But those who have studied the care and treatment of hair tell me that the beauty of your hair today may be the result of what you did for it years ago. Or the neglect of your hair today may show ten years from now in many ways. It's the scalp, not so much the treatment of the actual hair we see that determines the loveliness of our hair.

Baby ringlets need to be started right by careful shampooing with a very mild soap and the gentlest massage of the scalp. Mothers who grow wiseful because their little girls have such straight, uninteresting hair should remember that any type of hair may be beautiful—and golden curls aren't the only essential for hair health and a becoming coiffure. A slight natural curl in a child's hair can be retained and encouraged by keeping the hair in a state of shining health. Clever fingers should pat and shape the baby's hair to make an attractive frame for the face. Nowadays, when children live in the sun, hair should be especially strong and alive. The sunlight vitamins have much the same beneficial effect on the scalp that they do on the rest of the body.

When children outgrow babyhood they should learn to take care of their own hair—to brush it daily with their own hairbrushes and shampoo it with mother's help. Perhaps the most difficult part of the shampoo is the chance of getting soap into a child's eyes. Careful mothers teach children early in life to hold a folded towel or washcloth over the eyes, being careful not to "peep." A few unpleasant experiences with smarting eyes and tears will make a child dread a shampoo. On the other hand, making a game of it is easy and, like a bath, shampooing may be one of the little child's favorite pastimes. Simplicity is the keynote in dressing children's hair—simple bobs for small girls, and shoulder length for older ones.

**I**N THE early 'teens hair often becomes unmanageable. The best authorities on hair care point out that it is a mistake for a young girl to rely entirely on a hairdresser to keep her hair looking lovely. The 'teen age may be too fond of short cuts to beauty. Young girls who like sports usually keep their hair short. But they may overlook the fact that a bob needs quite as much daily care as long hair does. There is nothing more comfortable than a short bob, particularly if the hair has its own natural wave. But too often the short bob does not get sufficient brushing and the scalp which is exer-

is the only way to keep a bob beautiful. There is nothing particularly harmful in the proper type of waving, but it is a great mistake to let the hairdresser's fortnightly trim and wave constitute just about all the care that the bob gets. I am convinced that what the dermatologists say about hair is true. It must be shampooed often to keep it looking lovely and it must have a certain amount of scalp massage to keep the individual hairs nourished and lively.

It is in the gay-hearted 'teens that this sort of care is important. After a young girl has had a bob for several years, the lure of longer locks intrigues her into letting her hair grow. If she has neglected her hair, then now is her golden opportunity to begin daily massage treatments and the marvelous stimulating effect of proper shampooing. Various mechanical



Letting her hair grow long

cised when long hair is brushed gets practically no exercise from a hasty combing in the morning. A few years ago, when the bob was at its height of popularity, experts in hair care warned us that women who continued to keep their hair bobbed risked the danger of baldness that threatens men. "Look at the tight hats!" they said. "See how little brushing a bob gets! Aren't women making a mistake by depending on marcel and finger-waves to keep their hair looking lovely? Scalps are being neglected as never before; baldness is sure to come."

It may be too soon to see the results of these dire predictions. And there are many girls anyway who will swear that their own bobbed hair is healthier and lovelier than when it was long. This may be true, but it is just as true that scientific care of the scalp



The 'teen age—short locks for comfort

devices have been invented for massaging the scalp, but a girl's own finger-tips are about as successful, if used vigorously, as anything invented by man. The usual method is to take a few minutes every day to rotate the finger-tips over the scalp, moving the scalp covering all over the bony skull. At first this little exercise may be tiring. One expert I know advises putting the elbows on the dressing table for support. Another authority points out that gently pulling the hair all over the scalp gives it exercise and stimulation. This is not to be advised if the hair is very weak after illness or has a tendency to fall out too plentifully. But this gentle over-all pull has worked wonders in the experience of this particular hair specialist.

As soon as the hair is long enough to wear behind the ears, it may be tucked there by means of inconspicuous clips as shown in the picture in the middle of the opposite page. Then, as soon as the hair is long enough, it may be put up in a roll or coil at the back. Smart hairdressers advise smoothing the hair down in the close-fitting bob effect and pinning it at the nape of the neck with clips or pins. Short hair needs a "foundation" like this on which to make a small coil or knot. When the hair is coiled it should fall in the direction of the swirl of the main coiffure. This is called "sculpturing" and keeps the beautiful shape of the head even during the awkward stages of the growing-out bob.

THE next age, the young matron who wants to keep her youthful appearance just as long as possible, is likely to abandon the "bun" again for a smart bob. The difficulty now comes when she shows signs of taking on weight. A slim, graceful type can wear a beautiful bob as long as she wants to wear it. But the stocky type, particularly when the neck is inclined to be short and heavy, should be most careful about a bob. She should be sure that the bob is becoming to her and does not make her look shorter than she is. Otherwise the matronly type of coiffure, that is, swirling the hair into a graceful French roll high on the head, is about the most attractive way she can wear it.

And the older woman, with definitely gray or white hair, must remember that only exquisite care and soft arrangement can keep her hair looking lovely. Gray or white hair needs to be shampooed often. Combs and brushes must be kept scrupulously clean so that the natural oil left on them does not discolor the hair. Tonics or other preparations used on gray or white hair should be chosen carefully, and used according to directions lest they have a slight tendency to darken it or make it "muddy" looking.

The trend of styles in hairdressing may come from a Parisian hairdresser or a stylist in New York, or a clever little star in a musical comedy. Sometimes a group of college girls start a fashion quite by accident. It's interesting to wonder just where our styles come from—but it's lots more important to know what to do with them after we get them. There's that matter of the growing-out bob. A few years ago long hair was the exception rather than the rule. Every sort of bob went through its little cycle, some of them lovely, youthful, flyaway coiffures, others more formal, more sleek and smoothly brushed. The bob today, according to the hairdressers who

cut the hair of smart New York women, is rather on the formal side. Yet it shouldn't be too set, too hard looking. Most lovely bobs are worn long at the sides, a style that is rather trying for the round face but becoming to the normal oval face or the long face. Often nowadays you can't tell from the front whether hair is bobbed or not. But the back of the bob is much the same—smartly brushed down to the neck, thinned out underneath so that the hair falls in a beautiful swirl. The expert hairdresser knows the lines of the head so well that he swirls the hair to shape it gracefully. He knows, too, that your hair ought to have a short part if the head is rather flat at the back, and a longer part if the crown is well-shaped or high.

Dermatologists tell us that hair grows about half an inch a month. If you are letting your hair grow out from a bob this is an excellent time to begin the massage treatments I described. Perhaps you can have scalp massages occasionally at a good hairdresser's. Such massage stimulates the scalp, and if done expertly, relaxes taut nerves, too. Besides an occasional expert massage give your scalp a hand massage as often as possible—every day isn't too much.

Of late the importance of shampooing has come increasingly to the fore. With very long hair shampooing was a chore, and perhaps it is natural that it should have been neglected. With the formal bob



*White hair must have soft arrangement*

The outer hair—the visible hair, we might say—can be polished by brushing, arranged by combing, and kept clean by shampooing—but it hasn't any nerves or blood vessels in it. The growing hair—the hair we never see, in the scalp itself—is the hair that we can aid by stimulating its flow of nourishment and by keeping the tiny follicle openings free of clogging.

Unfortunately the mysterious functions of hair never worry us till our hair loses its lovely lights, and gets straggly and brittle. We worry lots more about the style of wearing it. The new mode of hairdressing takes into account the whole figure. Hair should be as much a part of the picture as any other element of the ensemble. It should not be worn so close to the head that the head is made to appear too small for the body. Nor should it ever be dressed in a top-heavy fashion, a result too often apparent when our hair was worn very long.

The most accomplished hairdressers are stressing the natural softness of the hair. The texture of beautifully-cared-for hair is something which even the finest hairdresser cannot achieve by an occasional wave. Hair should be soft to the touch as well as soft looking. The harshness, brittleness, lack-luster qualities are the result of neglect, or of poor general health which shows in a poorly functioning scalp.

HAIR beauty, like skin beauty, needs the proper equipment. A pair of good hair brushes with excellent bristles may be expensive but the extra expense is economy in the end. Most girls prefer a comb with the teeth widely spaced and rounded so as not to tear the hair. When hair is very fine it may be arranged by using a fine-toothed comb in addition for wisps around the face. Combs and brushes should be washed oftener than you shampoo your hair. Good ones are made to stand the amount of washing that hygienic care demands.

Many clever girls have learned to use curling lotions at home. Lightweight interlocking combs arranged to shape a wide wave and held in place by an inconspicuous little cap or net solve the problem of the home wave for many busy women.

In addition to the shampoo and tonic some of us, particularly if the hair is growing out from a bob, find a preparation which keeps hair in place useful.

It's a satisfaction to know that hair responds to faithful care. Since it grows about half an inch a month we can soon see results from the treatments. The scalp becomes normal again, is supple and free of dandruff. The growing hair, because of more nourishment from the frequently massaged scalp, is of a better quality. It is softer, more manageable and has a new life and luster all its own. Its color in all probability will be visibly improved, too.



*Enough for a "bun" at the back*

which has to be "set" carefully each time it's washed, the shampoo is too often neglected, I'm afraid, for the sake of the wave. In the opinion of the dermatologists, who treat scalp ills, too little shampooing is disastrous. So far as science has determined, a pure shampoo soap and warm water can do no harm and much good. If the hair is thoroughly rinsed and dried with warm towels rather than intense heat, frequent shampooing keeps it in fine condition. Shampooing doesn't dry out the scalp, in their opinion; if anything it aids the scalp's functions. If your scalp is over-dry, treat it for this condition. There are excellent tonic preparations that help stimulate the production of natural oil. If your scalp and hair are over-oily a special preparation will remedy it.

But in all extreme cases—where daily care and shampooing do not seem to improve the condition, you should see a doctor, or a dermatologist. There is so much about the hair that the average woman never finds out till the harm is done. Hair that falls out too plentifully or hair that shows serious signs of abnormal condition cannot always be treated simply.



*The young matron. Is it bobbed or long?*



A complete table service of this exquisite new silver with a handsome silver and black tray may now be had for \$33.25. Or you may buy the pieces separately

## Never before such lovely Silver . . . and so much . . . for **\$33.25**

**O**N this new pattern—DAWN—all the talent and care has been lavished that usually are given only to sterling creations. Every detail—from the clean, graceful outline to the rich, glowing finish—has been brought to perfection.

When you pick up one of these slim, gleaming spoons . . . you know in a minute that this is the silver of your dreams! Lovely enough for the most important guest! Inexpensive enough so that you can have all you want—a complete setting—at once!

Twenty six pieces in a handsome modern tray of black and silver cost but \$33.25—6 dinner forks, 6 dinner knives, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon.

Such a set makes a supremely fine gift—one you can be genuinely proud of—for the bride, for Christmases, for anniversaries.

Every piece of Alvin Long-Life Plate, heavily plated with pure silver, is guaranteed to your complete satisfaction.

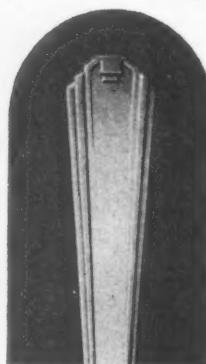
Ask to see the new DAWN pattern. You will find it the loveliest silver plate pattern in all the world. Any good silver plate dealer will have it to show to you.

### DAWN The new pattern by ALVIN

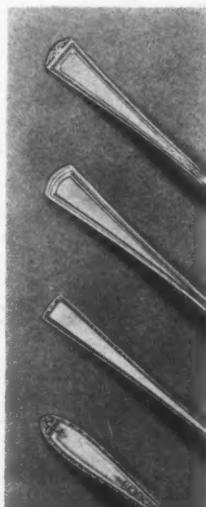


THE ALVIN Corporation, Dept. Q-2, Providence, R. I.  
 Please send me your FREE booklet illustrating the new DAWN pattern.  
 Please send me your FREE booklet by Oscar of the Waldorf on "Setting the Table Correctly."

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 My jeweler is \_\_\_\_\_



A real delight to the modern hostess—this supremely smart DAWN pattern



From top to bottom—  
 Luxor, George Washington,  
 Classic, Louisiana—  
 four outstanding patterns  
 in Alvin Long-Life Plate



## Dressmaking Made Easy

THIS month McCall's Home Service Department offers a book to help you with your sewing problems—*Dressmaking Made Easy* by Laura I. Baldt, Assistant Professor of Household Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University. If you want to know how to select appropriate patterns and materials, how to cut and baste a garment for fitting, and how to fit shoulders, sleeves and neckline properly, this book will prove invaluable! There are chapters on constructive stitching, different kinds of seams, self trimmings which give garments that finished professional touch. How to take care of your clothes to make them last long, yet always look fresh and new is fully explained. *Dressmaking Made Easy* is clearly and simply written so that the directions can be easily followed. It is illustrated with diagrams and sketches, and—think of it—the price is only twenty-five cents! Send stamps to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine.

### McCall's Home Service Booklets and Leaflets

*A Turkey Bridge for Thanksgiving:* This charming bridge party is timely all during the month of November. Price ten cents.

*Halloween Frolics:* Give a different kind of Halloween party this year. A Ghostly Jubilee and a Spooky Dozen Bridge Party are both described in this leaflet. Price ten cents.

*Unusual Entertaining:* All sorts of bridge parties, dances, school affairs and other seasonal entertaining, surprisingly novel and different. Price twenty cents.

*Parties for Grownups:* Delightful affairs for the fall and winter season with jolly games and stunts, decorations and favors. Price twenty cents.

*Parties for Children:* Merry parties with lively games and stunts that will make the little ones happy on their birthdays and holidays. Price twenty cents.

*Parties for the Bride:* Announcements, showers and a house-warming. Price two cents.

*Bridal Showers:* Five ways to shower the bride. Price two cents.

*Parties for Young Girls:* Jolly times and stunts for girls. Price two cents.

*What To Serve at Parties:* Menus and recipes for all party occasions. Suggestions for Halloween, Thanksgiving and also some church supper menus. Price twenty cents.

*Money-Making Affairs for Churches:* Price two cents.

*Four Fairs that Make Money:* Price two cents.

*Master Recipes:* Simple recipes for soufflés, scalloped dishes, cakes, cookies, puddings, unusual desserts and homemade candies. Price ten cents.

*Time Saving Cookery:* How to prepare a tempting meal in very little time. Price ten cents.

*Some Reasons Why in Cookery:*

The "how" of making meringues, mayonnaise, frostings and delicious fondant, taffy, penuchi and many other homemade candies. Price ten cents.

*Menus for Winter and Summer:* Dr. McCollum's healthful menus. Price two cents.

*How to Serve Afternoon Tea:* What to serve, and how, at tea time. Price two cents.

*The Family Budget:* It is possible to live better and still save money. This booklet tells how. Price twenty cents.

*Book of Etiquette:* Here is the answer to all etiquette problems: introductions, visiting cards, table manners, correspondence, travel, tips, and several chapters on the formal and informal wedding. Price twenty cents.

*Decorating Your Home:* Simple suggestions for harmonious interiors. Price ten cents.

*Four Lessons in Interior Decorating:* Help in furnishing, for the beginner. Price twelve cents.

*The Friendly Baby:* Proper care of the baby; Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. Price ten cents.

*The Friendly Mother:* Pre-natal advice. Price ten cents.

*Home Money-Making with Boarders:* How to run a successful boarding house all the year. Price six cents.

*Preserving for Profit:* There is money to be earned with home-made jams and jellies—if you know how. This leaflet explains fully. Price ten cents.

*When You Travel To Europe:* Helpful advice for the person planning a trip abroad. Price two cents.

*Books You Ought To Own:* A list of books on club programs, club procedure, bazaars, pageants, etc. and information for the parent-teacher associations. Price eight cents.

*Books on Church and Family Problems:* A list of books on church club work, the spiritual enlightenment and the mind training of children. Price eight cents.

Send stamps for these booklets to the Service Editor, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

# Two sets of teeth in little two-year-old's mouth!

**A**T two or three years of age your child has more teeth than at any other time of life.

His baby teeth are mostly cut—  
are through the gums.

His permanent teeth are formed in the jaws under the gums, all ready to come through as soon as the baby teeth drop out and make room for them.

During these first years, when these two sets of teeth are being built, one thing is of utmost importance:

*Calcification or the forming of the hard tooth structure.*

If your child is to have, *for life*, sound teeth that come in even and uncrowded...that will not decay easily...if he is to have teeth that will add to his appearance and safeguard his health, you must see to it that he has the proper materials to build them with.

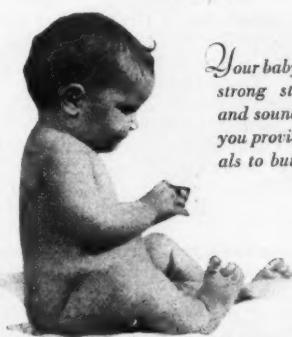
The same is true of his bones. If you want him to have a well-shaped head, a sturdy framework with a fine full chest, and straight legs, you must provide the elements to make them.

Bones and teeth, you know, are largely made up of the same substance—calcium or lime. Your baby gets this from his milk and vegetables.

But he cannot use this substance and make it into strong bones and teeth unless one special factor is present—*Vitamin D*.

There are two common sources of Vitamin D. Sunshine and good cod-liver oil.

If it were possible for your baby to have the rays of



*Your baby cannot have strong straight bones and sound teeth unless you provide the materials to build them with*

the sun shine directly on his bare body every day, he could get enough Vitamin D for his needs.

But in this temperate climate, this is not possible. Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the precious rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

Knowing these facts, physicians turn to the other source of supply—good cod-liver oil. "Bottled Sunshine," it is called.

And because they realize that the kind of cod-liver oil given makes a difference, many of them insist on Squibb's.

This is because Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is guar-



*In Bottled Sunshine—good cod-liver oil—is the element of sunshine that builds good bones and teeth*

anteed to be very rich in two essential vitamins—in Vitamin D, which helps to build good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Your physician will tell you that you can always depend on Squibb's—the vitamin-tested, vitamin-protected cod-liver oil.

**Bottled Sunshine for Expectant and Nursing Mothers**

"A mother's tooth for every child." There

is a basis of fact in this old saying, according to physicians. Unless an extra supply of bone and tooth building materials is provided during the prenatal and the nursing periods, the mother's own supply is drawn upon to build the child's teeth and bones—and decay of her own teeth too often results. That is why physicians urge mothers to take Bottled Sunshine at such times, to ensure an adequate supply of Vitamin D to protect the child's teeth and their own as well.

**An Appealing New Mint Flavor**

For grown-ups and older children, Squibb has developed a wonderfully pleasant new mint flavor. It will appeal to even the most sensitive taste. It is refreshing and cool and so easy to take! You can get it at all drug stores; also Squibb's Plain Cod-Liver Oil.

## SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York  
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

A helpful booklet for mothers  
**FREE**

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Please send me a copy of your booklet—free,  
"Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine."

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*The COMFORT of De Luxe bedsprings  
plus the BEAUTY  
of smartly tailored slip covers*

ALREADY famed for greater comfort, greater luxury, the Rome De Luxe now offers greater beauty, too... For this better bedspring today appears in a colorful, tailored-to-fit Slip Cover.

The new De Luxe Slip Cover—made in many attractive colors exclusively for the Rome De Luxe bedspring—encloses all visible parts of the spring, yet leaves unhampered the famous De Luxe coils under the mattress—a comfort feature impossible with a completely enclosed bedspring. A special Talon "Hookless Fastener" ensures snug fit and easy handling. One zip... it's on!

The exclusive free coil construction

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**DeLUXE**  
the Bedspring Luxurious

of the Rome De Luxe bedspring supports the body naturally. Every coil moves independently—yielding here to pressure of hips and shoulders, rising here to support those vital organs between. Your body lies straight, relaxed.

Arrange with your furniture or department store for a trial. Demand Rome De Luxe, and ask to see the new De Luxe Slip Cover, available at slight additional cost.

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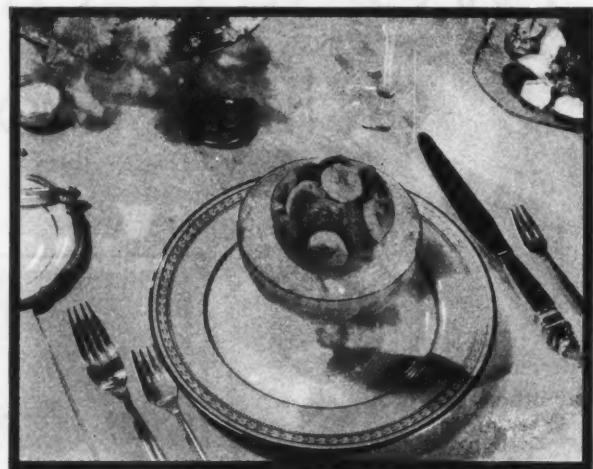
Note the special Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes the De Luxe Slip Cover fit better and handle easier. It is an exclusive Rome De Luxe feature.

**The ROME Company**

BEDSPRINGS • ROME METAL BEDS • DAY BEDS • COUCH HAMMOCKS

## A GOOD THANKSGIVING DINNER

[Continued from page 42]



Fruit or fish cocktail must always be icy-cold

which is starchy. Baked squash and Brussels sprouts, or fried eggplant and chopped spinach—either of these combinations will fill the bill!

The tartness of grapefruit and the crispness of thoroughly chilled lettuce served with a well-mixed French dressing make an ideal salad for this rather hearty holiday menu. For dessert a Steamed Molasses Pudding, garnished with hard sauce and Maraschino cherries, is festive and different. Fruit, though not essential, would make a refreshing last course for this hearty meal. Oranges, apples, bananas, grapes, pears, etc., arranged attractively in a bowl are an ideal centerpiece for the holiday table.

Our third holiday menu is a little more elaborate and expensive, and rather too complicated for a home-maker to attempt without a maid or an "accommodator" in the kitchen.

Clam Bisque  
Ripe Olives Stuffed Celery  
Roast Turkey or Goose, Giblet Gravy  
Celery Stuffing  
Cranberry or Currant Jelly  
Potato Puffs Baked Eggplant  
Broccoli or Spinach à la Crème  
Endive Salad, French Dressing  
Mince or Pumpkin Pie  
Orange Sherbet  
Coffee  
Nuts Mints

Our services to our imaginary friends would be incomplete unless we passed on some of our own recipes.

### Crown Roast of Pork

Select the choicest ribs from two loins of pork. Scrape fatty portions from the bone between the ribs as far as the lean meat, and trim off. Shape both pieces in a semi-circle having ribs outside and sew pieces together to form a circle or crown. (Your butcher will do this for you.) Trim ends of bone evenly and put small cubes of salt pork on them to prevent the bones from burning. Place in roasting pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water in bottom of pan. Bake in a very hot oven ( $450^{\circ}$  F.) 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}$  F.) and bake until well done, allowing 20 to 25 minutes to each pound. Baste every 15 minutes while cooking, unless a covered roaster is used, adding more hot water if necessary. Arrange on serving platter and fill center with parsley or with one of the vegetables to be served at the meal. A head of cauliflower makes

an attractive filling. Sprinkle it with paprika and pour over a little melted butter. Or if you prefer to have a "stuffing" put it in when the meat is partly done and cook it for the remainder of the time with the roast. Any popular poultry stuffing will do.

### Turnip Puffs

1 medium-sized turnip  
3 tablespoons milk  
2 tablespoons shortening, melted  
1 teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
2 eggs  
2 tablespoons water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dried bread crumbs

Cook turnip, cut in pieces, in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, mash and add milk, shortening, salt and pepper. Add one beaten egg. Set aside to cool. Shape into small balls. Roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg diluted with water and again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until brown. Drain on unglazed paper.

### Shrimp Cocktail

Place the glass containing the cocktail sauce in the center of the plate and arrange little piles of cooked, well-chilled shrimp on crisp lettuce leaves around it. The sauce is made of

3 tablespoons catsup  
2 tablespoons chili sauce  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
2 teaspoons grated horseradish  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
2 drops tabasco sauce

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly. Chill well before serving.

### Steamed Molasses Pudding

1 egg  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup molasses  
1 teaspoon soda  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1 cup raisins  
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Beat egg and add molasses. Dissolve soda in water and stir into the egg mixture. Sift flour and salt, add and beat thoroughly. Dredge raisins with flour and stir in lightly. Add shortening. Fill greased pudding mold  $\frac{3}{4}$  full, cover tightly and steam  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours. Serve with hard sauce flavored with fresh lemon.



# "A mixture of several flours makes lighter, fluffier pancakes—

*New facts about Aunt Jemima's old-time recipe*

It is not new—this secret of giving pancakes a wonderful lightness and tenderness. It is a "knack" of combining four different flours that dates from old plantation days in the South.

But now Aunt Jemima's discovery has been confirmed by modern science. Tests made by experts have established it: *the mixture of several flours yields far lighter and fluffier, more tender pancakes.*

Just so, years ago in the South, Aunt Jemima added special amounts of corn,

rye and rice flours to wheat flour in preparing her famous dainty pancakes.

And today your husband can have these same golden-brown, fluffy cakes with the old-time plantation flavor. Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe—ready-mixed in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it.

Simply add milk (or water) and stir. If Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour does not give complete satisfaction, your grocer will refund its purchase price.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



**FREE**—To get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon at the right.

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. D-31, St. Joseph, Missouri. (Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.)  Pancake sample  Buckwheat sample.

Name.....

Address.....

# Selby Announces

## Amazing Refinements . . . . . in the NEW

**New light weight . . .** Light in appearance. Light on the foot. Thus assuring the utmost in graceful poise and carriage.

**New exquisite lines . . .** High beautifully curved instep. Narrow shank. Glove-like contours, glorifying the foot's natural charm.

**New graceful heels . . .** High. Slender. Elegant. The greatest of smartness and distinction.

**New fall colors . . .** Especially selected to go with the preferred shades in the new ensemble materials. Providing the contrast or harmony every woman desires.

**New smart materials . . .** A wide variety for every occasion—street, sports, afternoon, evening. Unusual finishes. Exclusive trimmings.

**New Parisian designs . . .** Original creations of Selby's Paris studio and clever interpretations of the Continental mode by Selby's New York studio. More than correct style. Advanced concepts of shoe beauty.

**New nicety of fit . . .** Exclusive Selby heel-to-ball fitting gives to these shoes all the personalized charm of custom-built footwear.

But with all of the  
exclusive Arch Preserver  
features for comfort  
and activity

**A**LL of the famous Arch Preserver assurances of foot happiness and foot energy are hidden beneath the charming exteriors of these shoes—the arch bridge that prevents all strain and gives natural foot support; the metatarsal arch support that supplies new vigor to the step; the flat crosswise inner sole that eliminates pinching and derangement of the sensitive nerves and blood-vessels.

Remarkable selections at \$10. Other models up to \$18.



**CONQUEST**—Dark brown kid vamp, quarter and center strap. Brown genuine lizard top and lower straps.



**LINDA**—Patent colt one strap, center buckle. Genuine lizard panel.



**CLEONE**—Almora kid one strap, center buckle. Brown kid and Almora kid trim.



**LOMBARDY**—Dark blue kid oxford, fancy grey stitching.

## Selby ARCH PRESERVER / SHOE



Fromental



The Selby Shoe Company, 124 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send your booklet M-24 on the New Selby Arch Preserver Shoes and pictures of models for all occasions and ensembles.

I usually buy shoes from.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

**TO WOMEN  
who have been buying  
cheap imitation  
"Arch Support" Shoes**

To meet the demand for a Selby Arch Preserver Shoe at a lower price, the new Sty-Eez Shoe has been especially created. Good-looking. Smart. All the exclusive Arch Preserver patented comfort and activity features. Never before such a shoe at such a price.

*Women who wish to attain in their costumes the perfect ensemble effect should send for the new book "The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress." It includes suggestions for the selection of gowns, millinery, hose and footwear that every woman should follow. We shall also send pictures of a number of the new shoe styles, and name of our nearest dealer.*

**Selby EXCLUSIVE  
FEATURE / SHOES**  
ARCH PRESERVER  
STYL-EEZ  
TRU-POISE

## COMPOSITION FLOORS OF MANY KINDS

[Continued from page 35]

renewal of the wax where traffic is heavy, once or twice a month.

In kitchen, bathroom or entrance, wherever frequent washing is necessary, wax is not as practical as the water-proof lacquer alone. Warm water and mild soap will keep such surfaces immaculate, though the dry mop will ordinarily be sufficient. Only a small portion of the floor should be washed at a time, rinsed with clear water and dried thoroughly. Strong soaps cause the cork to crumble and pull away from its burlap base.

The wise linoleum owner will insist that heavy furniture be lifted, not rolled in moving, and that either flat "gliders" or glass cups are used to protect the resilient, yielding surface.

Linoleum has invaded the field of tiling, too. Tiles, vivid in color and distinctive in design in both plain and marbleized textures, can be bought. Their care is the same as the sheet linoleum floors.

Cork tiles are another satisfactory material for floors where quiet and

long wear are essential. Standard sizes in squares and rectangles come in two thicknesses, and if the manufacturers' instructions are followed and the floor properly laid over a firm, dry subfloor, these surfaces will last a lifetime. Mild soap and water will keep them in condition; or some manufacturers, on request will apply a polished and waxed finish which greatly facilitates their care.

Then there is the rubber robot in fadeless colors, plain, veined, or mottled. Resilient and non-conductive, it may be obtained in squares, rectangles, strips and runners; and may be laid in tiled, all-over effects or with a bordered field. Some specialists recommend that a light canvas be applied underneath. Others suggest that it may be cemented directly to wooden or concrete underfloors. These floors need neither oil or wax as a surface treatment. The dry mop for daily care, and mild soap and water for emergencies, are all that is needed to keep them in good condition.

## MEAT DELICACIES

[Continued from page 45]

pan, lay kidneys in it and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Cover pan and set over low heat for 5 minutes. Arrange on buttered toast with lemon and parsley. Serve with green peas.

Everyone likes kidneys served in this way; they are inexpensive, too.

### Grilled Calves' Hearts and Tomato

2 calves' hearts  
3 firm tomatoes  
1 cup fine bread crumbs  
Salt, paprika and sugar

Stand hearts in cold water to remove clotted blood. Remove all veins and arteries with care. Dry, cut in slices  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick. Dip in melted butter. Season with salt and pepper and roll in fine bread crumbs. Broil under flame for 4 minutes on each side. Cut tomatoes in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices. Spread with a little melted butter and sprinkle with salt, paprika and a little sugar. Place in shallow pan and broil for 5 minutes on each side. Arrange sliced hearts and grilled tomatoes on hot platter. Garnish with parsley and lemon and serve with butter sauce.

If you have never eaten calves' hearts, try them this way.

### Ragout of Lambs' Tongue

4 lambs' tongues  
1 tablespoon shortening  
2 onions, chopped  
Small piece bay leaf  
1 teaspoon sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika  
1 tablespoon tomato purée

1 cup canned beef broth  
2 teaspoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Scrub the tongues and simmer in water just deep enough to cover. When partly tender remove the skin and trim. Melt shortening in iron pan; add onion and cook until brown. Add bay leaf, sugar, paprika and tomato purée. Blend thoroughly and add the canned beef broth. Place tongues in this stock, cover and simmer for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. A half hour before serving, thicken with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the liquor. Add Worcestershire sauce and serve. Garnish with large fresh or canned mushrooms browned in butter.

Lambs' tongues are inexpensive and good—try them.

### Beef Tongue Elsinor

1 beef tongue, fresh  
1 glass tart currant jelly  
2 teaspoons brown sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter  
1 tablespoon whole cloves  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, sliced thin  
Watercress

Scrub the tongue and simmer in water just deep enough to cover it. When tender, remove the skin and trim. To one cup of water in which tongue was simmered, add currant jelly, sugar, butter, clove and lemon. Simmer tongue in this liquor for 20 minutes. Serve on platter with the currant jelly sauce. Garnish with sliced lemon and watercress.

Serve this either hot or cold when you have guests for supper.

## ANEMIA YIELDS ITS SECRETS

[Continued from page 48]

There are good reasons for believing that no one who lives according to the dictates of modern nutritional science will ever suffer from pernicious anemia, for instance. At present it is a fairly common condition, and its tragic nature should make the discovery of a method of relief a matter for rejoicing to everyone. There is no permanent cure. Liver, or kidney, or the liver preparation must be taken

throughout life if the disease develops.

Recipes for some economical ways of serving liver and kidneys to the family will be found on this page.

*The Protective Diet—Menus for Two Weeks by Dr. McCollum and Dr. Simmonds will gladly be sent on request. Write Service Editor, 230 Park Ave., New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



**PHYLLIS HAVER'S**  
picture (5" x 7") will be sent  
to you Free upon request.  
This lovely star wears  
Allen-A Hosiery, found in  
the smart Allen-A Hosiery  
Shop, Fifth Avenue at 38th  
Street—and other New York  
Stores—and at Allen-A  
dealers the country over



## THIS

## ULTRA MODERN HOSEY

## ENHANCES SHAPELINESS

## UNBELIEVABLY

**F**OREMOST Screen Stars

now favor a bewitching Allen-A Hose that enhances shapeliness

of leg to a marked degree . . . It is a gorgeous creation in either

an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. With a

"Tipt Picot Top" and either the exclusive Panelcurve or smart Pointed

Heel. The shades are decidedly new. . . . Ask for the "4000" style

series. \$1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

**Allen-A** **Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN



# POWDER

## Cleans Teeth Whiter

**Just ask your dentist**

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth like—POWDER!

If you want your teeth really clean, and sparkling white—use what your dentist uses when he cleans your teeth—for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and safely, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just

naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.



In use over 60 years

## EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 15]

one another and fell into a perfect Charleston.

"Hey! Hey!" shouted Mr. Horace Lurk, of the firm Lurk and Lurk, rather dubious Wall Street brokers. After the third round of tall glasses, he had found himself on top of the grand piano without his pumps.

Leaning down he caught Primrose's soft, brown hand and kissed it fatuously. "Isn't she cute? Isn't she sweet?" he demanded.

Primrose smiled at him, her dark eyes shining softly, but when he wasn't looking she rubbed her hand against the chiffon frock as if his kiss had been tangible. She stood indecisively beside the piano, watching her party.

In the long golden mirror she saw herself standing very erect and pale and strangely beautiful. In her silver dress with the emeralds about her throat she was like a young princess bewildered by a confusing court scene. But she did not know that she looked like a frightened princess; she only saw that her hair was rumpled from a caress of Allison Blaine's.

Blaine approached her again. "Don't be so cold, darling," he teased her. "You know sometimes you are terribly sophsomoric, Primrose. You haven't quite learned—I do believe these people scare you a little."

"What haven't I learned?" she asked, relaxing a little and smiling at him.

"To be sophisticated," he said gently. He flapped a hand at the party. "How do you analyze this group?"

"Silly, I call 'em," said Primrose.

He shrugged with a touch of impatience. "Not at all. They have mastered the difficult social art of arriving at the natural through an artificial process. Don't you see what sophistication is?"

"Sure I do," said Primrose, still smiling tenderly. "It's making other people think you are clever when you behave like an ass."

SHE tucked her hand beneath his arm. She wanted to go out into the cool starlight.

As they passed through the sun-parlor she heard the furtive whisper—"worth almost forty million dollars, they say, but hasn't the least idea how to—" Yet perhaps they were not talking about her father; a great many people have money without ideas.

Allison Blaine followed her slowly.

When he came to the top of the balustrade he took her into his arms and kissed her hair and eyes and mouth. "My dear, my dear," he said in a tone of low fervor. "You are all that is desirable—all that is silver and golden and magical. You are wind and sea and beauty. You are light and flame. Shall I whisper, 'I love you?' Shall I sing it or chant it? For it is true, Primrose."

Within the circle of his wise arms she drew back and looked steadfastly into the shrewd gray eyes that were so curiously shadowed.

"It sounds like poetry," she whispered at last.

"It is poetry. My heart is a villanelle at this moment, Primrose. A villanelle written for you, sweetheart."

"And that's why I know it isn't true." Her soft chin trembled, but she laughed lightly. "You see, I know that if a man really loved me he wouldn't—he couldn't talk that way."

"I can tell you in the drabest prose, my dear, if you will believe me."

She sighed. She looked up at the aloof, glittering stars and felt again very lonely. "Maybe I could believe you on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, but not tonight."

"Then let's pretend it's Monday—"

"I don't want to have to pretend anything!" she cried fiercely. "If a man loves me I can tell it, by the way his voice breaks when he speaks to me, by the way his eyes are when he looks at me! By the way he stammers, and doesn't talk poetry, and gets all mixed up, and has no way on earth to say *I love you* except . . . I love you."

She pulled away from him and started down the terrace.

"Oh why are you such a fool?" Allison Blaine followed, holding out his hands to her eagerly; yet his mouth was bitter.

She looked back at his hands outstretched so desperately, hopefully. "Oh, shut up," she said, in dismissal.

PRIMROSE walked to the house with a lagging, weary gait that travestied the dancing steps she had taken up the terrace. Allison Blaine still followed her doggedly. On the threshold he came up to her and took hold of her wrist. "I just want to tell you," he said, fashioning his words with exaggerated politeness, "that you are one of the rudest youngsters I have ever come across. But perhaps some day you will learn something about sophistication—and manners. Goodnight." Releasing her, he strode rapidly away.

"Goodnight, old mud-eye," muttered Primrose. And she entered the library.

From the ceiling a very tall young man looked down at the top of her head. He was folded precariously and ludicrously upon a sliding mahogany ladder which reached to the highest bookshelves.

With uplifted chin Primrose regarded him. Their eyes met. His eyes were shy and fierce and thoughtful and alarmed and strangely stricken, or at least so it seemed to Primrose. She had a feeling that his look had gone straight to her heart, where it remained like a tender fire.

Mr. Muffet wanted to put his hands in his pockets, but always at the last minute he remembered that Primrose had forbidden the practice, so he distrustfully fingered his silk lapels. gingerly, as if he were walking on eggs, he paced from room to room upstairs.

*Crash!*

Sounded like the piano then, or maybe only the new radio overturned? Mr. Muffet timidly ventured down the broad, polished stairs.

There was a moment of silence after Mr. Muffet's entrance, and everybody in the drawing-room seemed to be staring at him almost reprovingly, as if he had spoiled the fun. He stood helpless with the expression of a defenseless Airedale, then bolted for the sun-parlor.

And Primrose? What of Primrose? He had seen her nowhere.

Then through an open door he glimpsed her in the library. She was looking up at the young man on the ladder, and he was looking down at her. Mr. Muffet felt lonesome and

[Continued on page 68]

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Mrs. J. J. MITCHELL

of the leading Chicago family, who before marriage was Miss Lolita Armour, expresses her rare individuality and colorful imagination in every phase of her life—from the supervising of her estate at Montecito, where the multiplicity of activities rivals those of a medieval manor, down to her use in decoration of sharp, clear contours, and vivid colors to achieve original effects.



*Ever considerate of the comfort and happiness of her guests, Mrs. Mitchell equipped this guest room in "Daisy Cottage" at El Mirador, with Simmons furniture, Simmons twin beds No. 1565, Beautyrest Mattresses and the new Ace Box Springs. For, as she says, "Simmons equipment gives really restful rest!"*

"I'm glad I can make my guests so comfortable at Santa Barbara," says MRS. J. J. MITCHELL *the former Miss Lolita Armour*

HIGH IN THE HILLS above Santa Barbara and the sea, blooms "El Mirador," the California estate of Mrs. J. J. Mitchell.

Set in the midst of exquisite gardens, among the most famous in the world, are the main house and guest cottages. Delightfully colorful in themselves, of pink stucco with red tiled roofs and gay Chinese blue shutters, they are surrounded by salmon pink roses, and lavender wistaria clambering everywhere.

An old Chinese picture was Mrs. Mitchell's inspiration for this delightful room in "Daisy Cottage," which she furnished a year or so ago with Simmons Beds No. 1565 and matching Simmons furniture painted deep magenta, and trimmed with pottery green.

Considerate hostess that she is, Mrs. Mitchell fitted her beds with the wonderfully resilient Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs by Simmons.

"I have found," she says, "that Simmons equipment gives really restful rest! Besides, the Beautyrests are so trim looking with their firm, uncrushable sides, that I quite naturally take a housewife's pride in them. The damask covers are a delightful idea!"

The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is the choice of discriminating home makers. Already nearly a million people enjoy its repose. Its unique inner construction insures perfect distribution of body weight. The Ace Box Spring by the same maker, is as finely built and finished as the famous Beautyrest.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75; Beds \$10.00 to \$60.00. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. C-4, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and ideas for home decoration.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, likewise superbly constructed, is equally resilient and long wearing, with damask cover, stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.



What the inside of the Beautyrest is like—the superior inner coil structure which makes this mattress supremely. Hundreds of closely packed, finely tempered coils, in separate pockets, insure individual action and keep sides from crushing. Over coils, thick layers of upholstery and damask cover.



The Ace Open Coil Spring—amazingly resilient because of its extra number of finely tempered coils. Small governor springs prevent sideways. Light weight and low in price. Banded border protects sheets. Copyright 1929, The Simmons Company.

# SIMMONS

*World's largest makers of BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES*

in  
3 Days!  
Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday



## Teeth 3 Shades Whiter!

*Watch Your Mirror and See How the Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique Whitens Teeth!*

YELLOW TEETH spoil all charm. White teeth flatter! Yet yellow teeth are merely teeth coated with a mucin or plaque. This plaque makes the teeth look dingy and uncared for. It catches stains from foods and tobacco, and discolors. It holds odors and causes unpleasant breath.

The average tooth paste has little or no effect on this plaque. Being mucus-like, it slips back and forth on the teeth under the tooth brush. Harsh, gritty pastes only make scratches in it, and sometimes in the enamel, too!

Kolynos deals with this plaque in the right way. A half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush—the Kolynos Technique—fills the mouth with a foam that is antiseptic and plaque-disintegrating. Using Kolynos on a dry brush you use it *full strength!* Also, the brush bristles remain stiff enough to scrub the tooth surfaces properly and penetrate the tiniest crevices.

### Dissolves the Yellow Plaque

This tingling, full-strength Kolynos foam spreads itself all over the surfaces of the teeth. "Live" and active, as you can feel,

it works on the yellow plaque like millions of tiny fingers. It breaks it up and washes it off the teeth. Teeth are cleaned down to the naked enamel without injury. They gleam clean and WHITE!

The foam pushes its way into all the crevices between the teeth. It cleans out and disinfects those places where food particles lodge and decay. It combats tartar; destroys germs and mouth acids; sweetens the breath and makes the entire mouth antiseptically clean.

### Make This 3-Day Test

Try Kolynos and discover how white your teeth can be, how clean your mouth can feel. Give this dentifrice a fair trial. Get a tube from your druggist or mail the coupon for a free tube. Scrub teeth and gums, morning and night, for just 3 days. Then what a change! Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums look pinker, healthier. Your mouth feels cleaner . . . No wonder Kolynos is winning thousands of new users every day! Fill in and mail the coupon—now.

Large Tube  
**FREE**



The Kolynos Co., Dept. 11-MC-20  
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me **FREE** Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**KOLYNOS**  
the foaming antiseptic  
**DENTAL CREAM**

## EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 66]

harassed. Wearily he turned around and started back upstairs.

"Bang! What was that?

"My!" whispered Mr. Muffet miserably. "My gracious!"

Primrose saw that the stranger was as good-looking as a man need be, as any man must be who is possessed of broad shoulders, a strong chin and a passable nose. And besides he had eyes—nicer than any she had ever seen.

"Hello," she said.

He said something that sounded like "Hump!"

Primrose cleared her throat. "It's a lovely evening, isn't it?"

As there was no reply and the silence seemed unendurable she asked desperately: "Do you like olives?"

"Yes, thank you," he replied gruffly.

"But I'm busy."

She noticed that the back of his neck had grown red, and she felt heartened; if he were embarrassed she would quickly put him at ease. "I wasn't offering you any. But if you would like some—would you?—I can have some brought. It wouldn't be any trouble."

"No, thank you," he replied.

Another silence fell. "You are the most extremely hard-to-talk-to person I ever saw," she said pensively. "But maybe that's because we're practically strangers. I don't even know where you came from or what your name is. I wonder if I could guess. Does it begin with A?"

He shook his head.

"Aloysius?"

Again he shook his head and stared. At last he said explosively: "It's Roger Van Horne."

"H'm," said Primrose; and she encouraged him in her soft voice: "That's an awfully good name. It looks like you, too. And what do you do? I mean besides sitting on stepladders."

He rubbed his damp forehead as he answered: "I'm an English instructor at college."

"Do you think I am rude?" asked Primrose anxiously, coming to the foot of the ladder. "Allison Blaine thinks I am. You must have heard what he said to me in the doorway. But I'll tell you something: he asked me to marry him; so did two others. The reason I'm telling you isn't because I'm conceited about it—it's just to explain why I'm so cross and despondent tonight. They don't care about anything but Dad's money."

SHE looked up at him with dark eyes brimming with wistfulness. "Sometimes I suspect they even make fun of me. It's hard to be made fun of, when you're young." She smiled quickly.

In the crackling stillness that followed her murmured confession, the young man gripped the stepladder, and she saw that his hand was curiously trembling. The massive volume slipped from his grasp and tumbled straight toward Primrose. It landed with a ponderous bang an inch from her toe.

She gave a quick scream and began to hop around holding one foot in both hands. Sinking into an armchair, she moaned with touching conviction.

In frantic haste Roger Van Horne scrambled down and knelt before her. He took off the silver slipper with

clumsy hands. Through her fingers she gazed at his rumpled coppery hair, at his nice young head bending close to her knees. He rubbed her small toes a long time. When he raised his eyes, they looked at one another for several minutes in startled silence. Abruptly he seized the shining slipper and touched the jeweled buckle with his lips; then almost roughly he crammed her foot into the high-heeled shoe, jumped to his feet and shot up the ladder where he resumed his work.

Watching his back furtively, Primrose took off the slipper, and with a shy gesture put her mouth where his lips had rested. From the softly lighted drawing-room came a sudden burst of piano—

Here . . . comes . . . Precious,  
Sweetest little thing!  
Just . . . as . . . fresh as  
Flowers in the spring!

SHE wandered over to a small table where she found a cigarette and lit it carefully. Then without glancing back she walked from the room.

Roger Van Horne stretched several times to ease his cramped muscles and looked at his watch. He looked again, blinking in amazement. It was three o'clock in the morning.

He had taken this job of cataloguing Mr. Muffet's new library with all the gratitude any healthy young man might

reasonably feel on being assured that he would eat regularly the next month. For young Roger Van Horne, graduated only last June from Yale, was reluctantly beginning the serious business of life next Monday morning at nine A. M. as an English instructor at Hixon College.

Grimly he licked another label. He was just reaching unsteadily toward a black leather volume when he heard a low, amused voice at the telephone just outside the door.

"Sure. Come on over. Bring your whole party. 'S all right, everything goes here—stand for anything just to have celebrities."

"Gosh!" muttered Roger Van Horne. He had stuck the label on a green velvet De Maupassant instead of a black leather Milton. All because of a voice that was none of his business.

When he again glanced into the drawing-room Primrose was not alone; and yet she seemed more lonely in the center of a dozen new arrivals.

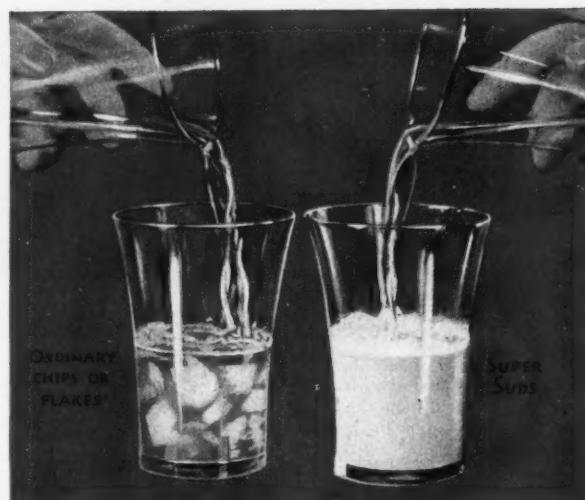
Once more Roger Van Horne heard the voice which twice tonight he had sheerly and unreasonably disliked—Allison Blaine standing at Primrose's side. The others had danced away, leaving them together. Blaine was looking down at her with a set smile; she lifted her chin and laughed up at him a laugh that caught, like a sob.

Roger stopped motionless with a label held in mid-air. His breath came fast. His arms, his shoulders, his whole body ached feverishly. He transferred the label from his right hand to his left, got down from the ladder hastily and walked straight into the drawing-room, straight toward Primrose and the heavy-set man at her side.

Blaine surveyed him with cool, appraising eyes. "Well?" he said crisply.

[Continued on page 70]

# These Active Underwater Suds Speed Dishwashing



## Make this amazing test!

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

*Instantly*, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass gummy chips float about, dissolving very slowly.

This is how these soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

New form of soap gives instant suds *all through the water*. Dishes wash faster. Drain shining dry after one hot rinse—wiping unnecessary.



INSTANT SUDS, clear down to the bottom of the pan! That's what makes dishes wash clean easily—quickly. That's what you get with Super Suds, the new soap in "bead" form.

For it's below the surface of the water that dishes are really washed. So it's suds below the surface of the water that really count.

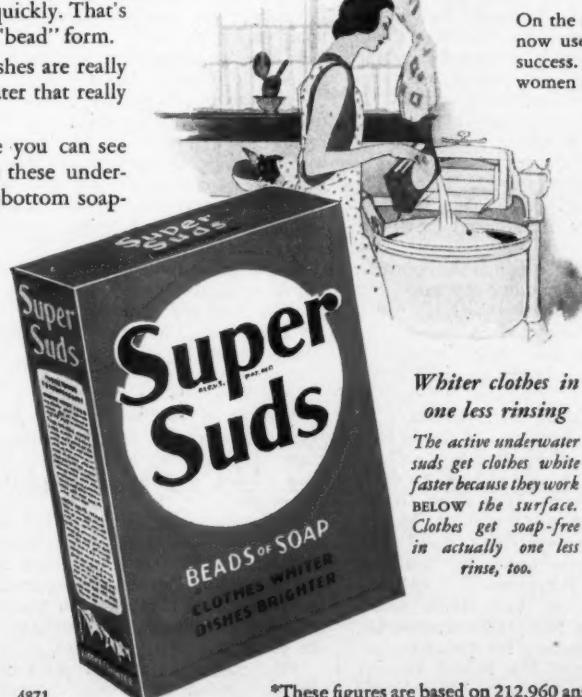
When you make the glass test pictured above you can see the amazing speed with which Super Suds gives these underwater suds. You can see the quick down-to-the-bottom soapiness that only Super Suds can give you.

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. This is why it speeds dishwashing in these three important ways.

1. **No waiting for suds.** Without stirring or coaxing . . . in hard water . . . in water cool enough to keep hands soft and white, Super Suds gives instant suds.

2. **Dishes wash faster with underwater suds.** Super Suds gives suds *below* the water where you really need them. Active "underwater" suds that even penetrate between plates piled at the bottom of the dishpan. Food and grease dissolve off dishes like magic. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

3. **Dishwiping unnecessary.** Every trace of Super Suds rinses away in one hot rinse. There are no specks of undissolved soap. No soap



### Whiter clothes in one less rinsing

The active underwater suds get clothes white faster because they work *BELOW* the surface. Clothes get soap-free in actually one less rinse, too.

film to streak dishes. Dishes drain dry to a sparkling cleanliness no towel could give them.

### Soap sprayed from towers

Super Suds works faster, saves your time, because it's so amazingly thin. It's not chips nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Made by pouring melted streams of soap from great towers, many stories high. As the soap falls it forms into millions of fine beads, with walls four times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

That's why Super Suds dissolves faster, washes quicker, rinses easier, than chips or flakes. Why this amazing soap can save one-third to one-half your dishwashing time.

Buy Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing—for laundry—to speed every bit of cleaning you have to do. A big box for only 10c.

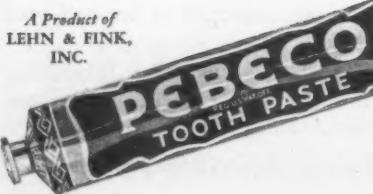
\*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.



### *When you envy such beautiful teeth*

do you ever stop to think "How many of my 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation...the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth will remain sound if you put Pebeco to work immediately. Pebeco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. Try it one week...and you will realize its exceptional value.

A Product of  
LEHN & FINK,  
INC.



## EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 68]

Roger looked embarrassed, his lips moved slightly as if he were about to speak . . . Then his arm shot out with awkward fervor and his fist landed resoundingly and zealously under the other man's ear. Blaine hit the rug with a soft, plushy thump—he sighed plaintively, turned over and lay still.

Everybody stared speechlessly at the young man with the red hair.

"He's knocked clear out," said Edson Merrill soberly, bending over Blaine on the floor. "Get some water, somebody."

All at once he drew a long breath and glanced up in amazement at all the curious faces surrounding him as if he had fancied himself alone. With a dazed, sheepish look growing on his face, he backed hastily toward the library. There he stopped, aghast.

"Gosh!" whispered Roger Van Horne. In his whole life he had never done anything like this before.

On the floor Allison Blaine stirred. "Go away!" he murmured petulantly.

Without warning Dolly burst into tears. "It's just terrible!" she wailed. "Somebody take me home—right away."

"Now! Now!" called Mr. Muffet from the stairs. "Don't take on so."

Like spoiled, petulant children they trooped into the hall and began putting on their wraps. They seemed to blame their host and hostess for everything. But at the last moment they shouted a careless goodnight to Mr. Muffet and to Primrose sitting disconsolately across the hall. Noisily and in sudden good humor they piled into their cars.

Primrose blinked sleepily. The house was unnaturally quiet, but the drawing-room had the mournful appearance of a deserted battlefield. For a long time she sat bolt upright in the tall Spanish chair, then she bounded to her feet and walked into the library.

On top of the ladder Roger Van Horne dozed, leaning forward perilously. His eyes opened wide as they encountered Primrose's snapping gaze.

"What'd you do it for?" she demanded furiously. "You spoiled my party, you did!"

In his astonishment at being awakened so abruptly Roger almost fell backward off the ladder.

"They are the wrong kind of people," he began reprovingly and he did not realize that he was scrambling down as he said it, awkwardly patting her head, muttering foolish, meaningless things he had never said in his life before. "Quit that—right away! Sweet child! Primrose! Quit it, I tell you. I won't have you crying, honey!"

Then he backed away from her. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "I didn't mean to—" He stopped short.

MR. MUFFET stood in the doorway. His usual timidity was gone. His voice held that lurking obstinacy which people never suspected.

"I fire," he said sadly, "when this happens. You'd better go right now."

"Now?"

"Now," sighed Mr. Muffet. "It wouldn't have been so bad if you hadn't—" he waved his arm in the direction of the drawing-room and his voice fell to a whisper—"you know. It offended those people," said Mr. Muffet. "Then talking—to her. Yes," Mr. Muffet concluded gloomily, "I always fire when that happens."

Quickly Roger Van Horne seized his hat and a bulky manuscript case, probably containing his pajamas.

"Wait!" called Mr. Muffet, running after him to the door. "Wait—your pay. I'll write you out a check."

"Don't want it!" mumbled Roger fiercely. "The books are all labeled wrong and I hit him and talked to her."

The door slammed.

Once more the house was still, as if taking a brief rest from the happenings of the night. Primrose was crumpled on the bench with her face buried deep in the cushion. Mr. Muffet returned to the library and bent over her, his face lined with anxiety. "Primrose," he kept repeating. "Oh, Primrose?"

"Why did—you—do it?" She sat up.

"Had to," Mr. Muffet said, with humility and stubbornness strangely mingled in his tone. "I told him—told him twice he mustn't talk to you. Told him I always fired."

"Oh," said Primrose, but her gaze held deep reproach. Then, "I think I'll go to bed."

She started up the stairs without glancing at him. On the second step she stopped, trembling. Like a frightened mouse she darted back into the hall, snatched her coat and hat and ran out of the door. Mr. Muffet hesitated helplessly. He did not move until he heard the roar of a racing motor outside, then he rushed to the door.

"Primrose!" he called piteously. "Primrose!"

But the low, white Mercedes was already rounding the turn into the highway, Primrose bending over the wheel.

WHAT a night!" she whispered to the Mercedes. "What a night!"

There were two roads leading to the station; Primrose chose the one which any reasonable pedestrian would have taken; and of course it was the wrong one. She parked the car and scamped into the box-like waiting room, up and down the platform. A crowd of laborers carrying very battered and democratic dinner-pails stared at her, but there was no young man with a bulky briefcase.

It did not surprise her to find Allison Blaine waiting by her car—few things surprised Primrose and even fewer things bored her. "Hello," she said. She yawned like a sleepy kitten.

"Good morning," said Blaine cheerfully.

He appeared amazingly fresh and hearty and well-groomed, although there was an almost imperceptible bump under his ear.

"Thinking about driving me to town?" he inquired lazily.

She glanced indignantly at his own roadster parked a few yards away. "I'd rather ride in your car," he explained with careless good humor. "It's nicer."

She was about to retort when a bus drew up and several hurried commuters leaped out. With quick, anxious glances she surveyed them.

"Looking for somebody?" Blaine inquired solicitously, with mocking eyes.

"No," snapped Primrose.

"That's nice," he said comfortably. "Then we can have a long chat . . . Will you marry me, Primrose?"

"No!"

Immediately she bit her lip to keep from laughing, for nobody could be angry at Blaine very long. "I don't like your friends," she said. "They made fun of me."

The train thundered up to the cinder platform on the other side of the station. And at the last minute she saw Roger Van Horne hurrying around the corner. He climbed with alacrity into one of the day coaches just as the conductor raised his hand.

"Wait!" said Allison Blaine with convincing reproach in his voice, "if you'd

[Continued on page 72]

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Chew it like delicious mint gum. By chewing you release a tasteless new laxative—naturally, gradually. This laxative is not absorbed by the system, like ordinary laxatives, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. There is no drugging of the system or habit-forming after-effect. Laxative action is gentle, thorough and refreshing.

Keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children especially enjoy its flavor. You cannot find a druggist who does not sell Feen-a-mint—with full approval, too!

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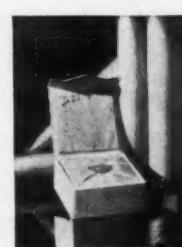
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# IN SPITE OF EXPOSURE —OR BECAUSE OF IT



**E**VEN your back must be radiantly beautiful! Evening frocks cut to the waistline in back . . . the mere wisps of gossamer chiffon you wear for hose . . . the abbreviated poufs called sleeves in your daytime frocks . . . throw a merciless spotlight of attention on arms, back and ankles. They must be satiny-smooth in texture—youthful—exquisite. To keep them gloriously beautiful—or to regain for them the beauty they have lost, perhaps through chapping—rub them each night with soothing, almond-scented Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Use it again as a base before powdering them. Work it into your hands and cuticle, too. Even a few days' use will make such a world of difference—do try it—we'll gladly send you a sample bottle if you will mail in the coupon below.

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## EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 70]

only told me." His eyes were laughing at her although his face pretended that he was seriously concerned. "Why, I drove him down here—picked him up on the road. Rather a rude young man, I thought," he mused. "I think I could hate you," she said, trying to keep her lips from trembling. She brushed quickly past Blaine and climbed disconsolately into the white speedster.

"I think you could love me," he answered in a low, hard voice. His face was tense and white. He leaned over and clutched her arm.

"Listen! Listen, Primrose. I love you. I love you, do you hear me, Primrose?" His words were terse and unadorned, and she knew that this time he was speaking the truth. "Do you think," he asked, "that I could love you this way and still be generous to hand you over to—" he pointed to the train disappearing around the bend—"to another man?"

She jerked her arm away from his hand, stepped on the starter and threw the car into gear—all in a few swift motions. Blaine leaped back barely in time to avoid being carried away with the powerful forward lurch.

"Don't be a damn little fool!" he shouted. "You'll kill yourself—"

It was shouting advice to the wind, for the Mercedes was a hundred yards down the road.

Primrose laughed; the Mercedes was singing—a soft, eager chant of power and pride and speed. The suave dial of the speedometer kept bringing new figures to her sharp, sidewise glances . . . seventy . . . seventy-eight . . . eighty-four kilometers . . .

"Gee!" cried Primrose gleefully.

For there it was just around the next turn, slowing up for a station. Before it stopped she was parked by the platform to watch the arrivals.

The black letters on a white sign above the mail said HIXON PARK.

Primrose shivered in the crisp air and drew her cocoa ermine coat closer.

She yawned and watched the platform. Suddenly she sat up and threw the car into gear. He was turning into the tree-shaded street—her tall, red-haired young man at last!

Primrose leaned out, smiling. "Mr. Van Horne!"

He raised his head and stopped motionless with astonishment.

"Well, that's that," stammered Roger and blushed at the same time because he had said something utterly without sense.

YOU mean this is this," said Primrose. She held out her gloved hand. "I expect you are pretty surprised. I followed the train all the way. I wanted to apologize. Please get in."

"Apologize for what?" Roger asked as the car purred along.

She laughed. "For—for you being fired, I guess. You see, I made you talk to me—"

His face had tightened into youthful grimness again. He didn't look at her, but stared at the hands locked between his knees. "You should have gone to bed," he observed sternly. "You ought to go to bed early—at your age."

"Why, I'm nineteen!"

"Oh, is that so," he said drily. "Almost senile, aren't you? Silly child. You ought to wear short dresses. You ought to be in school."

"But I can't very well wear them any shorter," demurred Primrose.

She drew her coat closer over her chiffon skirts. "Please don't be so nasty. And I'll go to school if you think it would be a good idea."

"It doesn't matter what I think. There's no reason why I should be giving you advice . . . Wait. This is my house. I get out here."

THEY stopped in front of the white frame building with narrow porches.

"Why!" Primrose exclaimed. "It's just like our house in Peoria!" A mist of homesickness stood in her eyes. "You know we came from Peoria. Papa—I mean father—manufactured soda pop at first, and then changed to ginger ale and made all that money. Do you live here, Mr. Van Horne?"

"I've rented a room here," he said. As he spoke, one of the blinds in the "bay window" was drawn stealthily aside and the head of a middle-aged lady wearing a net breakfast cap appeared in the aperture. "That's my landlady, Mrs. Butteridge."

"But where is the college?" asked Primrose, looking up and down the street.

He nodded across the park at a gray stone chapel and three red brick buildings softened in architectural detail by busy ivy. "It's a girls' school and there are a couple of dormitories."

"Is it terribly, terribly fashionable?" Primrose asked.

He smiled—his smile was very boyish and endearing, she thought. "No, it isn't. Most of the girls are learning to be missionaries and secretaries and librarians. Nice, sensible girls in low-heeled shoes. Not like you!"

She squinted thoughtfully at the crumpled toe of her silver slipper. "Something's wrong with me. I wonder what it is! Do you suppose I need education?"

"Wouldn't hurt," he muttered uneasily. He climbed out of the car and stood with one hand nervously smoothing the top of the door. "I've got to go in. I've got to. Goodbye."

She raised dark, startled eyes. "But won't I see you again?" she asked.

Roger looked across the park at the severe buildings of Hixon College. "Probably not," he said lightly. "But I won't forget—I mean I'll remember. Oh, the devil!" He hastily held out his hand. "Goodbye, little Miss Muffet."

She was silent, ignoring his hand. She turned on the ignition and Roger stepped back as the motor started with a silky murmur. "Oh, say," she asked without glancing at him, "what does nouveau riche mean?"

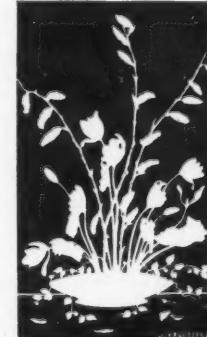
He flushed. "It means," he said, "unusual or—or distinguished—or lovely."

"Hmm," mused Primrose; "that's better than I thought."

She gave a casual little nod of her head, and with no further farewell she drove away swiftly. But there was a lump in her throat.

Roger Van Horne turned and walked into the white frame house with lagging steps. As he entered the dark

[Continued on page 75]



EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG THE BAKER COCOA CUP HAS BEEN A DELIGHTFUL PART OF ANY PARTY



## Is the world's finest cocoa too good for your children?

**T**IMES and customs change . . . but the nutritive needs of children do not change. Nor does their enthusiastic welcome of a cup of Baker's Cocoa. And time has left another thing unchanged . . . the Baker Standard of Quality. So it isn't surprising that modern authorities\* today endorse a tradition established by American mothers when America was young.

The preference for Baker's has grown from generation to generation . . . and if you could see in all its detail the way in which the Baker Standard of Quality is so jealously guarded, the reasons for that preference would be explained. If you could see the painstaking accuracy with which the world's finest cocoa beans are blended . . . the prideful care that is part of every manufacturing process . . . you would understand why Baker's Cocoa has such universal approval.

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\*These authorities say Baker's Cocoa is best: 79% Home Demonstration Agents; 63% School Lunch Room Managers; 82% Domestic Science Teachers; 87% Editors of Women's Magazines; 67% Hospital Dieticians and Stewards; 78% Professional Nurses; 75% Hotel Stewards.

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TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE  TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

# The best Bran Muffins

 here is  
the recipe

#### ALL-BRAN muffins

2 tablespoonfuls shortening,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sour milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then milk alternately, with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (370°) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 medium-sized or 8 large muffins.

and   
here is  
the bran



Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbler, Kellogg's Shredded Wheat Biscuit, Rice Krispies and Koffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

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Grocers sell Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

Add a handful of health to every recipe. Write for free recipes and health suggestions. Home Economics Dept., Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

*Kellogg's*  
ALL-BRAN



## EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 72]

box of the hall, an adjoining door flew open and Mrs. Butteridge beckoned.

"Professor Van Horne," she called mysteriously. He was growing accustomed to this erroneous title being prefixed to his name. Reluctantly he went into the small, chilly parlor.

Mrs. Butteridge sat down in a mahogany rocker and rocked vigorously for a moment.

"Ellen was over last night," she announced, severely rolling her pale eye at the uncomfortable young man. "She'll be surprised—she expected you on the train day after tomorrow."

He looked rather pale. "I'll call her up," he mumbled and edged toward the door. "I guess I'll go upstairs now."

**A**T LAST he achieved the solitude of his room and closed the door. The blinds were down, the register was closed, and he seemed to be surrounded by an appalling darkness augmented by the forbidding walnut bureau and high bed. He threw down his manuscript case, went over to the windows and jerked up the blinds.

Turning around, he saw the photograph on his desk—the serene, regular features of Ellen, the girl he was going to marry. Her eyes, beneath heavy brown hair waving up from a smooth forehead, seemed placidly assured of his faith, his unflagging devotion.

He sat down heavily upon the bed and bent his face into his hands. "Well, that's that," he found himself saying again and this time it seemed to have some meaning. It meant that Primrose was only a memory to be tucked away in a corner of his mind.

Primrose drove to the Hixon Inn. While she waited for a mushroom omelet and coffee, she wondered why she hadn't asked Roger Van Horne to breakfast with her—that nice, strangely aloof, red-haired young man. She thought with motherly solicitude of his shabby overcoat and one button gone. She would have liked to sew that button on. He seemed so terribly young to be teaching in a college. Terribly young and terribly lovable—her lips curved gently as she recalled his smile. Something very strange had happened when she first looked into his eyes. What was it? Could it be love . . . It must be love, for she could not remember ever having wanted to sew a missing button on a man's coat before. And when he had said they wouldn't see each other again, a dull pain had come into her heart. She had longed to bury her head for comfort against his nice shabby shoulder and tell him that he couldn't go away, he *couldn't*.

Swiftly and with an obstinate determination inherited undoubtedly from her father, she decided to enter Hixon.

Primrose laughed happily in the throes of her new determination. She finished breakfast and went out into the lobby. The hotel clerk looked respectfully at her expensive coat and he gave her the newly furnished Early American Suite.

"My luggage is on the way," she said, and he dared not demur.

Alone in the echoing spaces of the high-ceilinged suite, Primrose dived into the Hixon Inn's earliest American bed and was asleep almost without a moment's contemplation.

Awake at two o'clock in the afternoon she stretched and yawned regarding the strange four-poster with curiosity. Then she remembered she was in a strange place called Hixon Park and seized the telephone. Her father answered.

"Dad! Dad?" said Primrose.

"Talk louder, talk louder," rasped Mr. Muffet irritably. "Where are you?"

"At Hixon Park. Hixon Inn. I'm going to enter Hixon College."

"I don't see," said Mr. Muffet, "why you keep yelling Hixon, Hixon all the time. I can hear you perfectly. You say you are going to do what?"

"Enter college here. I'll come home to explain it more after I'm all registered and everything. And I'll write you a long letter tonight. Dad, dear, I've decided that I need education. Won't you be proud of me when I'm a college graduate and everything?"

"I'll come after you at once," Mr. Muffet announced firmly.

"Don't you want me to be educated?" she wailed.

"Yes, but I don't like the sound of that place. It's—it's not dignified. You come home now and then if you want to go to some nice, ladylike school I guess Dad's got the money to send you."

"But I want to go here," she insisted. "It's a grand place—the girls are so sensible and they wear low-heeled shoes."

"Well, that's a good idea," he admitted grudgingly. "I always advise against high heels. There's nothing healing about them," he added and laughed hopefully at his little conceit. "Can you hear me? I say there's nothing healing about them."

Primrose laughed, too. She felt relieved now that he was punning again. "Better not pun," she warned him. "They charge extra for it over the telephone. And father, listen, will you ask Adelaide to throw a lot of clothes into my trunks and have John bring them over right away? It's only about fifty miles."

"I'll come myself," he suggested.

"No, don't come yet. You'll start arguing and I want to keep my mind on college. I've got to buy books and fill out blanks and things."

**L**OOK here, you'd better start home and think it over—"

She put her mouth close to the transmitter. "Father, I'll cry," said Primrose.

"All right! All right!" exclaimed Mr. Muffet hastily. "Do what you think best. I won't come. I'll have John bring the trunks." He changed the subject. "Can you tell me how the detectives found you in a New York cabaret when you were in Hixon Park? It seems mighty ridiculous. And there's a long mess of stuff in the papers about heiress disappearing and elopement of wealthy flapper and—"

"Detectives?" said Primrose with interest. "And were there headlines—big ones?"

"Hundreds of 'em," replied Mr. Muffet morbidly and yet with gusto.

"But honestly, father, I was here at Hixon Park all the time. And I haven't eloped. I've just decided to be sensible and get educated."

[Continued in DECEMBER McCall's]



You will see these exquisite boxes at the better stores. They contain Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases in COLOR—gay, unusual Christmas gifts that promise many new years of sturdy, charming service. Full description of contents and approximate prices are given below. . . .

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**G**AY as a jingle of little sleighbells—dependable as a New England roof-tree—these are gifts in the spirit of Christmas!

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Colored Pequot Sheets are available in two styles: (1) snowy-white sheets with colored hems; (2) solid-color sheets—a single radiant tint from end to end! And all are genuine Pequot—with the sturdy durability that has made Pequot the most popular brand of sheets in America! You will find these lovely gifts in the boxes illustrated above.

### Shown at Left of Picture

**P**illow Case Sets: Each contains two pillow cases; either white with colored hems,

or solid color. 7 fast colors (see list at the left). Hemstitched—threads drawn by hand. A dainty gift at low cost. For most popular size (other sizes in proportion) price is about \$1.95.

### Shown in Center

**S**heet and Pillow Case Sets in Color. (1) WHITE WITH COLORED HEMS. Same colors and hemstitching as above. Packed two ways: the first (2 sheets, 2 pillow cases) in most popular size (other sizes in proportion) is priced at about \$7.85.

The second (1 sheet, 2 pillow cases) most popular size, \$4.75.

(2) SOLID COLOR: Colors, hemstitching and packing as in (1). 2 sheets, 2 pillow cases, most popular size, priced at about \$9.85.

1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, most popular size, about \$5.95.

### Shown on the Right

**C**rib Sheets. Each set contains 2 sheets and 2 pillow cases—with pink or blue hems—hemstitched. Price about \$4.35.

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# With glowing beauty... ...with tasty delight these new desserts express the season's cheer!



**TANGERINE TAPIOCA**

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tangerine juice;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice; rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  orange;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, whipped.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar, tangerine juice and orange juice, and orange rind. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Chill until thickened. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Just before serving, garnish with very fine  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch shreds of tangerine rind, free from all white membrane. Serves 6.



**DATE BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING**

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; 2 cups hot water; 3 tablespoons butter; 6 tablespoons brown sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup dates, seeded and chopped.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, and stir until melted. Add tapioca mixture, vanilla, and dates. Pour into greased baking dish and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Serve hot with cream. Serves 6. All measurements are level.



**DAYS OF FEASTING!** Thanksgiving... Christmas... New Year... and all the weeks of merry-making in-between. Oh, to be blessed with some new dessert ideas that convey the holiday spirit in taste and appearance, but are not too rich or heavy for the children!

Certainly, these three dessert treats are fulfillment of that desire. How gratifying! How glowing to eager eyes! Even the colors... rich tangerine, soft peach, ruddy bronze... match the season's tones... Though they look as if they had taken hours of elaborate preparation, they're really impromptu desserts. Study the recipes and see how quickly they can be made. Like all Minute Tapioca

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## THE END OF A RHAPSODY

[Continued from page 17]

At the end of this little recital, the Russian looked at her with a glint of humorous amusement in her eyes.

"And why should I do all this for your husband?" she asked drily.

Jeanie flushed. "Oh, how stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "Of course, I didn't tell you! You—he—you knew each other, years ago, at the Brankscombe."

A curious expression passed over Madame Lechitzka's face. "At the Brankscombe?" she repeated. "What—what is your husband's name?"

"Heriot—Geoffrey Heriot," replied Jeanie. Then she blurted out suddenly: "You—you used to share his sausage and pancakes, as he says."

"Geoffrey Heriot! The young musician—l'adore de ma jeunesse!" she murmured. "And so, little one, you are his wife?"

"Yes," answered Jeanie steadily. "I am his wife. Oh, Madame Lechitzka, help us!"

"But did you not know? I have not been dancing lately. I am—" she hesitated—"resting a little."

"But you will," replied Jeanie impetuously. "You will dance again. Oh, madame, it means all the world to us, to Geoffrey and me."

"It means all the world to you that I dance?" she asked slowly. "And perhaps it means all the world to me also."

Jeanie stared at her incomprehendingly.

"Ah, you do not understand?" the dancer asked, smiling a little. "Well, you need not... Now, for this Rhapsody. I will hear it. I will send for my pianist and he shall play it through."

When the last note had died into silence, the dancer did not speak for a few moments, and both the pianist and Jeanie sat waiting silently in the sunny, golden room, their eyes fixed on the slight, black-clad figure that seemed to dominate it.

The dancer at last turned suddenly toward Jeanie.

"I will take your husband's Rhapsody!" she said quietly. "It is very beautiful; and when I have danced to it, it will be famous, and others will want his work."

The pianist jumped up from the piano. "But, madame—" he began protestingly.

Madame Lechitzka made an arrogant gesture with her hand.

"I have decided," she said. Then, as the pianist seemed still inclined to argue, she added good-humoredly: "Tais-toi, mon ami. It is useless to oppose a woman and above all, Lechitzka! I have said that I will dance to this Rhapsody. C'est fini, alors!"

A GREAT theater, thronged with the huge audience of people who had come to see Lechitzka in her marvelous new dance. The music, it was rumored, was by some unknown young man whom the ballerina had "discovered." He was conducting the orchestra himself tonight; and it was evident that he would no longer be permitted to hide his light under a bushel, for the music and the dancing were made so exquisite a whole that the vast audience thrilled responsive to each rhythm.

All eyes were fixed on the ethereal figure in cloudy draperies, that flitted, spirit-like, across the stage, swaying, with outstretched, upraised arms, to the fantastic measure of the *Rhapsody*. Gradually, the music grew wilder, fiercer, and the dancer quickened to a rapturous abandon that matched it, the light upon the stage deepening from the pale, wintry moonlight which had ushered in the dance to the passionate rose flush of awakening dawn and love. At last, with a final rush of chords, the music hurried to a climax, and the dancer, her draperies turned to ruddy gold beneath the limelight, stood like a slender pillar of flame, poised in an ecstasy, reaching upward with white arms toward an imagined heaven of delight... Then, slowly, inexorably, the curtain fell, shutting out the glowing scene and that embodiment of poetry which was Lechitzka.

A great shout burst from the people, and the tumult of applause increased as the curtain rose in answer.

But all at once, the thunderous noise died down like the sound of suddenly muted strings, then began again hesitantly, anew, trailing into a dismayed and dreadful silence.

For on the stage, beneath the brilliant glare of lights, lay Lechitzka—a little huddled heap of white, arms outflung upon the floor, motionless, like a bird that has dropped to earth with a broken wing.

**GEOFFREY**, who had been hurriedly summoned from the orchestra, stood on the threshold of the great dancer's dressing-room.

Someone—the doctor, he supposed—came quickly outside the door and spoke to him.

"She wishes to see you," he said in a low voice. "Go in to her at once. She can't last long."

"Can't—last—long?" repeated Geoffrey in a daze.

"I am Madame Lechitzka's medical attendant," continued the doctor quietly. "I was here in case of anything like this occurring. It was madness, her appearing tonight. Perhaps"—looking keenly at the young musician—"perhaps you did not know that Madame Lechitzka's heart was in a bad state?"

"I? No, I knew nothing," stammered Geoffrey.

"She had been forbidden to dance again—at least, for years. But now she will dance no more."

He stood aside, and with a slight gesture, invited Geoffrey to enter.

Lechitzka was on a couch, limp, with closed eyes. There was a curious resemblance in the drawn, pinched face, its lips rimmed with faint, blue shadow, to the half-starved little dancing-girl of the Brankscombe boarding-house.

Geoffrey knelt beside the couch.

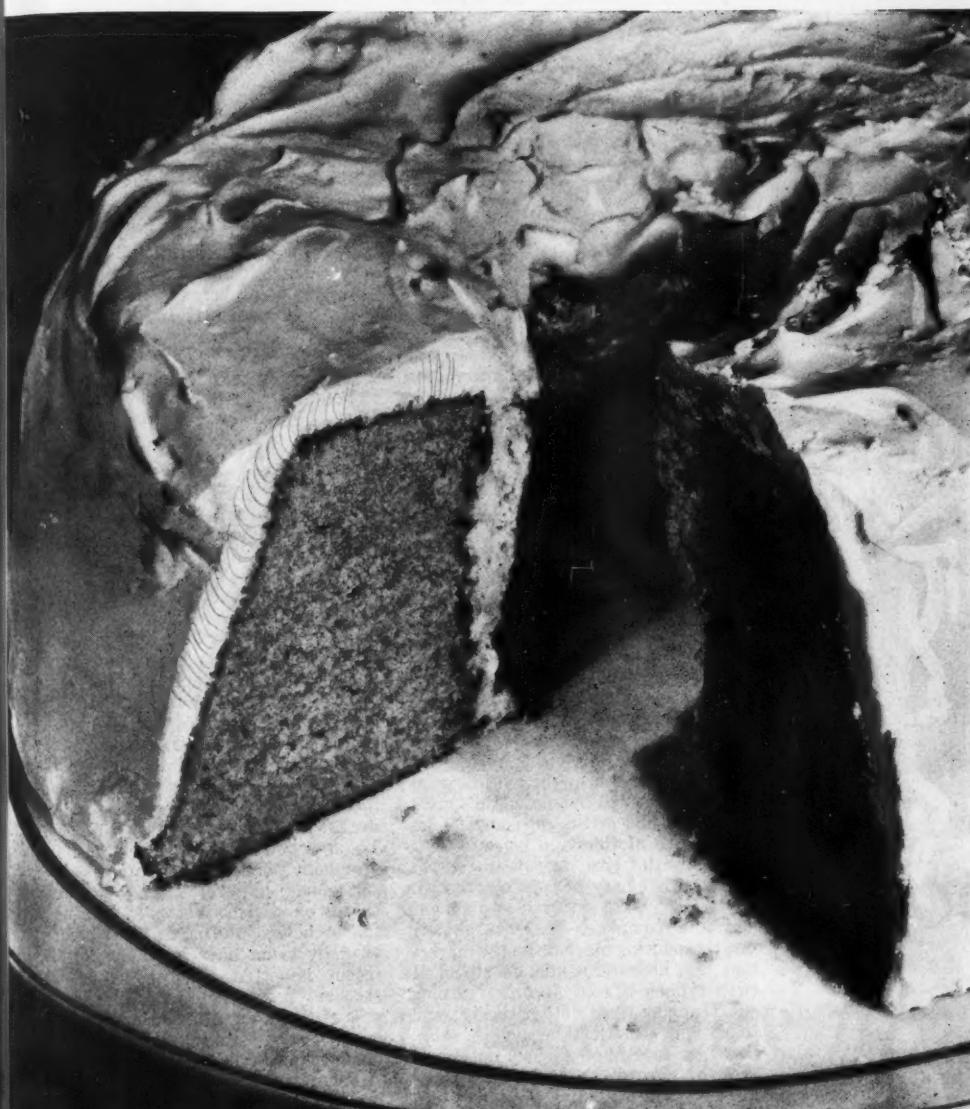
"Sara!" he whispered pitifully. "Little Sara!"

Slowly the closed lids lifted, and the big black eyes, hungry-looking as of old and with the same glint of irony in their depths, stared up at him.

"Ah, Geoffrey, it is you, alors!" The white lips smiled at his words.

[Continued on page 78]

# The Cream of Tartar in ROYAL... is what does it!



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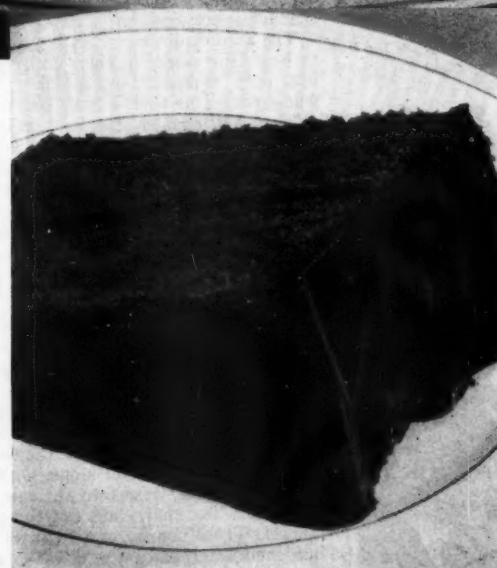
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**SPANISH CAKE**

½ cup shortening	3 tsps. Royal Baking Powder
1 cup sugar	1 tsp. cinnamon
2 eggs	½ cup milk
1¾ cups of pastry flour	

Cream shortening; add sugar and yolks of eggs; beat well; sift together flour, baking powder and cinnamon and add alternately with milk; fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in greased tube pan in moderate oven at 375° F. 40 to 45 minutes. Cover top and sides with the following:

**SEA FOAM FROSTING**

½ cup light brown sugar	2 tbsps. strong coffee
1 cup granulated sugar	¼ tsp. cream of tartar
½ cup water	Whites of 2 eggs
	½ tsp. salt

Boil sugar, water, coffee and cream of tartar without stirring to 248° F. or until syrup spins a long thread. Pour hot syrup very slowly over stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating continually until thick enough to hold its shape. Add salt; whip again and spread very thickly on cake.

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## MENTHOLATUM

RUB ON CHEST



INHALE VAPOR



APPLY IN NOSE



## THE END OF A RHAPSODY

[Continued from page 76]

"Oh, Sara, why did you do it?" he groaned.

"I did it for you, mon Geofroi, for the sake of the old days. The sausage and cakes we shared—*t'en souviens tu?*" The smile traveled to her eyes and lingered there. "Did I not tell you, mon ami, that we would be famous together, you and I?" The thread of her voice crept between them.

"But not at this cost," he muttered huskily.

"It is not so great as you think," she began, then sank back feebly. The doctor, standing watchfully in the background, hurried forward and held a stimulant to her lips. In a minute or two she revived.

"I should never have danced again, Geoffrey," she went on. "It doesn't matter what the doctors say. I know it! And, after my dancing, it was you alone that I loved." She panted a little, while the blue shade deepened round her lips.

And a quarter of an hour before she had been on the stage, the incarnation of vitality itself!

"It is a little affair of the heart in more senses than one!" she added with a flash of her old gaiety. "Ah! Smile then, mon ami! For is it not of a truth well done? Of the two things I loved best in life, the one has ministered to the other. *Bien sûr!* When she has two loves, a woman's heart may well suffer!

"So you have no need to grieve, mon Geofroi," went on the faint voice. "I have lived and now I die, just as I would have wished—for my dancing and for you. You and the little wife Jeanie, will be happy together."

She lay back with closed eyes, while the silence grew and deepened in the room.

Presently Lechitzka opened her eyes again. "Kiss me, Geofroi," she whispered.

Very quietly, for the first and last time, he kissed her.

Then, very faintly from the couch, came the lilting voice: "*Au revoir, mon vieux.*"

And silence closed down again, unbroken . . .

## NEEDLEPOINT MUSIC

[Continued from page 8]

Mr. and Mrs. George Average American were not going to buy expensive records of Madame Hollerina, when, by tuning in on some big radio hour, they could hear Madame for nothing.

The record manufacturers met this emergency by a method as welcome as it had been long delayed. They stopped selling performers and began to sell music. As a result, anyone who has the price of a good machine and a few records, is now in the happy position of being able to hear the world's great music, performed by the world's great orchestras and artists, in complete independence of time and place.

Within the past few years it has become customary to turn out records in sets, which are gathered into albums and sold complete. There is already one reproducing machine on the market that can, literally, handle an album of twelve double-faced records, turning and changing them automatically; and there will doubtless be others. Also, there are rumors of a newly developed type of record, soon to be on the market, that will play for thirty minutes without having to be turned or changed.

The record album makes it possible to hear long works in their entirety—not only complete symphonies, but whole operas as well. I have one such album that enables me to hear virtually a complete performance of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. And I have a similar recorded performance of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, as played at the *Staatsoper* in Berlin,

which even includes the applause of the audience after the final curtain! If some friend of mine brags of having heard *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, I can take down another album and hear what he heard, without the formality of waiting until next summer and traveling four thousand miles to do so.

Thanks to the new record albums, it is possible to hear certain compositions that, for practical consideration, are seldom performed in the concert halls. Debussy's orchestral suite, *Nocturnes*, for example, comprises the works: *Nuages*, *Fêtes*, and *Les Sirènes*. The first two appear regularly on most symphony orchestra programs. The last-named, however, calls for a large chorus of women's voices as well as a full orchestra, and is, in consequence, virtually never done here. One of the recent imported albums includes an excellent recording of *Les Sirènes* as well as the other two, so that one may hear Debussy's suite exactly as he intended it to be heard.

There are excellent imported recordings of *Carmen*, and numerous other French and Italian operas; not merely albums of selections, but whole performances. To unbend slightly, the Gilbert and Sullivan fan will find treasure trove in some recent recordings by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. I have an album of *The Yeomen of the Guard* which not only gives me one of the best Gilbert and Sullivan performances that I have ever heard, but gives me a chance to hear what, to me, is the best of the Sullivan scores.

## KNIFE LIFE IN THE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 50]

permit the fine finish which the manufacturer has put on the blade to be ruined by careless grinding. If the sharpening is to be done at home the best method is the use of the old-fashioned carpenter's oil stone. Or the housekeeper may resort to the use of the little wheel sharpeners now on the market. These consist of two rows of hardened steel plates or discs so arranged that when a knife is drawn between them the edge is pared off and sharpened. These little sharpeners are so simple and easy to operate that

the tendency to use them too often should be resisted as excessive wear on the knife will result.

Beware of sharpening steels. When new they will tear the edge of a knife to pieces. When worn smooth their only function is to whet up to perfect keenness the edge of a knife already sharpened by grinding. Although butchers need them constantly for this purpose the housewife rarely does.

Use your cutlery for the purpose for which the manufacturer intended it. Don't use it to pry off the lid of a can.



## Film

**is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.**

# Please accept this special formula to remove dingy film from teeth

**M**EET 10 people of the class who brush their teeth, and 5 of them have made the fascinating free test we offer here—have employed this modern formula to turn teeth dazzling white—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders at the start. That is the reason for the millions of dazzling smiles one sees today on every hand.

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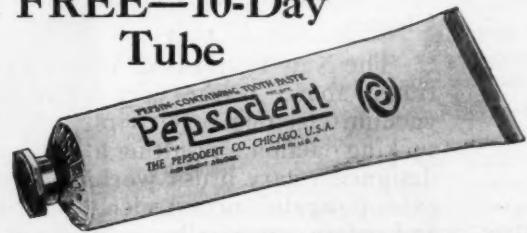
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Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century  
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

**ARIZONA AMES**

[Continued from page 22]

eyes wide and now fixed upon his friend Blue. Manifestly he had hardly taken a look at the stranger.

"Slim, air yez laffin' or croyin'?" he demanded, plainly perplexed.

"Blab, he's prayin'," spoke up the big cowboy from the porch. "Prayin' the Lord to forgive his oncivil tongue."

"Wot's happened?" flashed MacKinney, plainly nettled by the remark and the laugh following.

"Nuthin'. The strange gent jest slugged Slim in the gizzard."

Then MacKinney fastened those flaring gray eyes upon the stranger. They opened wider. They stared. His whole expression suddenly changed to one of incredulous, joyous recognition.

"Howdy, Mac," drawled the stranger.

"Fer the luv of Heaven!" burst out MacKinney. "It ain't *you*?"

"Shore is, Mac. Glad to see you."

**ARIZONA AMES!**" ejaculated MacKinney. And he rushed to embrace the stranger in a manner that harmonized with his speech. "Why, mon. I that you was dead."

"No, Mac. I'm still tolerable alive."

MacKinney, with his arm around Ames' shoulder, addressed the amazed group on the porch. "Fellars, meet my old pard, Arizona Ames. Shure you all rimember me tellin' about him?"

"Arizona Ames!" ejaculated a cowboy.

"Howdy, Ames. I reckon you ain't sich a stranger as Slim took you fer," remarked another.

That latter remark caused MacKinney to wheel. There knelt Blue, still ludicrous, but recovering.

Slim shook his fist at Ames. "Y-you k-kicked me—in—the belly."

"No, Slim," replied Ames. "Shore I only gave you a little tap on the knob. An' then a punch where you're weak."

"Yu-did," replied Blue. "But lickin' me ain't no satisfaction. Mac, I'm requirin' yore gun."

"My Gawd, Slim, you're crazy," broke out MacKinney, suddenly recovering. "You don't want to try to throw a gun on this fellar! He's an old pard of mine," protested MacKinney.

"Wal, if it'll gall you so to lose this ole pard, make him apologize," rejoined Blue, blusteringly.

Ames, with a winning smile, held out his hand. "Shore I apologize. I was only foolin'."

"You must hev felt that way," said Blue, reluctantly shaking hands, "But I'll overlook it. So you're an ole pard of Mac's?"

"Glad to say I am."

"Wal, Mac never had but one pard besides me that was wuth a damn, an' he got shot. So I reckon I ain't jealous. What's yore name?"

"Ames," drawled the rider.

"Ames? Not that Arizonie pard?"

"Shore am, Slim."

Whereupon Slim Blue turned to MacKinney and roundly cursed him. "You'd let me commit suicide!" he roared.

Just then a buckboard with two occupants halted opposite the cowboys, and a man of fine physique jumped out. He was under forty, dark-skinned, with hair and eyes as black as the wing of a crow.

"What's goin' on here?" he demanded in a loud, authoritative voice.

"Howdy, boss," said Blue, in a tone that Ames did not miss.

Ames took a forward step. "You're the rancher Grieve?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't recollect seein' you before."

"Hardly. I'm a stranger in Wyoming," returned Ames, quietly.

"Were you waitin' round to see the range boss?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's me. I don't run a foreman. What you want, a job ridin'?"

"Shore do, if you have one."

"You're hired. Report to me for orders," rejoined Grieve briskly, turning on his heel.

"Hould on, boss," broke in MacKinney. "Shure you'll loike to hear this is an ould pard of mine—His name is Arizona Ames."

Crow Grieve took a step back toward them, with that black penetrating gaze fastened upon Ames.

"Cowboys give each other handles that fit," he said. "I've had Montanas ride for me an' Nebraskies an' once a gun-slinger who called himself Nevada. But's far as I know, no Arizonas. But I happen to have heard of one. Do you call yourself Arizona?"

"No, I don't," returned Ames almost coldly. "But I caint help what others call me. An' I'm bound to admit that name is hard to shake."

Grieve drew back with sudden slight violence and his black eyes wavered.

"Excuse me," he said casually. "I'm gettin' personal." Whereupon he whirled as on a pivot, and jumping into the buckboard, called to the driver to go on.

"My Gawd!" blurted out Slim Blue. "Did I hear Crow Grieve apologizin'?"

**A**MES had not long shared the cabin with Lany before he divined there was something on the mind of that young cowboy. Like many boys Ames had worked with, Lany was the son of a poor rancher, a capable rider, a wholesome character, with an ambition to get on in the cattle business.

The second day after Ames' arrival MacKinney had delivered an illuminating remark.

"Arizonie, let me give you a hunch," he had said. "You're a handsome cuss. An' you've got somethin' more. Wal, don't look at the boss' wife."

"Why not? I heah she's a beauty. An' shore I caint hurt myself lookin'."

"Wal, you idjit, I know you're all right. But if you want to stay on hyar with me don't go fallin' off your hoss in front of Mrs. Grieve's. Savvy?"

"No, Mac, I'm darned if I do."

"Arizonie, you shure always used to ride me, an' now you're beginnin' again. Listen—Amy Grieve is a beauty an' if you ever seen a hungry-eyed gurl she's one. Two years ago Grieve went south and came back with this gurl. His wife an' not more'n seventeen! We boys had our ideas; then along comes a puncher from Texas. He told us Grieve had got hold of this gurl through her family ownin' him money. Wal, after a toime she perked up. Then came a baby. She seemed to bloom up. An' lately she's foine. I seen her the other day."

The story had peculiar interest for Ames, and made him want to see Amy

[Continued on page 82]

# the celebrated IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN

finds this new polish flatters her lovely hands—



"Today more feminine fashions really demand the flattering brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish," she says...

Tomorrow's fashion is what Irene Castle McLaughlin is doing today!

That was true even when she was a mere girl. The world caught its breath when she bobbed her hair . . . and scissors clicked from coast to coast. She improvised new steps and the whole world danced them.

Today she is called "the best dressed woman in America."

She has that gift of achieving chic in each detail of her appearance. Whenever you see her—riding, dancing, caring for her many dogs—her hands are noticeably lovely with their glimmering almond-shaped nails, their clear half moons.

"Women don't realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made," she says. "And it is so simple—in less than two minutes the new Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like them to have."

"Before putting it on I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to soften and shape the cuticle and bring out the half moons. Today more feminine fashions really demand the flattering brilliance of the new Cutex Liquid Polish. I like my hands to look as dainty and feminine as the finest toilet accessories can make them."

Just these 3 simple things give your hands a charming femininity—

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out the half moons.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip of the nail and then a touch of Nail White . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

"Your manicure stamps you as one who knows—or does not know," Mrs. McLaughlin insists. "The way you care for your nails can change the whole expression of your hands. Like all people interested in the arts, I use my hands a lot—that is why I am so particular to keep my cuticle smooth and my nails polished—my little Cutex Set is invaluable to me." Cutex preparations are so easy to procure—at toilet goods counters everywhere!

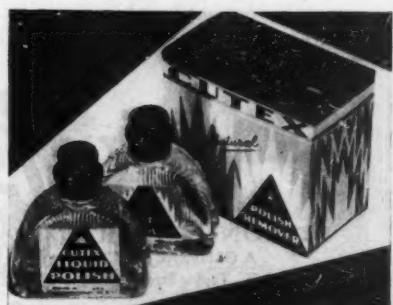


(left) MISS NANCY DYER's sketches appear in smart magazines. "Until I discovered the new Cutex Liquid Polish I was in despair over my nails. Its delightful brilliance is not dimmed by constantly washing my hands. With the Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil and Nail White, it has certainly solved my difficulties."

A generous size bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish costs just 35¢. So does the Polish Remover!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Sample Manicure Set, enough for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)  
NORTHAM WARREN,  
Dept. 9F11, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.



# This modern Electric iron



helps silks and  
rayon fabrics  
give you longer  
wear

**BEAUTIFUL** fabrics deserve correct care in ironing. To get longest wear from them iron them the *safe* way.

If you have been ironing fine, dainty things with an ordinary iron, or a plain "automatic" iron, you may now be getting only half the long wear which manufacturers have been weaving into these lovely, truly durable new materials.

For silks, rayons and other similar materials, authorities recommend a low, EVEN heat. With ordinary irons you have to guess at the temperature. Your guess may be wrong—or the heat may increase as you iron. Haven't you noticed that stiff spots sometimes develop in the fabric, where the material soon tears easily? A too hot iron does it. A moment's mistake...and shortly a beautiful garment is worn out, long before its time.

With a Hotpoint Super Automatic



The Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron ... \$8.80  
*"The Iron with a Brain"*

For silks, rayons and all delicate fabrics set the throttle at LOW. For heavy, damp linens, set it at HIGH. Or set it ANYWHERE between, according to the exact heat desired for the kind of material being ironed. The heat gets just as you want it—never gets hotter or cooler than you wish.

Iron there is no guessing. Merely set the throttle at LOW, and low heat will be maintained automatically, without further thought. In addition to the Super Automatic heat control, this iron has the patented CALROD element (cast in solid iron, practically indestructible), the large comfortable Thumb Rest, the Hinged Plug—and other features. See this and other Hotpoint appliances at your electric company or neighborhood dealer's store.

# Hotpoint

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC  
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APPLIANCE CO., Inc.  
ORGANIZATION  
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

## ARIZONA AMES

[Continued from page 80]

Grieve. The oftener he saw Crow Grieve the sorrier he felt for the young wife.

Not long after that, while he was rummaging around in the drawer of a rude table in the bunkhouse, a small photograph came to light under some of Lany Price's letters. It bore the likeness of a young girl not more than sixteen. A name in ink stared up at Ames—Amy!

Ames regretted the incident, for which he certainly could not blame himself. What was Lany Price doing with a picture of the boss' young wife? Ames decided to give the youngster the benefit of a doubt. Lany might be merely dreaming. On the other hand he might be seriously involved in an affair that would have grave consequences for him.

The day came, however, when Ames had to blind himself to certain indications, doubtful, though insistent. Lany had spells of depression. He would mope around, gloomy and cross. Then all of a sudden he became radiant.

"Heah good news from home, Lany?" inquired Ames genially, after supper one evening.

"No. Come to think of it, haven't heard for ages. Darn Visa anyhow!"

"Who's Visa?"

"My sister. She's the dandiest girl. I'd like you to meet her, Arizona."

"Shore would like to," replied Ames.

"Arizona, you've got a sweetheart?"

Ames shook his head, smiling a little.

"But you've had one?"

"No, I caint say I ever had what you'd call a regular sweetheart."

"Funny! A wonderful lookin' fellow like you! Have you a sister?"

"Yes," said Ames, dropping his head. "Nesta is just my age. We're twins."

"Gosh! She must be a looker! You're the finest lookin' person I ever saw, unless it's Am—Mrs. Grieve."

"Thanks, Lany," rejoined Ames. "I'll show you a picture of Nesta." Whereupon he lifted his bag to the table and extracted a carefully wrapped photograph which he handed to Lany.

That worthy ejaculated: "Lord!" His eyes shone with pleasure. "Arizona, course she's married?"

"Yes, an' happy too, thank Heaven," returned Ames, his sudden emotion contrasting strangely with his former casual mood.

Lany handed back the photograph. His eyes held a dark far-seeing shadow. "My Gawd, it'd be great to—to be married—an' happy," he said, speaking as if to himself.

"I reckon it would," agreed Ames.

LANY PRICE stayed out late that night, and apparently no one but Ames was the wiser. Ames heard him slip in noiselessly, in his stocking feet. Then he sat on his bunk, half undressed, absorbed in thought.

Ames deliberated. If young Price were in love with Amy Grieve he simply invited death. Lany Price was too fine a young man to be a target for a fierce and jealous brute like Grieve. Ames made up his mind to ascertain, solely in the interest of this foolish boy, if he were actually meeting Amy Grieve.

Therefore he did not return to the bunkhouse after supper, but took a stroll among the pines. From the gloom of the pines he watched both the road and the walk leading to the ranch-house. His vigilance, not to mention the woodsman's instinct developed during his hunting years, enabled him to catch Price stealing through the pines. Ames moved forward with

care and presently in the starlight he espied a slight form in white pass through an opening. It was that of a girl, swift and eloquent of motion, bound for a rendezvous.

Soberly Ames retraced his steps, reluctantly accepting his misgivings, and vastly concerned about Price. Still, he had not yet actually caught the cowboy with the young wife. Suppose he took Lany to task, only to discover he had blundered! He went back to the bunkhouse and fell asleep before Price came in.

Several days after this incident Grieve left the ranch, driving the buckboard himself. That he would depart without leaving stringent orders, gave rise to wild speculation on the part of the cowboys.

AMES felt stir in him the longing to ride away from this ranch, but he did not want to desert Lany Price. Often Ames had been prompted to broach Lany's secret. Still he had never done so. Ames resolved not to let it go longer. There would be opportunity soon, for in Grieve's absence Lany would probably grow bolder.

Down through the pine his quick eye caught a glimpse of a white horse. If he were not mistaken that horse belonged to Lany Price.

Ames dismounted and leading his horse over the soft trail, which gave forth no sound, he went on under the pines and through the aspen thickets. Not ten steps farther, on the other side of this log, leaned Lany Price, his back to Ames. He had a girl clasped in his arms, and hers were around his neck. Her face pressed close to his cheek, his hair dark against her golden curls. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks stained with tears.

Under his boot a twig snapped. The girl's long dark lashes flew up; velvety eyes, large and beautiful, widened to startled amazement, then dilated in sudden realization and fear.

Lany stood a second as if turned to stone. Then he sagged and lunged, to whirl with gun extended, his face fierce, his hair up like a mane.

"Howdy, Price," said Ames, coolly, suddenly stiff at the sight of that gun.

"Arizona!" gasped the cowboy, distress edging into his wild expression.

"Shore is. An' I'm tellin' you this heah is an accident. I just happened along."

"No matter. Anyway I've got to kill you!"

"Think quick, boy," flashed Ames sharply, "before you make it worse. Shore you've no call to kill me. I'm your friend."

"Friend? Gawd, if I could only believe you!" panted the distracted youth.

"Lany, who is he?" faltered the girl.

"He's the new rider I told you about—Arizona Ames."

"Arizona Ames?" she echoed, laboring over the name.

"Yes, Miss, I'm Ames," interposed Ames, moving up so only the log separated them.

"I am Mrs. Grieve."

"Glad to meet you," returned Ames, doffing his sombrero. "Sorry it's not under—happier circumstances."

"Arizona, it's no use," burst out Price. "I've got to kill you. No man can see what you did an' live!"

"Lany, you mustn't kill him," spoke up the girl. "It'd be murder."

"What's a murder to me? I'd shoot the whole outfit if need be, to save you from ruin."

[Continued on page 85]



*DANGER AHEAD . . . WINTER . . .*

## *Protect yourself against COLDS and SORE THROAT*

EVERY year thousands die as a result of neglected colds and sore throat. Thousands more suffer from these complaints needlessly. Many cases might have been averted by proper preventive measures.

Colds, sore throat, influenza and more serious diseases, usually develop in the mouth. They are caused by germs which breed there by the millions. When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature and fatigue, these germs get the upper hand. Disease follows.

It must be apparent to you, as it is to physicians, that the more you can do to combat germ growth in the mouth, the greater your chance of health.

Therefore, as an aid in preventing sore throat and colds, gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, twice a day at least. And should colds or sore throat get a start, repeat the gargle as often as convenient. The reason for this is obvious.

Full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs. The deadly *Bacillus typhosus* (typhoid) yields to it in twelve seconds. The dread *Pneumococcus* (pneumonia) and the equally dangerous *Streptococcus* succumb in fifteen seconds. Even *Staphylococcus aureus* (pus), the most difficult non-sporing germ organism to kill, yields to it.

This has been incontrovertibly established by bacteriological laboratories of national repute, using methods recognized as standard by the U. S. Government.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and at the first symptom of trouble, use it until your physician comes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

**LISTERINE**  
*THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

EVEN  
THE  
AIR  
IS  
WASHED!

So much care goes into the making of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—such infinite pains—that even the air in which we dry the spaghetti is washed and filtered.

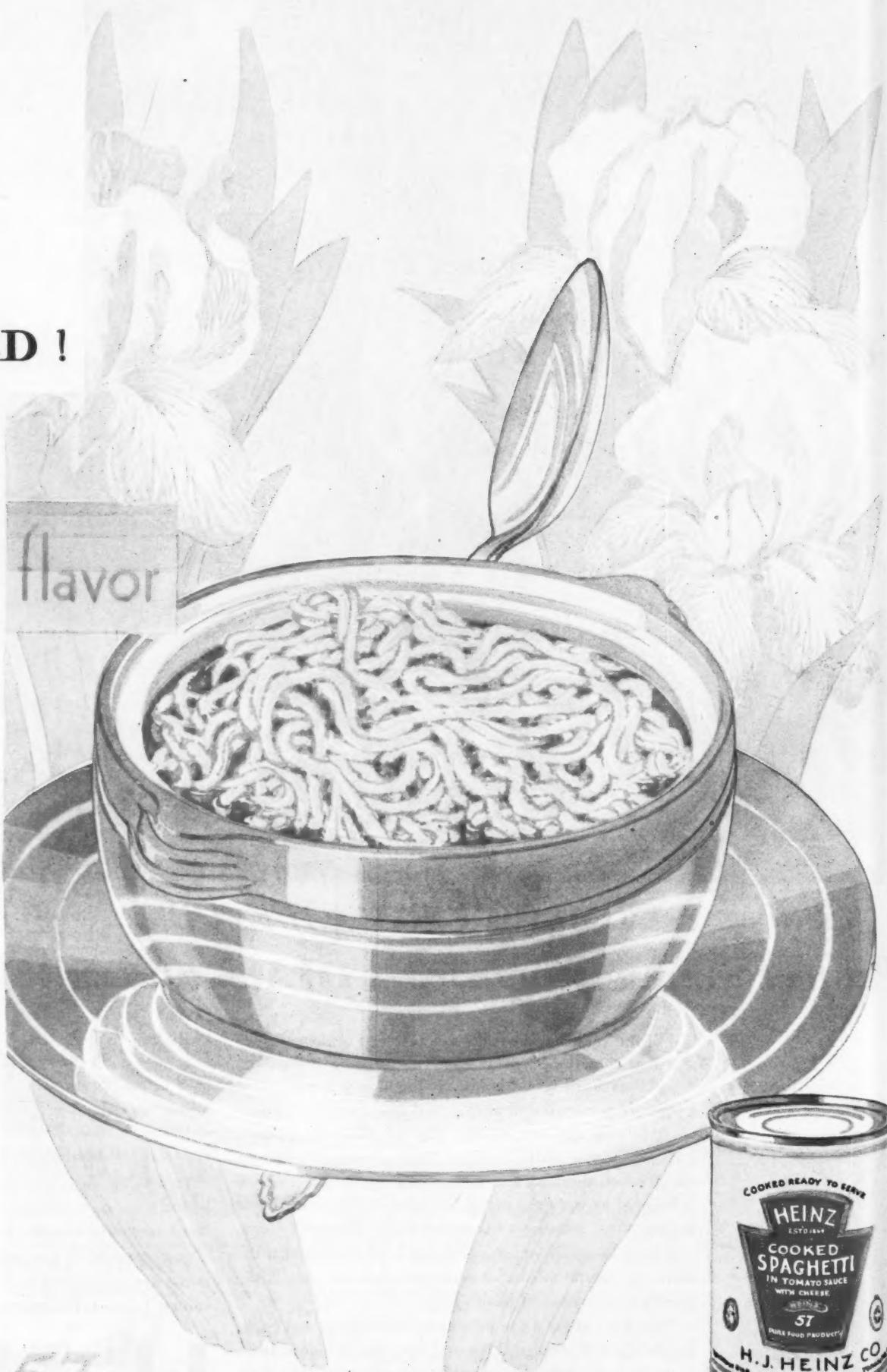
Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is made according to the recipe of a famous Italian chef. Only the finest ingredients possible are used.

The dry spaghetti itself—so tender and wholesome—is made by Heinz from the best of Durum Wheat. The delicious tomato sauce—cooked all through the spaghetti—is made from ripe, juicy Heinz tomatoes, fresh from the garden. A special cheese is chosen to give zip and savor. And the seasoning is exactly as you like it.

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is ready just to heat and serve . . . It's so convenient—so nourishing—so *very* good.

And you will be surprised that Heinz quality may be had at such a very reasonable price. This extra flavor, extra goodness—in Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Heinz Vinegars, Heinz Rice Flakes—or any of the Heinz 57 Varieties—always gives you more for your money in nutrition and satisfaction.

H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.



60 YEARS OF QUALITY FOOD MAKING

**HEINZ** COOKED SPAGHETTI | IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

## ARIZONA AMES

[Continued from page 82]

"Dear, I told you I'm ruined already," she returned. "For I'll not live a lie any longer. I hate Crow Grieve. I mean to tell him the truth. I'd have left him long ago but for the baby."

She reached for Price's nerveless arm and dragged it down so that the gun dropped out of sight. Ames slid his legs over the log and sat between Lany and the girl.

"Now listen, folks," he said feelingly. "I've known for weeks about you two bein' in love. An' I'm afraid some of the outfit suspect you."

"You knew Lany and I were—in-love?" queried the girl, blushing.

**W**ELL, I wasn't so shore about you lovin' him. But I knew you were meetin' him, an' I confess I had some pretty queer notions about you. But, Amy, since I've seen an' heeded you, I've about made up my mind you're good, all right."

Price heaved his gun back into its sheath, and when he lifted his face it showed drawn and set with tears.

"Arizona, it'll look so foolish to you," he began. "I saw Amy the very first day she got to Wyomin'. She looked at me, an' life hasn't ever been the same since. I fell in love with her and I didn't dream of it then, but she fell in love with me, too. Then one day up the river, I found her sittin' on a rock. She had fallen off her horse an' she couldn't walk. Her horse went off somewhere. I tried to help her on my horse. She fell into my arms. That was too much."

Lany wiped his wet face with unsteady hands.

"I carried her home an' on the way, it all came out. I told her I was crazy over her an' I'd have to leave Wind River. She wouldn't hear of it. Since then we've met. Not often at first, but lately we had to see each other more. Then today, Amy frightened me out of my wits, as well as put murder in my heart. Grieve is a drunken beast. He beats her. An' she swore she'd not stand it any longer. She swore she'd tell him the truth an' leave him. She would have done that long ago but for the baby. When you came I was tryin' to persuade her to keep our secret, to stick for the baby's sake. I'd go way off an' never see her again."

Ames kept silent a moment after Lany's disclosure. What he felt most was great relief. Then a sadness pervaded his spirit. How could he help these lovers? What was right and what was wrong?

"Well, well," he began, somehow finding the old cool drawl, "that's not such a terrible story, except about Grieve bein' a brute. Is that so, Amy?"

"Yes, it is. Grieve drinks all the time," she declared, scornfully. "It's his life. Very often he gets dead drunk. That's the best part of it, for then I can put him to bed. But when he's half drunk, then he's—he's—oh, what can I call him?" she burst out in ringing passion. "A beast who beats me! A drunken brute! A dog!"

Lany, still holding the girl in his arms, turned with a face which thrilled and awed Ames.

"Arizona, for her sake, tell me what to do?"

"I reckon nothin' right pronto," replied Ames. "How old are you Amy?"

"Not yet twenty," she replied. "You're not of age. You're not your own boss, especially if your folks gave Grieve a guardianship over you."

"Father did just that. He sold me to Grieve. He owed him money—that I'm positive of. But I've never believed father could have done it if he'd known what Grieve really is."

"Ahuh. Then even if you run away Grieve could drag you an' the child back. If you'd stick it out till you're of age an' then leave, you'd have the best of him."

"More than a year!" she shuddered. "When now I know what love is. It's impossible, Arizona."

"How long is he goin' to be away?" queried Ames, ignoring her protest.

"I never can tell. When he says a week he comes back before. When he says a day or two he stays longer."

Ames rose to his feet. "Now do as I tell you. Say you won't tell Grieve nothin'. You'll be awful careful about meetin' Lany now while your husband is away. An' when he comes back you won't meet Lany at all or send him notes."

"Till when?" she asked, rising and looking up at him, her eyes singularly bright.

"Say as long as Grieve is away an' while he's home next time."

"Arizona, I promise. Cross my heart," she replied, smiling. "And during this time you'll find some way to help me and Lany out of this horrible mess?"

"That's my promise, Amy." he replied.

"How about you, Lany?" he asked, turning to the cowboy. "Shore you'll help Amy to keep this heah promise?"

"Arizona, I swear I will," rejoined Lany. His lips were pale and he swallowed hard.

"All right, children, I shore feel better," drawled Ames. "I'll leave you now."

And vaulting the log he hurried away round the thicket to his horse. Mounting, he cut off the trail to avoid meeting his young friends again, and was soon beyond the glade, headed down into the thinning forest.

**T**H E next evening Ames slumped in late to supper, minus his habitual cool and pleasant amiability. He swore at the cook, who appeared too surprised to retaliate.

"Lany, what's aillin' Arizonie?" asked one of the boys. "He aint like himself lately."

"Wal, if you ask me," spoke up Slim Blue, "I'll tell you Arizonie has got somethin' on his mind."

Ames finished his meal and stalked out on the porch.

"Say, have any of you suckers an idea how soon Grieve will be back?" asked Ames curtly.

No one replied promptly. Then MacKinney stirred the uneasy silence.

"Pard, we shure ain't," he said. "Figgerin' past performances I'd say he'd drive in tomorrow. If you'll excuse the loikes of me, Arizonie, I'd advise—"

"Aw, blab away, Mac," said Ames, as the other hesitated.

"Shure this ain't no blabbin' matter," returned MacKinney testily. "You ain't been in no humor lately to tackle the boss."

[Continued on page 86]

# The news spread swiftly —about the health value discovered in Japan Tea

*A safeguard against several common ailments—a precious food element—has been found in this familiar tea*

It has come as welcome news to thousands—the discovery of this simple safeguard against several common ailments.

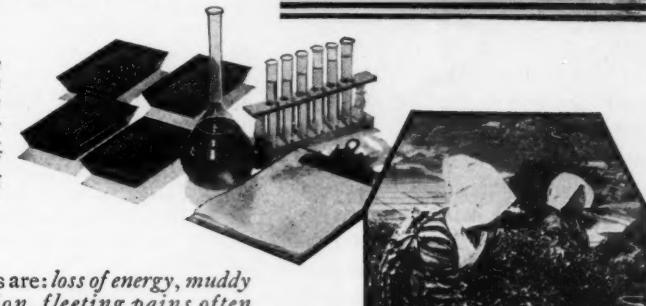
A precious food element which is entirely absent from most of the foods we eat, has been found by scientists in simple Japan green tea.

It is now believed that countless men and women are falling short of full, vigorous health because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important food element. A number of minor ailments have now been traced to this one simple cause.

"It now appears," writes a distinguished scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. Those



*In simple Japan green tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health-giving Vitamin C*



*Symptoms are: loss of energy, muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*

### *A simple precaution*

So many people suffer from loss of energy—are easily tired out and feel "run-down." Nervousness, sleeplessness, poor appetite, lethargy follow on lowered vitality.

Today there is a simple precaution that any one can take. The fragrant cups of Japan green tea which we all enjoy are certainly no "cure-all." But today Japan green tea is known to be rich in Vitamin C—a safeguard against these troubles.

### *Rich in this all-important element*

Only a small number of foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a few fruits and vegetables contain Vitamin C.

If you feel "run-down" and are easily tired out, if your mirror shows you a sallow skin, if you have occasional pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea regularly at lunch, at

supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of the rich supply of Vitamin C which it contains. Try this plan for two or three weeks. See if you don't feel and look more healthy—more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

**FREE** valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 746 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....



**READING  
TIME**  
**3**  
**MINUTES**

# a Vital Message to women who refuse to surrender to the years!

**I**NSTEAD of spending hours before the mirror or lying awake nights worrying about your looks, please spend three minutes reading the message on this page. It is written not to entertain or amuse you. Its purpose is to help you retain or regain the charm and loveliness of youth—to tell you how Helena Rubinstein preparations and methods can solve once and for all time all your beauty problems.

If you have been experimenting with numberless creams and "panaceas"—resulting in discouragement and disappointment, turn now to the preparations of Madame Rubinstein and let the creations of an acknowledged authority charge your skin with new life—renew its fine youthful texture—mould the contours of your face and throat to their former delicacy... Or if you are standing at the threshold of life, with the priceless heritage of youth still in your possession, safeguard it as your greatest treasure. Never barter your loveliness for the sake of cheap cosmetics. Let nothing touch your skin but the creams and lotions which Madame Rubinstein says are scientifically correct for your particular needs... Begin with the famous

### *Three Steps to Beauty*

1. For normal and oily skin—cleanse and animate the skin with VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—(1.00). A superlative cleanser that also revitalizes—soothes—protects—and restores a velvety texture to the skin. For dry skin—substitute VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM (.75 and 1.25).

2. For all skins—clear and stimulate with



VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN Food (1.00). This gentle bleaching and stimulating cream gives new life to tired skins; removes sallowness, muddiness, blotchiness, and restores the clear transparency of youth.

3. For normal and oily skin—tone and brace the tissues with VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION (1.25). Smoothes away wrinkles, tightens the tissues and restores their youthful elasticity. For dry skin—substitute VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION SPECIAL (1.25).

### *What Is Your Special Problem?*

"There is so much to tell, so much to tell," exclaimed Madame Rubinstein when asked what preparations to mention on this page. "The Three Steps to Beauty first and foremost of course—no woman should be without them. But also, I have prepared a scientifically correct preparation for every possible beauty need."

"For example, if you are embarrassed by oily skin, blackheads or large pores—I recommend that you use VALAZE BLACK-HEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE SPECIAL (1.00) instead of soap... Or if your skin is dry, lined or wrinkled—I recommend my VALAZE GREECAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM (ANTHOSOROS) (1.75)... For sagging contours—VALAZE CONTOUR JELLY (1.00)... But really, won't you write me personally or visit one of my Salons for complete advice?"

### *Cosmetics Are Equally Important!*

Helena Rubinstein's VALAZE POWDERS will delight you. VALAZE ROUGES and CUBIST LIPSTICKS will enchant you. And, oh!—the new BEAUTY BOXES are ready in time for Christmas! Compact, luxurious little cases fitted with wondrous beauty aids for the traveler. (5.50 to 45.00). Send for illustrated booklet or ask to see them at the nearest Salon or dealer.

\* \* \*

Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's "VOICE OF BEAUTY"—National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations—October 31, November 14 and 28, December 12 and 26 at 11:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time.

# Helena Rubinstein

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Philadelphia, 254 South 16th St. 670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago  
Boston, 77 Newbury St. Woman's Colony Club, Detroit

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Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons.

## ARIZONA AMES

[Continued from page 85]

"An' why not?" demanded Ames coolly. "If you an' the rest of your yellow outfit haven't the guts to call this man, Crow Grieve, it shore doesn't follow that I haven't."

"Listen to me, Arizone," spoke up Blue, with cool and deliberate force. "I reckon to you we are a purty yellow bunch an' mebbe thet crack is deserved. But the way Mac and I figger, an' thet holds fer most of us, Grieve is a nasty aggravatin' fellar to rile."

"Much obliged, Slim. I shore appreciate your warnin'," replied Ames, with sincere warmth. "I'm askin' you to overlook that mean crack. Reckon my nerves are on edge."

AS AMES left the porch to stroll down the dark road Slim Blue's voice trailed to him, but not its content. Ames had deliberately planted a germ among his fellows. Lany was the only one who might suspect Ames of deceit and he was so absorbed with the enchanted hours that he could not cease his dreaming.

Dust clouds down on the range the next day set him to wondering if the advance guard of Grieve's expected herds had arrived. Soon he espied a long string of cattle moving up toward the corrals.

When he rode round the barns to enter the wide open square between them and the bunkhouses, his quick eye noted many things. Grieve had returned; several buckboards stood with teams hitched to the rail; a group of men in plain garb were conferring on the porch. And lastly Ames observed with surprise that Mrs. Grieve was sitting alone in the farthest buckboard. She held the reins and waited.

Ames rode up, dismounted, and throwing his bridle he took off his sombrero to make Mrs. Grieve a bow.

"Good mawnin'," he said, with a reassuring smile. "Shore there's a lot goin' on around heah an' me missin' it."

"Good morning to you, Mr. Ames," she replied brightly, and she blushed becomingly.

Ames needed only one glance at Mrs. Grieve to reassure himself. She was a thoroughbred.

"Arizona, I can feel trouble in the air," she said in a low voice.

Grieve stalked over, a tinge of red under his dark skin, his large black eyes bright with suspicion and anger.

"Howdy, Grieve," said Ames, lazily.

"I wasn't aware you were acquainted with my wife," he declared.

"Shore I'm not. Course I know her by sight. I was just tellin' her what a nice lookin' girl she was."

"You're damned impertinent."

Ames had his cue in that. As if he had been stung he jumped clear of the buckboard.

"Who's impertinent?" he flashed, in a hot, loud tone. The sudden anger he meant to simulate actually became real with the explosion of his words.

"He was very courteous and polite," interposed Amy solicitously.

"You shut up," snapped Grieve. He failed to gauge Ames' motive, though he sensed one.

"Thank you, Mrs. Grieve," said Ames gratefully. "But I reckon you needn't apologize for me."

"Ames, if you address her again I'll—I'll bust your gabby jaw," declared Grieve stridently.

Ames regarded the irate rancher in silent disdain. The steady eyes of the cowboy, with their blue, gimlet-like flash, only inflamed Grieve the more.

"Ames, I don't hire you to make love to my wife. An' you're fired," exploded Grieve.

"Shore I'm not fired," returned Ames, quickly.

"What?" The rancher's voice grew thick. "I say you're fired."

"You caint fire me, Crow Grieve. I quit."

"All right. I'm damn glad to be rid of you."

"Well, that's a question. You're not rid of me yet. Not till I get my money. An' if what I heah is correct I'll get that about Christmas after next."

"Get off the ranch!" yelled Grieve, hoarse with rage, and he started to pass.

Ames struck him a quick light blow in the breast, not violent, but sharp enough to halt him in his tracks.

"Listen, Grieve, an' when I get through tellin' you why I quit, can go for your gun."

The ringing voice, with its thin, icy edge, left utter silence. Some of the older cowboys, notably Slim Blue and MacKinney, had sensed this climax. Grieve certainly had not, and his black face turned livid.

"I quit this mawnin' because I wanted to tell you just what a skunk of a rancher you are, Crow Grieve," went on Ames. "It's been my bad luck to meet a lot of rotten cowmen, but I never run into your beat. You're a cheap, two-bit, stingy buyer of cattle an' a horse thief, an' hirer of cowboys out of jobs. Grieve, you're a drunkard, a soot!"

As the breath-arresting denunciation ceased at last, Grieve, swaying with passion, lunged round the buckboard toward the porch.

"Hey, somebody slip him a gun," yelled Ames in a high-pitched voice.

All the movement there was among the few men still left on the porch was not forward, but backward. Grieve headed into the open door.

"Come on, you black buzzard!" and the rancher slammed the door.

Ames stood motionless, strained for a moment, then he relaxed. Presently Grieve appeared stalking away under the pines. Ames walked over to his horse, and as he took up the dragging bridle, he shot a flashing glance at the girl huddled down in the buckboard, her face as gray as ashes.

LATER that afternoon there came a thump of boots and jangle of spurs outside the bunkhouse.

"Hey, pard, air you home?" called a husky voice.

"I reckon, if you come careful," returned Ames.

Slim Blue entered with his hands up, and behind him came MacKinney, pale of face.

"Put your hands down, you fool," ordered Ames sharply.

"Wal, you said come careful," replied Blue.

MacKinney leaned against the bunk and gazed sorrowfully down on Ames.

"Shure now you've played hell."

"How so, pard?" drawled Ames.

"Same old story. You mosy into camp, make all the fellars loike you, then you throw a jolt into us an' ride away."

"Mac, I'm heah yet, an' if I've got Grieve figured correct you-all won't be lonesome for my society very pronto."

"Arizone, I'm quittin' an' Mack is, too, an' I'll bet most of the outfit is, put in Slim. "We'll never ride for Grieve again."

"Shore sorry to bust up the outfit, boys. I don't see no call for that."

"Niver mind us," interposed MacKinney. "But listen, pard. I'm shure

[Continued on page 88]

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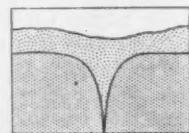
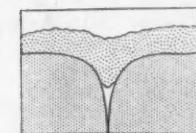
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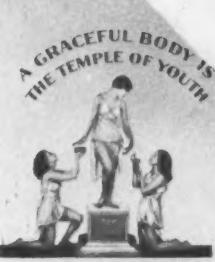
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# CHARIS

## ARIZONA AMES

[Continued from page 86]

advisin' you to ride in to South Fork an' wait fer Grieve there. Sooner or later he'll come, fer he has to have his licker. But hyar in his own backyard it shure ain't safe, Arizone. Shure he'll plug you from a distance."

"Reckon I was figurin' about that," replied Ames. "Wal, I'll hang around a couple of days anyhow, so he caint say he chased me away."

"Wal, so much fer that, Arizone," concluded Slim. "You want to watch like a hawk."

The cowboys lounged out, leaving Ames sitting there, watching through the door. Then Lany Price, white and shaken, accosted Ames.

"You done this for Amy an' me!"

"Lany, since you're such a darn smart boy an' have such a weakness for me, suppose you take a hunch from what Slim Blue said an' keep your eye peeled. Shore I haven't got eyes in the back of my head."

"I will, by Heaven," declared Lany desperately, and stalked out.

THAT night Ames went to bed early. The window was open. Ames' ear, developed in the backwoods, caught a faint swish of grass. Then a soft foot-fall outside. He was slipping off the bed when a light tap-tap sounded on the window frame. He knelt and whispered: "Who's there?"

"It's Amy," came a low whisper.

"Good Lord! What is it?"

Cold hands caught his as they rested on the sill, but they did not tremble.

"I've been barred in my room all day," she whispered, "or I'd have got you word. Grieve went out before daylight this morning. I didn't think till late to look for his rifle. It was gone. Then I realized he was out hiding somewhere, waiting for you. He just came in. I heard him stamping and swearing in the kitchen. So I slipped out of my window—"

"Amy, you're shore a brave kid," Ames whispered fervently, squeezing her hands. "But you shouldn't have taken such a risk. Run back now."

"Is Lany here?" she asked in an eager, thrilling whisper.

"No. He hasn't come in yet."

"Give him this." She loosened one hand and drew a letter from her dress. Then like a noiseless shadow she stole away in the gloom.

Ames gazed at the letter to assure himself of reality. "Shore she's a game kid!" he muttered. "Takin' a chance with that devil to warn me! An' to fetch a love letter to Lany."

The gray, gloomy hour before dawn found Ames stealing under the pines toward the ranch house. At the first streak of daylight he was in the shadow of the trees opposite the wide gate of the courtyard.

The bulky form of Grieve appeared in the gateway. Under his arm he carried a rifle. He moved cautiously, without noise, like a hunter. He looked up and down the lane, waited a moment. Then swiftly he started across for the shelter of the pines.

Ames stepped out, his gun leaping up. "Mawnin', Grieve!"

Grieve jerked in terrific shock. An instant he froze. Then as the mad blaze of his eyes set on Ames up he swept the rifle. Ames' shot broke the action. The rifle burst red and boomed, while the heavy bullet spangled among the branches.

Grieve took short steps, falling all the time, to plunge like a stricken bull. He struck the ground hard; his black hat bounced and rolled. He flopped to his back with a loud groan.

Ames stooped over the ghastly face. In a last black flash of consciousness Grieve's eyes rolled on his foe, grew blank and set.

A few minutes later Ames rode down the lane, past the silent bunkhouses, out toward the range, which was awakening to rosy beauty in the morning light. He did not look back. At the turn in the road he dropped his bridle over the pommel and bent his head to light a cigarette.

"Well, Cappy," he drawled to his horse, "reckon this ought to feel familiar to you. So go along. We'll shake the dust of Wyomin'. I shore hope Nesta never hears about it."

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

## SWEET ADELINE

[Continued from page 8]

*Wildflower*, Miss Marilyn Miller in *Sunny* and Miss Mary Ellis in *Rose Marie*. Somehow all his books for music shows kept to a thumping pace and actually boasted adherence to a plot capable of being followed by an audience possessed of rather more intelligence than might be found in the average lunatic asylum.

It was not until he fashioned *Show Boat* to Jerome Kern's music, when Florenz Ziegfeld produced the music version of Miss Ferber's charming novel, that the town began to notice his lyrics. There was no way of not noticing them. He had managed to make the songs for *Show Boat* sound as if they had been written before the Civil War.

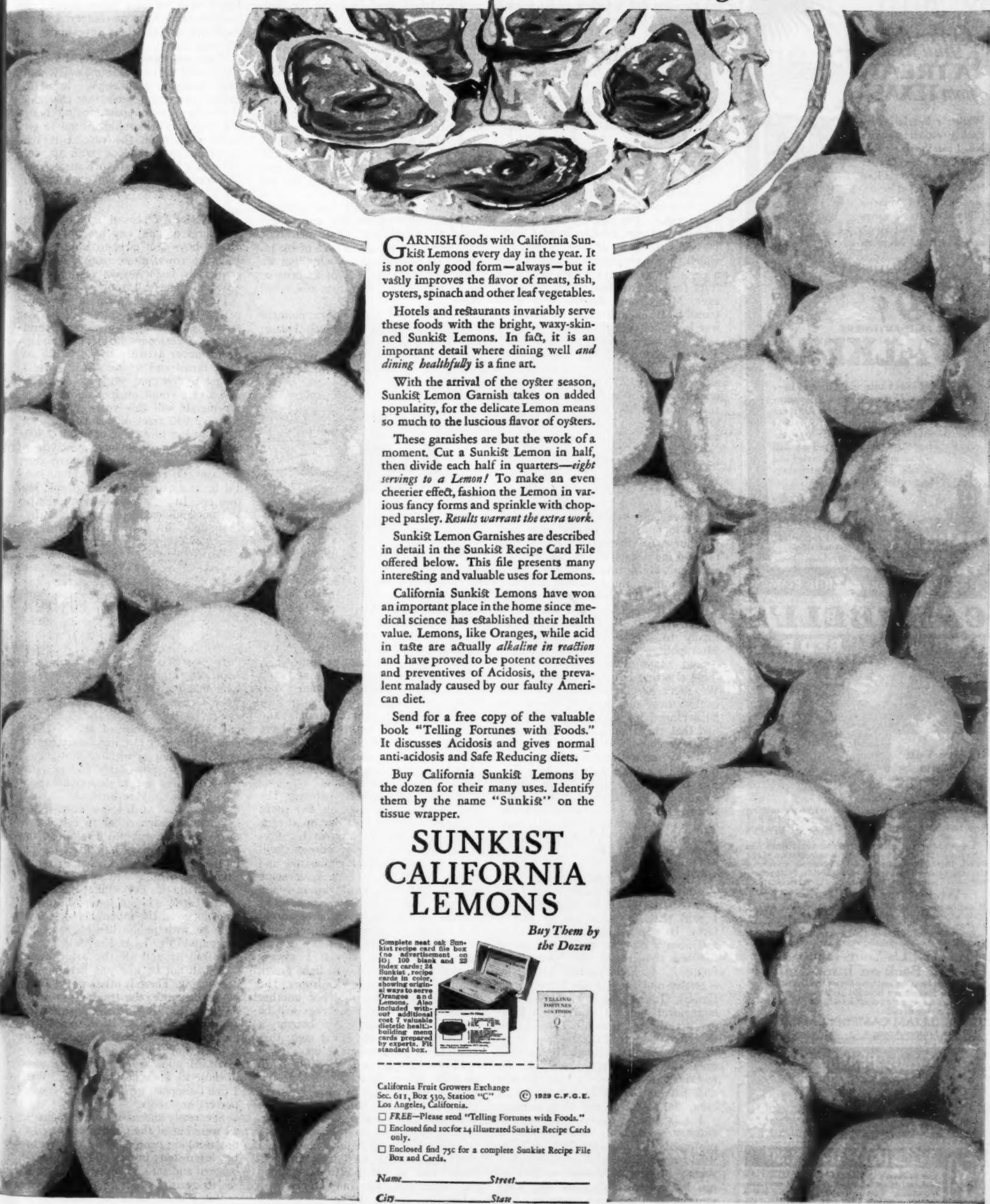
His new show is called *Sweet Adeline*. It is done in collaboration with the same Mr. Kern whose music gave *Show Boat* such charm. Their preoccupation with the American scene continues. This time Miss Morgan is a waitress in a beer garden in Hoboken in 1898; and her lover joins up in the Spanish-American War. This time another Hammerstein (his Uncle Arthur) has produced the piece with a lavishness that recalls the manner in which the late Russian ambassador signed

checks on the United States Treasury; and Mr. Kern has again demonstrated to the younger composers that you can't teach an old dog new tricks, for the simple reason that he already knows 'em. He has devised the most rousing male chorus of them all in a song called "*Out of the Blue*" and, following his practice of always throwing one hit at the audience within three minutes, (this, too, is a piece of effrontery in the music-show racket) he has Miss Morgan sing a hit in German.

*SWEET ADELINE* has definite plot and employment of suspense, with actually some tension as to which lover will eventually win the old-fashioned hand of the heroine. (Miss Morgan remarked in rehearsals that two more high C's and she would find herself at the Metropolitan Opera House.)

The lyrics again have the memorable charm that eventually drives us all crazy. The droll Charles Butterworth, who is only two years away from discovery now by the Number One Critics, supplies the comic relief; and Miss Irene Franklin is remarkably entertaining as the wife of a burlesque manager in the Hoboken of the dear dead Pilsener days.

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and the rest of the Talleys. My family are perfectly satisfied, but other people suspect that there's something back of my decision and they ask me over and over again, "But why? Why?"

Apparently I haven't been able to give any answer that satisfies them, so they supply their own. They say that I'm going to be married, that I've lost my voice, that I was dissatisfied with my contract or simply, "Oh, well, it's just a publicity stunt! She'll retire for awhile and then come back again!"

I have no thought of getting married and my voice is just as it always was.

Nor have I ever had occasion to complain about a contract. Singers at the Metropolitan do not dicker much about price. The officials settle those matters and one usually accepts their decisions because of the respect in which the Metropolitan is held. I had a perfectly satisfactory two-year contract for concerts, too, which my manager, Mr. George Engles, very generously cancelled because he found I was in earnest about retiring.

As regards publicity, I've never had a press agent and I've been photographed and written up so much ever since I was eleven that publicity is an old story to me. I honestly don't read most of the articles about myself. In fact, while I was working, I couldn't take the time.

The publicity that has come to me has come quite unsought. As a family none of us ever was ambitious for notoriety or even fame.

We try to do what we think is right and have been satisfied to enjoy ourselves in our home in our own way. Of course, happiness for my older sister and me always has included music and probably always will. Even when I was a little thing of five Florence used to play the piano for me to sing.

When the chance came for me to study in New York and Italy and finally to sign a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, we accepted as we have accepted everything else that has ever happened to us. We don't seem to have very much control over our destiny. Things are all arranged for us and we are satisfied that this should be so. We enjoy whatever comes.

We live as we always did, very simply. And we don't want anything else. For instance, we have never owned an automobile. Some people think that strange, but we have never felt the need of one. Perhaps we shall now that we have the farm. We don't know yet.

THE farm is at least one of the reasons for my retirement. When I announced that I was leaving the opera, I said that I was going to buy a farm. It was an old dream of ours, and always on tour we were hunting for one that might do. Now we've found it. It includes 960 acres and is twelve and a half miles from Colby, Kansas. In the East, it would be a very large farm, but out in Western Kansas, it really seems small. Those farms out there run to 23,000 acres, some of them. At that though, it's a five-mile walk around my place. The dimensions are a mile by a mile and half and 640 acres are in wheat, 40 in corn, 200 in barley and 80 in pasture.

I was offered farms all over the country as presents, but naturally I preferred to buy outright just as would anybody else. Fortunately, my singing brought in enough so that we can live comfortably, and still leave some in the bank for a rainy day.

## GOING HOME

[Continued from page 25]

Really to understand about my retirement and my dream of going back home to live on a farm, I suppose people would have to know the Tally family.

It is very hard for us to explain ourselves because we honestly can't see what there is that needs explaining. In spite of the surprise with which others view us, to ourselves, we seem so simple and normal. Certainly the things we care most about are simple home things. But we have a nice time wherever we are. Only it mystifies me when people talk about thrills and losing their heads and getting so excited about things. We are all very calm.

Mamma and Florence went with me on my concert tours and were interested in everything, as I was, too; but every one of us cut out of magazines and newspapers any clippings we could find with pictures of gardens or house furnishings or recipes and saved them.

We were not regretting a moment we were spending in travel, but at the same time we were all wanting a home and planning for it. And above everything we wanted a farm home!



We've talked so much about it that we know just exactly how the house we hope to build on the farm next spring is going to look. It will be two stories high and both it and the barn will be pure white, the house of stone or stucco with green shutters. The white will be so white that it will dazzle your eyes when the sun shines. There will be eight rooms and two bath-rooms—living-room, dining-room, kitchen and one bedroom and bath downstairs, and four bedrooms and bath upstairs. The bathrooms will have lavender and green tiles. I don't know whether lavender and green tiles are exactly suitable for the country, but we want that kind anyhow.

All the walls will be painted. The living-room will be big—oh, five times bigger than the one in our apartment—and there will be a great big fireplace. The kitchen and bedrooms will have lots of built-in cupboards and things. Maybe we'll even have some built-in beds—the kind you can pull out and push back when you please. Florence always says she hates an old bed out in the room.

One thing I want especially is bedrooms in different colors. I always wanted one soft rose, one light green, one blue and one yellow bedroom. The fifth will be green, too, but another shade. I think pretty rag rugs will be nice for the floors. We bought a needlepoint rug not long ago that Mamma is going to make up.

Florence and I will probably learn to milk, not to do it all the time but just so we will know how. I should have a nice herd of Holsteins or maybe Jerseys, whichever gives the most milk. And there'll have to be some horses to ride and lots of leghorn chickens. I don't much think we'll have an incubator. One of the prettiest sights in the world is a fussy mother hen with a brood of downy chicks.

Everything will be very up-to-date and worked by electricity wherever possible. I can already run the tractor, but I want to learn more about that and the other farm machinery. I think machines are the best investment in the long run.

When we were little girls, Florence and I used to visit Mamma's sisters on their farms in Kansas. We loved to gather the eggs, feed the chickens, drive the cows to pasture and bring our cups down at milking-time to get warm milk from the cow. I reckon farming's in the blood with us, for Mamma's father went to Kansas from Wisconsin when land could be bought for \$2.00 an acre.

**GRANDPA** "proved up" on 1,000 acres of land and brought up his fifteen boys and girls to till the soil, milk the cows, mow, reap and shuck grain. His farm always paid its own way and mine will, too.

It surprised me when it was suggested that I would probably be the feminine equivalent of a gentleman farmer. Gentlemen farmers, I understand, never actually live or work on their farms and seldom break even. I expect to live and work on my farm and also I count on it making money for me. It will this year—just think, we have 640 acres of beautiful wheat!

Colby is a nice town of about 2,500, and the young people have mostly been off to college and probably are very pleasant. Of course, I don't know how I'd be at a party of young people my own age. In New York, anyway, I'd be left out and considered just a flat tire, I suppose, because I don't drink or smoke or even dance.

When I was five years old, I used to imagine that somewhere there was a book where everything I was ever to do was written down in advance. Now that I'm older I don't see the book so clearly, but I still feel just as certain that everything I am to do is already settled for me.

It was that way about retiring. I had been thinking about a farm for a long time and about giving up singing. Then it came about that the time was fulfilled when it was all to be. At present, I have no idea of singing again except to finish out my two years of record making according to my contract. I must also study and practice for I do not want to disappoint those who care for my records.

But so far as I know now, I am never going back either to concert or opera. That is my entire mind on the subject. What may be written for me in that fateful book I used to see, I cannot say. But whatever it is, I shall have to do it. One thing I know, I can be happy without singing in public. I do not need the applause and acclaim that go with public life to make me contented. Yet I liked my work very, very much; and all the associations.

I shall not be idle just because I'm not singing. There is other work. There is, for instance, the tractor.

When the reporters came to our apartment after the first statement was given out, they talked to all of us for a long time and when they went to leave, Mamma shook hands with some of those we knew best, and said, "Well, I don't suppose we'll be seeing you reporters any more."

She really meant it for we believed we were out of the public eye for good, not thinking people would continue to be interested in us. The reporters laughed and said, "Don't worry! You'll see us again!"

But I don't think we shall.

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## The right way to redye Finest Silks

TEXTILE manufacturers always use special dyes for silk or wool. They know that is the only way to secure the most perfect results. The makers of Diamond Dyes are the first to enable home users to follow this plan.

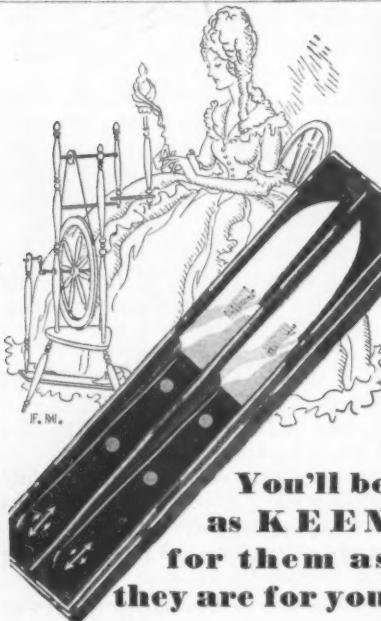
Next time you want to dye some of your more valuable articles of pure silk or wool, try the special Diamond Dyes in the blue package. They will give these materials clearer, more brilliant colors, with greater depth and permanence than any "all purpose" dye. These special Diamond Dyes are just as easy to use as ordinary dyes. Like the white package Diamond Dyes, they contain three to five times more anilines than other dyes. That's what makes

them go on so smoothly and evenly, without spotting or streaking. That's the secret of their brilliance; their resistance to sunlight, wear, and washing.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the highest quality dye prepared for general use. It will dye, or tint, silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon (artificial silk), or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye for silk or wool only—with it you can dye your valuable articles of pure silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk or wool. Your dealer has both packages.

## Diamond Dyes *Sun Proof*

EASY TO USE-BETTER RESULTS



You'll be  
as KEEN  
for them as  
they are for you

A charming presentation box . . . two keen paring knives . . . with stainless steel blades . . . nickel-silver rivets . . . and delft-blue Russite handles! ¶ Remarkable . . . for in Russite the color goes clear through . . . and it's permanent. Soak these knives in soapy water, hot water . . . you can't injure the handles. Non-inflammable, too, and hard to break. ¶ This get-acquainted box will be sent quickly if you mail us a dollar, bill, money order, or stamps. And then you'll go to your dealer for the rest of the Russite line.

**RUSSELL**  
GREEN RIVER  
CUTLERY  
JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY COMPANY  
Turners Falls, Massachusetts

Diamond Dyes contain 3 to 5 times more anilines than other dyes. And it's the anilines that count. They are the life of dyes; the source of their rich colors; depth, brilliance and permanence.

ALL DEALERS

15¢



**Snug, wee Blankets**  
stay new through hundreds of washings, if Lux is used," says New York's famous Maternity Center. "Lux has no harmful alkali, and with Lux there is no rubbing to make woolens harsh. The Center uses Lux for all of baby's things—clothes, bottles, toys, as well as blankets. Lux is not only gentle, but truly sanitary, because—unlike cake soap—the same Lux is never used twice."

## INTRODUCTION

[Continued from page 25]

"N-no, I don't believe so," then turned back to her poem.

Next morning at 7:30 when the first of the girl reporters arrived, she found the Talleys not yet up. For once they had allowed themselves to sleep past seven. They were rather mortified at such over-indulgence, but hurriedly rose and Mrs. Talley combed Marion's hair while the interview went on. The house was filled with flowers and since the family, like most families, had only a few vases, every cup and bottle in the house had been pressed into service.

In the confusion a bunch of orchids had been thrust into a milk bottle. The girl reporter didn't make any comment to the Talleys, but in her story she told all about the orchids in the milk bottle. Mrs. Talley got more excited about this than she had been about Marion's debut. She was afraid everybody would think the Talleys didn't know what orchids were.

I recall these incidents to try to give some picture of the family's simplicity and sincerity. So far as I can see, they are today the same real, unaffected folks they were when they came to New York. They believe in God, trust Him to look after them, and are not ashamed to admit their faith. They like work and are seldom idle. Luxury does not tempt them.

However, after a few moments, one of the call boys tapped on the door and said, "Mr. Gatti wants to know if Mrs. Talley won't come out in the wings and hear Marion sing her first opera in the Metropolitan."

Mrs. Talley looked up from her book, keeping her finger on the printed line where she had left off and said,

## SOUND AND COLOR

[Continued from page 8]

The Hollywood Revue has no plot whatever, which is a virtue; but it has some exceptionally catchy songs and hordes of chorus girls who are well trained, comely and nimble. There is no way of telling how many millions of dollars will be paid in at box offices of theaters where this opulent show is displayed; but those who are called upon to pay can be reasonably sure of getting their money's worth.

Another production which is due to be enormously popular is The Cockeyed World, a sequel to What Price Glory?, in which Victor McLaglen and

Edmund Lowe again appear as a pair of embattled Marines who are forever fighting with each other over some loose woman. In What Price Glory? there was a girl in the Philippines, another girl in China and a third in France. In The Cockeyed World, there is one in Russia, another in Coney Island and a third in the tropics.

The Cockeyed World is a slavish imitation of What Price Glory?, but it is well acted, well directed and, for the most part, powerfully funny. It should be avoided, however, by those who don't care to listen to rough talk.

## THE RELIGION OF YOUNG PEOPLE

[Continued from page 7]

accepted religious forms and customs as long as they were at home, but sloughed them off without a struggle as they entered the fraternity or sorority house, where religious rites are not a part of the daily routine. They follow the group with the craven conformity which is one of the sins of youth; everything from caps to catchwords is standardized.

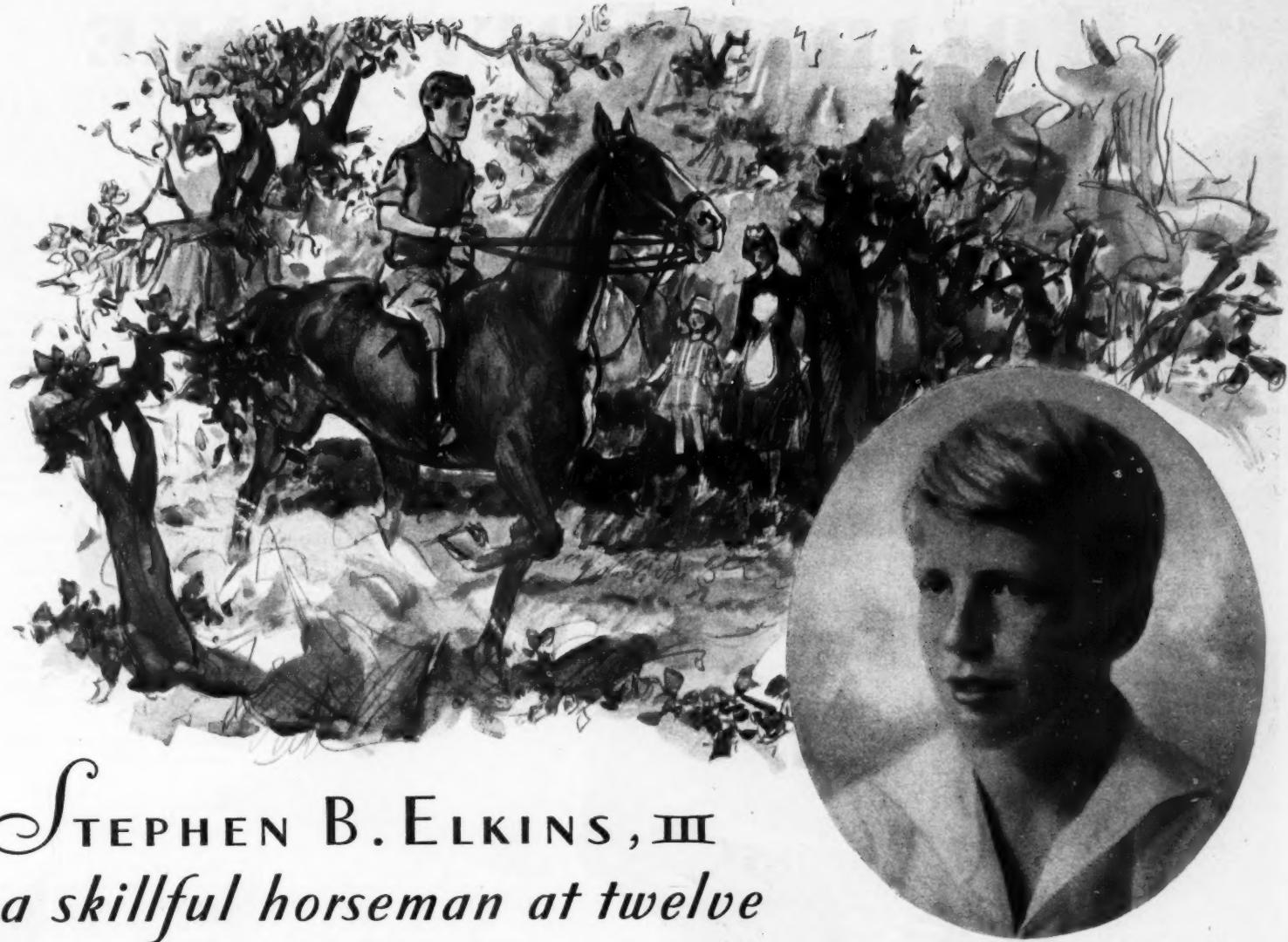
"Another group, however, are deeply troubled by intellectual difficulties in regard to inherited religious creeds. The more strict the homes from which such young people come, the greater the shock when they are plunged into the new thinking which modern science has created. Undoubtedly many in this group have renounced religious faith with a finality which will determine all future attitudes. Not a few are

the victims of teachers who are themselves in much the same state of mind, and are unable to discuss religious values without an animus which leads them far from the kind of scientific impartiality which they profess.

"After all the deductions are made, there remain two classes of religious students. One is the large number of young people who are not disturbed in any of the inherited traditions of the past. The faith of their fathers, alike in its excellences and its limitations, is their faith. The other and final group is made up of young folk, an increasing number, whose religious life finds its focus, fellowship and authority in the person of Christ; and they justify the assertion that the most vital and hopeful spiritual life of our time is in the colleges."

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## STEPHEN B. ELKINS, III ...a skillful horseman at twelve

*Protected since babyhood by  
this simple little care*

**H**E sits his horse like a southern gentleman—this tall blond boy of twelve.

Stephen B. Elkins, III has a right to his quality of distinction. He comes from a long race of "gentle folk." For years the name has meant wealth without ostentation, prestige without arrogance. For generations West Virginia has been represented politically by an Elkins.

Stephen has all a boy's enthusiasms—camping, football, basketball, and books of adventure. Rowdy, his terrier, can't go to his southern

boarding school with him. But his horse does go—and never gets a chance to eat his head off in the stable!

One reason why the boy is so strong and well is that his mother has always carefully followed the advice of famous child specialists. His outdoor life has been planned to give him a sturdy, robust body. His hearty boy's appetite has been led along the lines it should go.

### *A food to start the day right*

Physicians—and mothers—have long known that one particular food at breakfast means a good day's start for growing boys and girls. *Hot, cooked cereal.*

Always alert about her boy's régime, Mrs. Elkins sees to it that he

stows away his due portion, as physicians urge. Quite naturally it is the cereal called the children's own—*Cream of Wheat*, for years the choice of physicians.

"When Stephen was a little baby his specialist recommended *Cream of Wheat*," says Mrs. Elkins. "Stephen ate it regularly when he was small and we are just as careful about it now that he is a big boy."

Today the matter of eating cereal is being given new emphasis by men eminent in child care.

The Elkins' physician is one of a great group of distinguished men who approve this regular eating of *Cream of Wheat*. We recently made an investigation, in four cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto. 221 members of leading medical societies were asked their views.

Stephen B. Elkins, III is the son of Mrs. Kenna Elkins of Washington. In this boy's family there have been eleven United States Senators

*Every one of them answered that he approves Cream of Wheat.*

You probably know why. It's because *Cream of Wheat* is abundantly rich in the energy supply that energetic little minds and bodies clamor for. And because it is so easily digested that this energy is released with amazing speed.

Your boy and girl can join young Stephen in this important habit. Plan to start them off, regularly, with a good bowl of *Cream of Wheat*.

The *Cream of Wheat Corporation*, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The *Cream of Wheat Corporation*, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.



Stephen loves camping in the Maine woods and all sports. His dog, Rowdy, is usually to be seen with him

**FREE**—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked cereal* at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of *Cream of Wheat*. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION  
MINNEAPOLIS

DEPT. G-35  
MINNESOTA

Name of child \_\_\_\_\_  
First name \_\_\_\_\_ Last name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

To get sample of *Cream of Wheat*, check here \_\_\_\_\_

**CREAM OF WHEAT**



Stephen's favorite breakfast starts with *Cream of Wheat*—to help keep him hearty and robust

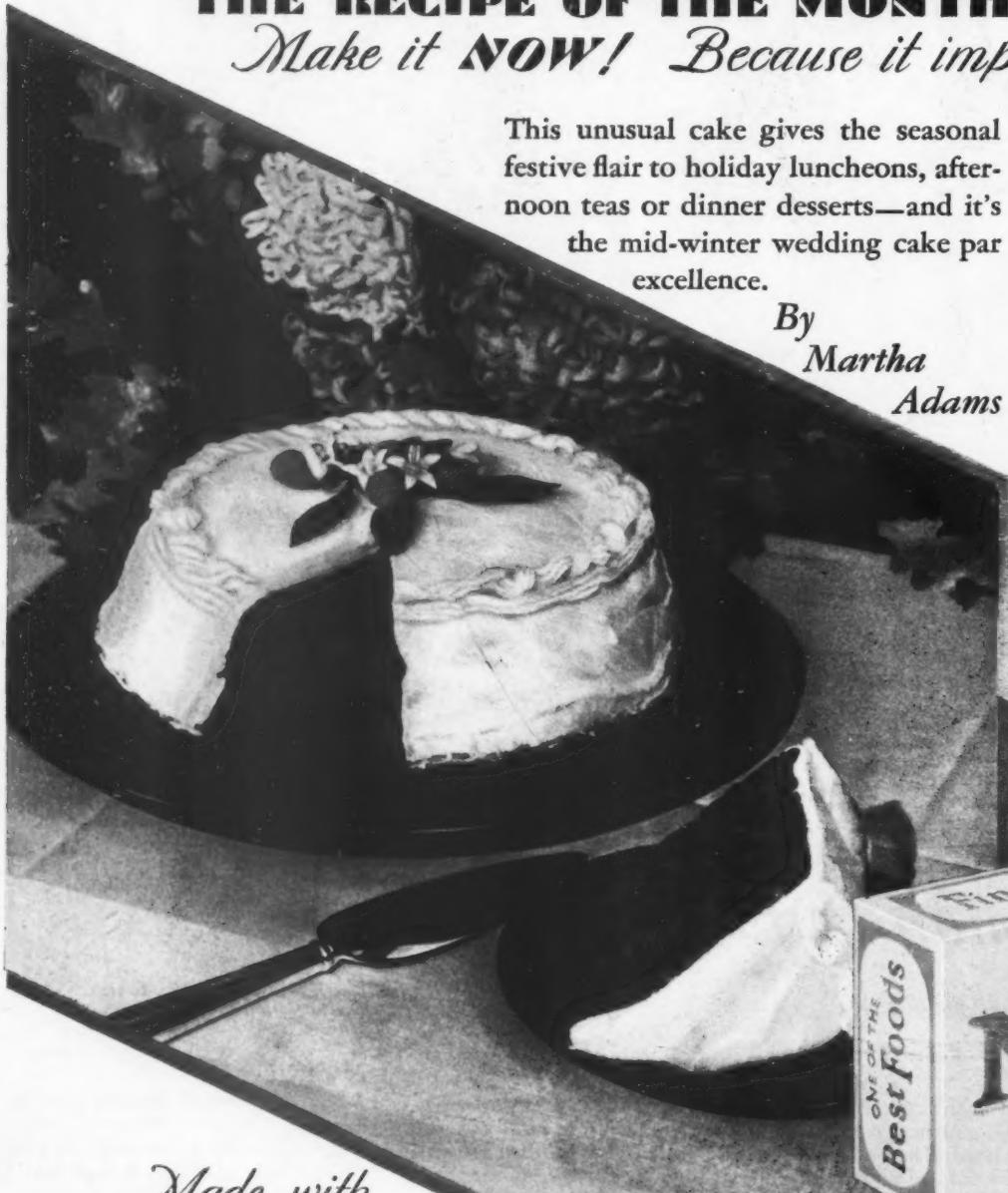
# HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKE

## THE RECIPE OF THE MONTH for November

*Make it NOW! Because it improves with age*

This unusual cake gives the seasonal festive flair to holiday luncheons, afternoon teas or dinner desserts—and it's the mid-winter wedding cake par excellence.

By  
Martha  
Adams



Made with  
Delicious Healthy  
**Nucoa**

Without Nucoa this marvelous holiday fruit cake of Miss Adams could not be what it is at all. It's the Nucoa, she says, that gives it its wonderful richness-without-heaviness; that makes all its other luscious ingredients combine so perfectly; and makes its frosting more delectable than any you have ever tasted before.

NUCOA is one of the Best Foods (all are shown at the right)—a family of exquisite pure food products made in the great sunlit Best Foods Kitchens—and delivered to you, fresh and delicious as when they were packed, by a nation-wide distributing system.

Fill out the coupon including your grocer's name and address and we will send you a copy of the new recipe book, "Three Meals a Day with Nucoa." The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

NUCOA is the ideal spread for bread. Give the children all they want—it is delicious and healthful—high in Vitamin C content.

© 1938 THE BEST FOODS INC. NEW YORK

## Best Foods

*The Mark of the Finest the Market Affords*

1 lb. Nucoa	1 lb. sultana raisins	1 package dates	1 grated nutmeg
1 lb. sugar	2 lbs. citron	1 small glass grape	2 tps. salt
1 lb. flour	1 cup black	or currant jelly	1 tsp. soda in 1
3 lbs. black	molasses	1 tsp. ginger	tbl. sp. hot water
raisins	9 eggs	2 tps. cinnamon	1 cup grape juice
1 lb. currants	1 small bottle maraschino cherries	1 tsp. cloves	

Cream the Nucoa and sugar, add the beaten eggs, molasses, salt and spices and half of the flour. Sift the remainder over the fruit which has been previously prepared and soaked in the grape juice. Add this to the batter a little at a time stirring it vigorously until thoroughly mixed. Last add the soda.

Bake in a 12-inch pan in a slow oven (325 degrees) for about four and one-half hours. Line pan with greased paper and place a pan of water in the oven with cake while baking. Cool in the pan inverted on a grid covered with a glazed paper. This makes a 12-lb. cake, three inches deep with a small loaf for testing.

Wrap this cake in a cloth saturated in cooking sherry or grape juice and store in a tin box till ready to use. Then cover it with the following frosting if desired.

### Frosting Recipe

Soften two cups of Nucoa at room temperature, roll and sieve 6 cups of confectioner's sugar. Add it a little at a time to the Nucoa and cream until perfectly smooth. Add

2 teaspoons of vanilla, 2 teaspoons of almond extract,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of salt and 4 tablespoons of cream and beat well.

Spread on cake after aging cake in saturated cloth.



The Best Foods, Inc.  
297 Fourth Avenue  
Dept. M-11-29  
New York City

Please send me a copy of the recipe book, "Three Meals a Day with Nucoa."

Name.....

Address.....City.....

Grocer's Name and Address.....

## WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA?

[Continued from page 19]

"Usually we see a civilization passing through three main stages. Take America, for instance: There is the pioneering stage of fighting for and settlement of the land. Then comes the commercial-industrial stage. Woods are cleared; natural resources are tapped; wealth accumulates. Then, last appears the cultural stage.

"Look at the analogy of ancient Greece. There was first the Age of Agamemnon, the fighting, heroic age. Later came the Age of Solon, the law-giver, one of the seven wise men of Greece. Now what was Solon but a financier, a merchant, a business man? In short, wealth accumulated to such an extent that it ceased to be interested in itself, in mere wealth.

"It was afterward that came the era of temple-building, of great statues, of great drama—the Age of Pericles. The cost of producing the great dramas, free to the populace, was generally borne by some rich man—precisely as Adolph Lewisohn built the stadium, as he and other rich men provide the great outdoor concerts in New York City. As Rockefeller has endowed the Rockefeller Institute and other great medical and educational projects.

"Which means that we in America are now beginning to pass from the second to the third stage; from the commercial to the cultural. The stadium concerts are an example—popular audiences and a rich contributor.

**T**HREE are many signs visible today that America is culturally hungry. As we look at Europe, at the French, for instance, or the English, they do not appear to us as hungry and eager to learn. Perhaps Russia alone in Europe is culturally hungry today."

Neither Dr. Durant nor Mr. Walter Lippmann is outstandingly an optimist. Indeed, one reason why these men, so widely divergent in their work and thought were selected, is because none of them are optimistic boosters for either present or future. Yet listen to Mr. Lippmann.

He had mentioned that one of the faults of the American people is our lack of the consciousness of greatness.

"Do you mean," he was asked, "the consciousness that we are about to be great?"

"Yes. That consciousness concerning us, curiously enough, exists already in high degree throughout Europe. The greatness of America is better appreciated there than here."

We are living, he believes, in a time when great things are achieved; when new ways of thought and feeling originate.

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, I can't guarantee it," was the answer. "We don't know much about the causes which produce great epochs. There is no science of history, because history does not really repeat itself. But we can say, I think, that many of the elements which seem to go with such great periods are present in America now. A great surplus of wealth. That means leisure. It also means the power to draw toward ourselves artists, thinkers, inventors, from all parts of the world. An enormous political prestige. A commerce of ideas

and goods extending everywhere. A mixture of peoples, which may be corrupting, but may also be fertilizing. Great self-confidence. Physical courage as yet unimpaired by soft living. A dissolution of the old folkways; and in its train curiosity and hospitality to new ideas. Aren't these the more obvious ingredients of greatness in a civilization? How they combine to produce greatness I haven't an idea."

**I**S IT not amazing how these two, the philosopher and the editor, neither of whom knew that the other was speaking, supplement each other, like characters in a well-made play?

"History does not really repeat itself," said Mr. Lippmann. And Dr. Durant, to the same question replies:

"We shall not exactly repeat any previous culture—for no culture does exactly repeat. Greece was supreme in sculpture; Egypt in architecture; the Renaissance in painting. Perhaps we shall have to develop an art of our own.

"I do not decry the rich, because I look upon our rich men, even on those who do not see beyond their own wealth, as a necessary stage or bridge to the next, the cultural stage.

"Let me illustrate what I mean: John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has already found that wealth is not enough. His attitude, his life and his benefactions already show that. It is quite possible his son will discover that science is not enough. At present science is frequently misused. Democracy is responsible for that misuse. President Hoover seems disposed to use science rightly. But President Hoover is an epochal exception. In general, democracies don't get chief executives as able as Hoover."

Now, this picture of our ultimate future is sufficiently inspiring to thrill anyone. Nevertheless the interviewer was troubled by a doubt. What of our human material? What about our Babbitts? Are we still mostly Babbitts? To be sure, in Sinclair Lewis' latest novel, Samuel Dodsworth appears as a somewhat more de-luxe edition of Babbitt; a Babbitt, who in the slang phrase, is getting wise to himself, who is becoming more conscious that neither he nor his beloved town of Zenith is the center of the universe.

"Is Babbitt still alive today?" I asked Mr. Lewis.

"Certainly!" was the quick response. "He is alive because George Babbitt was only George Babbitt, not the whole country of business men. I surely never said he was. Just as when I wrote *Elmer Gantry*, I meant only that particular individual, Elmer Gantry, not every preacher or clergyman in America. He was one character, not a whole class.

"That is the danger of generalizations. You cannot generalize about America, because you can prove anything about it you want to prove. Pittsburgh, Arizona, the bayous of Louisiana, the prairies, all are vastly differing sections of America.

"Descend in Arizona and you will say America is the most hospitable country in the world. Walk down Bellevue Avenue in Newport, or Park

[Continued on page 96]



## Childish hurts are easily mended



**Bumps and Bruises, cuts and scratches, they're an inevitable part of childhood's activities. Let the children race and play—it's good for them—but keep a jar or tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy to mend the little hurts that are sure to come.**

"Vaseline" Jelly is a pure mineral substance that is particularly healing and soothing. Here are directions for its use for many of the emergencies mother must meet every day.

**Minor Cuts**—Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

**More Serious Wounds**—Sterilize with an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly, bandage lightly.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1929

**Vaseline**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
PETROLEUM JELLY

**Burns and Scalds**—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

**Blisters**—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

**Bumps and Bruises**—Apply cold compresses immediately, then dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

**Chafing**—After the baby has had a bath, smear a little "Vaseline" Jelly over the chafed parts. This treatment relieves the soreness, helps heal the irritation.

**Colds**—Take a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly on the finger tip and gently massage the bridge of baby's nose. This relieves the stuffy feeling. For the older child, a little snuffed up the nostrils relieves head congestion, and a half spoonful taken internally will soothe sore throat and coughs.

## ALAS!

**Where is the happy little person who starts Christmas Shopping so gaily**



Footsore and weary she's home again—just about as tired as she ever was in her life. Isn't that just the way with your Christmas Shopping? You think it is going to be such fun. But the hurrying, pushing crowds, the endless walking, waiting, standing in store after store, the fruitless search for the gifts you want—what hectic days!

**Dear little person, why do you put up with such nonsense**

Let Daniel Low come to your rescue this year. We know just what you want. You can sit in a fine big comfy chair—don't have to stir a step—open wide our catalog, your gift shop. And before your face and eyes will appear this year's smartest gifts. Get tired? Not possibly! You will be as fresh when you finish as when you started. You will have found just the gift you want for everyone, and often for less than you expected to pay. Your entire Christmas Shopping will soon be over. Simply great, isn't it?

### Don't hesitate

Modern life makes many demands on energy. So smart women now save themselves by going shopping "on Daniel Low" instead of on foot! Make your start. Send for our complete catalogue. You will not be obligated in any way. If you do buy, we will deliver your gifts free. We guarantee safe delivery and we will refund your money in full on any gift you return for any reason whatsoever.

Send for complete catalog 184 pages. Contains over 6000 gifts to choose from.



#### Just send coupon below

Be honest. Wouldn't you like to try this tireless way of shopping? You would. All right. Just mail the coupon below to us.

### Daniel Low's Gifts for 62 years

DANIEL LOW & CO.  
207 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Here's my address. I'd like to try the easy way this year. Please send me your 24-page advance booklet of Christmas Cards and Newest Small Gifts by return mail, and your 160 page catalogue just as soon as published, November 1st.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Please print name and address \_\_\_\_\_

## WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA?

[Continued from page 95]

Avenue in New York, and you will tell a very different story. There are many differentiating influences; and climate is one of them. The air of the northern part of our country gives men a fabile energy, frequently futile. It makes us a nervous people. The purpose of writing *Main Street*, of all my books, paradoxical as it may seem, was to say, 'Go slow.' The hustler is a dull person. He has no time to live."

"And is Main Street still Main Street?" he was asked.

"Yes. Only it is duller today than it was even when I wrote about it. More and more the older people, the pioneers, have died off, while the younger, the more energetic, have gone away to the cities. In the cities, however, there are marked signs of improvement. The cities resent change and intellectual progress less."

REMEMBERING that *Main Street* was published but nine short years ago, and *Babbitt* only seven; remembering, too, how slowly social history and, indeed, all human history moves, these observations upon the part of their author seem remarkable. He has recently returned from a sojourn abroad.

"In all America," he continued, "there is an optimism often obstreperous, yet very healthy. The depression of the young men in Europe is one of the outstanding facts observable. People say we Americans are disillusioned. You ought to see the Europeans. 'What is the use?' the younger people seem to say? 'By the time we lift ourselves out of this slough of despond, our country will have another war and we shall have to go, be maimed, killed, destroyed.'

"To me it seems remarkable, not that a young man in say, Austria, should commit suicide, but that he should go on living at all. In America, on the other hand, there is a general feeling that we can do the things we haven't yet done. That if we have made mistakes, there is a chance to correct them. Though this optimism, it is true, sometimes expresses itself objectionably, by bragging. It's like dugnacity. Pugnacity is a form of courage, but a very bad form."

"In Europe," continued Mr. Lewis, "the more intelligent the person the less hope he has of the future. Here in America, the young carry a spirit of hope and optimism unknown in Europe."

Hope, optimism, a belief in the future—these are what the author of *Main Street* and *Babbitt* finds in America today.

Mr. Lippmann believes that to some extent we fail to recognize our imposing destiny because we are too close to it.

"Partly because the details of greatness are usually less inspiring than the large outlines. Then, too, there is a good deal of pain and trouble about getting born. The imaginative writers, the ones who make a people conscious of itself, have been preoccupied for the last ten years with Mrs. Grundy and George F. Babbitt."

"Just what do you mean by that statement?"

"I mean," he explained, "that Mrs. Grundy and Babbitt have for ten years been such gigantic figures in the American imagination that they have shut out the horizon. They are the two outstanding figures in our current mythology."

It will be seen that Mr. Lippmann takes Babbitt even more seriously

than does his own creator. Mr. Lippmann, unlike Mr. Lewis, views Babbitt as the rest of us view him—not merely as the individual character, but as a widespread American type. It is sometimes difficult for the artist to realize the magnitude of his own creation. Both Babbitt and Mrs. Grundy, to Mr. Lippmann, represent real things in America. What things? His answer is eloquent:

"Exceedingly unpleasant aspects of the transition from an America dominated by the rural and provincial culture to an America tending to dominate the world through the example of the industrial revolution. What is Mrs. Grundy? She is Main Street preaching to Broadway. What is Babbitt? Main Street trying to be Broadway. Mrs. Grundy, Babbitt, they do not symbolize any of the deeper tragedies of the human spirit. They represent a vast number of people who are compelled to live, but have not yet learned to live, in the modern American world."

We italicize this sentence because to us it seems at once supremely true and explanatory. Considering that we have recently entered and are still immersed in the greatest social change in any single generation, what Mr. Lynd calls "the maximum of social change," it would be astonishing if all of us could adapt ourselves with equal rapidity.

"The irritating thing about Mrs. Grundy," pursued Mr. Lippmann, "is that she is forever trying to meddle in affairs she does not understand. The pathetic thing about George F. Babbitt is that he drifts along on the fads and fashions of a current without knowing where or why he is going. The dignity of Mrs. Grundy lies in the fact that she holds fast to the remnants of a noble tradition. The indignity of Babbitt is that he has no tradition of any kind; and that in consequence he occupies a point in space, but none in time.

YET neither Mrs. Grundy nor Babbitt is so important as they have been made out to be; and it is rather unimaginative to magnify them till they darken the whole horizon. The forces that Mrs. Grundy represents so loudly and often so unpleasantly are most certainly on the decline. All the material changes in America, from concrete roads to pajamas, are against Mrs. Grundy. They are altering irrevocably the ways of life in which all that Mrs. Grundy stands for once flourished. As for Babbitt, he is simply the first generation of men living in the new industrial system, but not at home in it. That is why he is so tiresome and absurd. But his son's sons will be at home in it, and will not be absurd. They will in fact be civilized, if to be civilized means to understand and be at ease with your ways of living."

But, lest the picture here presented appear too glowingly rose-colored, there is Mr. Lynd still in reserve. In the extraordinarily able book, *Middletown*, Mr. and Mrs. Lynd have made a thorough study of an anonymous mid-western town of approximately 40,000 population, that had changed from an agricultural county seat of 6,000 in 1885, to the present aggressive industrial city.

Now, in Middletown, we must admit many of the things for which Sinclair Lewis ridiculed Gopher Prairie and Zenith are still glaringly apparent.

[Continued on page 98]

## POST Toasties

*The  
Wake-up  
Food*

...oven-crisp  
flakes rich in  
quick new energy

FOR BOYS



AND GIRLS



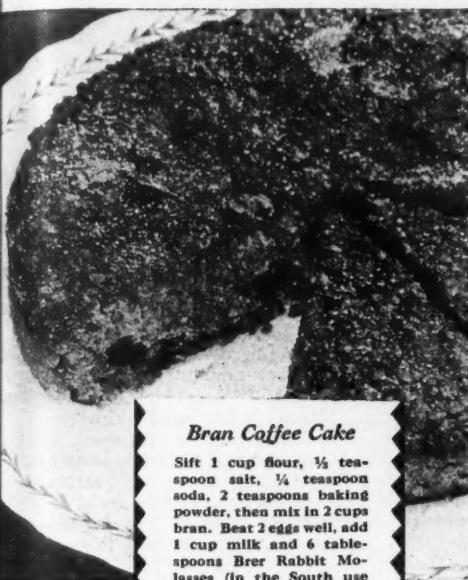
AND YOU!



© 1929, G. F. Corp.

# Have YOU Molasses Recipes

*as good  
as these?*



*Bran Coffee Cake*

Sift 1 cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, then mix in 2 cups bran. Beat 2 eggs well, add 1 cup milk and 6 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup). Combine the two mixtures. Add 3 tablespoons melted shortening and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup raisins. Pour into greased shallow pan. Sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). If served warm tear apart gently with forks.



*Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake*

Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in iron skillet. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Brer Rabbit Molasses,\* heat to boiling point. Remove from fire. Strain juice from can of sliced pineapple and fit slices into bottom of skillet. Fill spaces between with broken nut meats and raisins. Sift together 1½ cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each, cloves and nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Stir in 1 beaten egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Brer Rabbit Molasses.\* Add dry ingredients, mix. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water, beat well, then pour over slices of fruit. Bake 30-35 min. in moderate oven (350° F.). Turn out on serving plate, fruit side up. \*(In the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup.)



*Molasses-Raisin Nut Bars*

First sift 2 cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar; beat until light. Add 1 beaten egg, mix well, then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup.) To this mixture add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup chopped raisins or dates. Spread very thinly in shallow pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Cut in bars 3 inches long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. Makes 4 dozen.

## READ THESE SIMPLE RULES CAREFULLY

- 1 Send as many recipes as you wish. Where the recipe is an old one give its history, if possible.
- 2 Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Print your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.
- 3 Write in ink or use a typewriter. Write on one side of the paper only.
- 4 In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
- 5 It costs nothing to enter this contest. It is requested that you send with your recipes the label from the can of molasses you always use, although this is not a requirement for entering the contest.
- 6 Contest closes December 1, 1929. Letters postmarked after 12 midnight, December 1st, will not be considered.
- 7 Prize winners will be announced early in March. Every woman competing will receive a list of the winners by mail. Local newspapers will publish the prize recipes together with the names of the women who sent them in.
- 8 Address all entries to Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.

## Good old-fashioned New Orleans Molasses in two grades

Tantalizing New Orleans Molasses with that old-time plantation flavor—that's Brer Rabbit! It comes packed in two grades: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses. Green Label—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses just right for gingerbread and general baking purposes. Both grades are packed by the best modern methods. They are specially tested for uniform quality and fine natural flavor.

## \$500 FOR RECIPES

*Send yours . . . 39 chances to win!*

**\$150 First Prize; \$100 Second Prize**

**\$50 Third Prize; \$25 Fourth Prize**

**35 Prizes of \$5 Each**

OF course you have at least one molasses favorite among your pet recipes—perhaps you have several! Send them in! You have just as good a chance as anyone to win one of these prizes!

Here's a contest you'll love to take part in. A chance for good cooks everywhere to share their favorite molasses dishes with others . . . and win a prize at the same time!

**What to Send:** There's nothing complicated about this contest. You can send in any sort of recipe you please provided it is for a tempting molasses dish that is practical and economical to prepare. Cookies, cakes, pies, puddings, breads, muffins, candies—any and all of the tantalizingly good foods molasses helps to make! Brand new and original recipes you have worked out yourself . . . old-fashioned favorites your family has treasured for years! (Many of these old recipes are popular today because they never have been bettered.) Send them in—new—old—or both!

**How the Prizes will be Awarded:** All the recipes will be selected by the following committee of cooking experts: Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute; Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cook-

ing Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management. Prizes will be given for the recipes which best fill these points: 1. Originality. 2. Flavor. 3. Ease in making. 4. Economy. 5. Attractiveness. The recipes will be judged entirely on their own merits. It is requested that you send with your recipes the label from the can of molasses you always use, although this is not a requirement for entering the contest.

**Send in your recipes early:** December 1st, 1929, is the closing date. Read the simple rules on the left and get your recipes in early. Remember, it costs you nothing to take part . . . and you have 39 chances to win a cash prize! Address Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.



# \$100 FOR YOUR CHURCH

**More Than 10,000 Churches Have Been Helped**

WOULDN'T you be proud to be able to give your church a gift of \$100 or more? Wouldn't you personally or a committee of your society in the church be glad to learn of a new plan that is easy, pleasant, and dignified; a plan that eliminates the distasteful soliciting for funds which so often has to be done?

There is such a plan, the McCall CHURCH PLAN, under which more than ten thousand different church societies have secured funds in varying amounts, some over \$900.00. Large church or small, in big city or tiny village, no matter what the denomination, this plan is open to you.

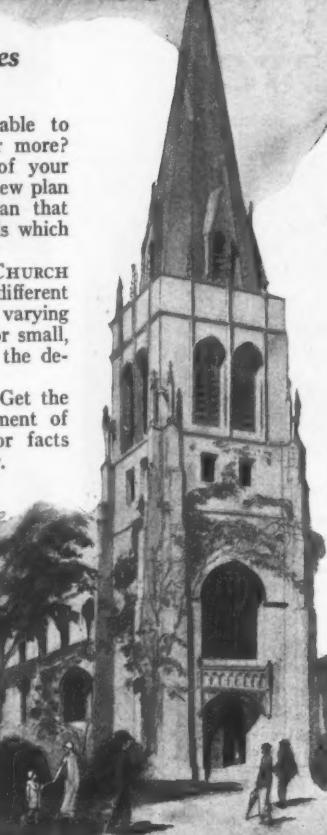
Send for the facts about this \$100 plan. Get the information at least. Remember no investment of any sort is required and you may ask for facts without incurring any obligation whatsoever.

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about the McCall \$100 Plan for Churches.

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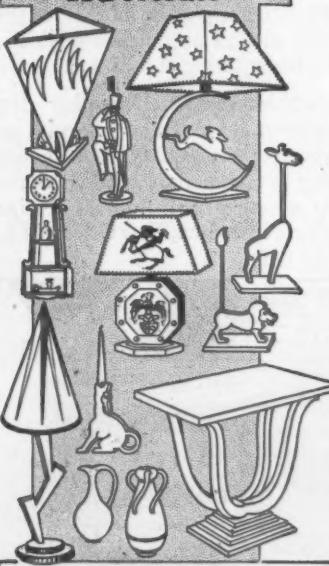
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to make money in a delightful, dignified way—without leaving your home. By decorating charming giftwares! Our method is so simple! No tedious study—you learn by doing! You begin to make money right away! Our members are making hundreds to thousands of dollars—in spare moments. Orr Scott cleared \$1000.00 in one month. You can devote no much time as you wish.

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Wonderful Fireside Book showing home decorations in full and charming colors. Fill out and mail coupon and we will send you this fine book FREE—immediately—without any obligation. Send for it now!

## WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA?

[Continued from page 96]

There we see strikingly the unease and maladjustment that the rapidity of our recent and present social changes is forcing upon parents, as well as upon their children. When Mr. Mencken read *Middletown* he leaped upon it as confirming all that he had been saying for the past twenty years about what he calls our American "boobos."

THE picture as a whole, however," replies Mr. Lynd, "is a mistaken picture if it does not show both sides.

"For instance, we see Middletown mothers spending far more time upon their children, being more preoccupied with their health and rearing and preventive medicine, than their mothers had been able to do. That, clearly, is one example, and a very important one, of adjustment to modern ideas of living. So far as the demand of the Mothers' Council for religious instruction in the schools is concerned, they are living in their parents' era. The result is, a social problem arises. This is an era when many difficult social problems keep arising not only in Middletown, but throughout America.

"The home situation may be compared to a wall of which the second tier of bricks projects outward, and the tier above that projects still more. So that the bottom tier no longer supports the others solidly. For an example, say the traditional attitude is at variance with the paired young people in parked automobiles along the roadside. At once a social problem arises."

The problem there is one, probably, that Mr. Lippmann would class as coming into the domain of Mrs. Grundy. It is none the less a problem. By way of illustrating the different eras in which we are often compelled to live in this age of lightning change, Mr. Lynd cited this example:

"The general use of the toothbrush is distinctly a 20th century fact. The religious form to which the users adhere is, say, 400 years old. The hymns they sing are, perhaps, of a hundred years ago. The school curriculum of the children is, shall we say, 25 years old. So, you see, the people involved are living in different eras at one and the same time. Inevitably social problems arise."

Mr. Lynd then poses a question that he would like to see answered:

"To what extent is the reader allowing religion or education, on the one hand, or the rapid modern changes, on the other, to make for effective living?"

Clearly, this is no easy question, and at times it faces all of us with an imperious demand for decisions.

Obviously, the problem of leadership is of immense importance to us all. Dr. Durant told us that President Hoover is "an epochal exception." More and more, it appears, we must learn to pick epochal exceptions.

"We know," says Mr. Lynd, "that the ablest business men, the ablest lawyers among us do not want political office."

Mr. Sinclair Lewis makes the same observation:

"One thing," he said, "sharply noticeable to anyone returning to America after an absence is our complete lack of interest in politics. Here we are interested not in government, but in legislation. Legislation for our class, our industry, our trades' union or our business. We continue to delegate politics to the professional politician, possibly because our economic structure

is as vast as our country. But in England, for instance, everyone is always vitally interested in politics. By consequence it is a worth-while career for the ablest of its citizens."

Mr. Lynd, who likes making statements less than to ask questions, wishes to present these queries to our vast number of communities:

"What people are the ones who Middletown and similar communities are willing to accept as their leaders? "Who are the people who Mrs. Henry Jones, of North Walnut Street, Middletown, is willing to have her in her problems, or to lead her movements?"

"Would it not be a healthy thing for each community to take stock of all the expert knowledge at its command? The minister meets with resistance. But so does the trained social expert who meets with the lingering pioneer ideal—I can do anything that is necessary."

The reference to the lingering pioneer ideal, recalls the question on this subject put to some of the other writers.

"Growth," said Sinclair Lewis, "is the foremost ideal in America. It is still chiefly material, industrial and commercial growth. But eventually it may lead to the ideal of intellectual and spiritual growth."

In the matter of guidance and direction toward a greater destiny and a higher culture, however, the suggestions are few. Dr. Durant alone makes a direct statement.

"The best way," he said, "to exercise guidance and direction is for rulers, those who govern, to know and associate with, and to listen to, great writers, thinkers and philosophers. Writers and thinkers do not always make good executives—indeed, very seldom. But they are men of ideas; and rightly disposed executives can profit by them."

"That, for an example, was one reason for the greatness of the Age of Pericles. Pericles was the indomitable ruler and his closest associates were the artists, thinkers, philosophers and historians of his time. In general, however, it takes seven or eight centuries for a civilization to come to its peak. Our American civilization still has some centuries to go before it will reach that point."

SO IT is that four widely separated writers, thinkers, students, combine with singular unanimity in showing us—

That America is now entering upon a destiny so great as already to arrest the attention of the world.

That the genuine optimism that pervades us is based not alone upon our great material prosperity; but upon a feeling of movement toward greater things, to a far higher level of culture, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, than any we have yet attained.

That though the transition from the old and haphazard is often exceedingly difficult, it is being made at a rate of speed probably unprecedented in any age or country.

That though we, as a nation, are as yet naively unconscious of greatness, we are moving toward greatness far more rapidly than the mere biological development of human beings would make it seem possible.

And all this comes not from professional "boosters" of America, but from careful thinkers among whom are some of our severest critics.

# The radiant charm of true cleanliness . . .

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**TRUE** cleanliness comes only through attention to the little details of the toilette so often neglected—or misunderstood. Beautiful clothes and dainty cosmetics, in themselves, cannot simulate the charm of the woman who gives her body meticulous care. She has the health and vivacity on which real charm depends.

Feminine hygiene is a delicate matter. Incorrectly practised, it may do more harm than good. But it need not be misunderstood by any woman. A woman physician has written a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." In simple language it sets forth the facts and rules of personal hygiene. It is offered to you, free, by the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Just send the coupon below.

But while waiting for the booklet to arrive, do not experiment. Do not follow mistaken advice. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. It has been standard for this vital purpose for 40 years. It is used by hospitals and physicians. Complete directions come with every bottle.

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To be modern is to stay young. To stay young is to court the great outdoors, the open spaces—despite the wind and wet and weather. But remember your skin—guard it—save it—entrust it to Frostilla.

This famous fragrant lotion—tried and proven for over fifty years—is a loyal protector against coarsening, aging, drying "chaps". Stroke it on the face, hands, lips—in the morning. It will make your skin safe for the day's exposure. Pat it on again at night. It will be a soothing restorative to the most wind-nipped, dust-dried complexion.

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**FROSTILLA  
SAVES YOUR SKIN**

## NINA

[Continued from page 27]

and others who forgot that and talked with admiration of her courage and of her kindness to her father.

The talk was at its loudest when Naye, his brother and Nina drove in their one-horse tent wagon in front of the inn to say goodbye to the inn-keeper. They were driving further on.

Radu, a young peasant, came out and, looking at Nina, said to her: "And so you are the one! Lucky for you I was not there."

Nina sprang down from her seat. The young peasant was a head taller than she, and his blue eyes did not flinch as she stared into them angrily.

"And what if you had been there?" Nina called.

RADU burst out laughing. "What a handful of a girl this is! If her father could play with only half as much spirit!" Turning around he said: "Let's get Naye to play." Nina jumped to her seat and mused angrily while she heard her father and her uncle play. After a while Radu came out with a glass of wine in his hand. "I know how thirsty anger makes one," he said to her.

He did not have to tell her he was sorry for what he had said before. She could read that in his eyes. Yet she pushed his hand aside gently, so as not to spill any of the wine, and questioned: "What would you have done if you had been there last night?"

Radu answered: "Something I would have been sorry for later. Something different from what I thought a while ago."

"You would not have been here now if you had done that," she said slowly.

Meanwhile the playing had come to an abrupt end inside the inn. Radu pressed the glass into the girl's hand and called from the door: "Let Naye play. He plays better today than ever. A livelier one. A faster one. So."

Outside Nina was slowly sipping the wine, smiling to herself. Radu was a handsome lad. His long hair reaching over his shoulder was almost golden. His flaxen, thin mustache hung softly over his firmly shaped mouth. His shoulders were wide. He had not flinched when she stared at him. She had always frightened people away with her eyes.

"They call me Radu," he said. "That farm yonder belongs to me. Those white oxen you see pasturing there to your left are mine. The one with the shorter horns gave me a load of trouble. He didn't yoke well with the other and people said they would never team well together. But they do team well together now, and there isn't a better pair of oxen a hundred miles around here."

She made no answer.

"The wine is getting warm, Nina." He tried to press the glass into her hand. His hand crept up slowly to hers. She quivered at his touch, yet she turned her eyes on him fiercely. Instead of taking his hand away as she expected him to do, he grasped her wrist firmly and continued: "Good eyes to keep other men away. I like them better than the eyes of women which no man can read." But Naye had again stopped playing, so he left his glass, untouched, beside hers, and tossed a handful of silver to her father from the door. "Play, Naye, play.

Here, the silver will limber your weary arm."

A little later as he had not come out again, Nina jumped down from her seat and began to kindle a small fire for the kettle in which she intended to prepare the meal, for it was almost midday. "You still don't like my wine," he said as he came out. "I shall not drink another drop until I have drunk this glass with you, Nina," he whispered with fierce tenderness. "I shall build a hut around your wagon to protect you from the cold of the winter; and melt my farm and oxen into silver to keep your father's and your uncle's arms greased." He brought the two glasses to her. She was bending over the fire and blowing into it. The wind was blowing the curling smoke back into her eyes. He touched her on the shoulder. "You can't compete with the wind."

She rose. Without another word she took the glass from his hand and brought it to her lips.

Both sides of the road in front of the inn were lined with peasant wagons. People who had intended to stop for a moment remained for hours. Never had Naye played better. Never had the wine tasted sweeter. It had been a good year. The peasants returned from the market with their pockets full of silver. What sense was there in Naye going away to play at vineyards? Another month and they would all be snowed in. Now it was pleasant and crisp and warm.

At nightfall, the inn was so full tables had to be put outdoors. Radu helped Nina pitch the tent. Her father and her uncle had not come out once during the whole day.

Nina and Radu sat near one another looking mutely into the fire. No words were necessary. Love had come to them like a thief. Nina watched the curling smoke which seemed to say to her: "This is the man for you." She knew that Radu thought: "That is the one woman for me."

WHEN the sun had hidden itself behind the blue-ridged hills facing them, Naye and his brother came out of the inn. One single look in the direction of his daughter sufficed for the fiddler. He knew what had happened.

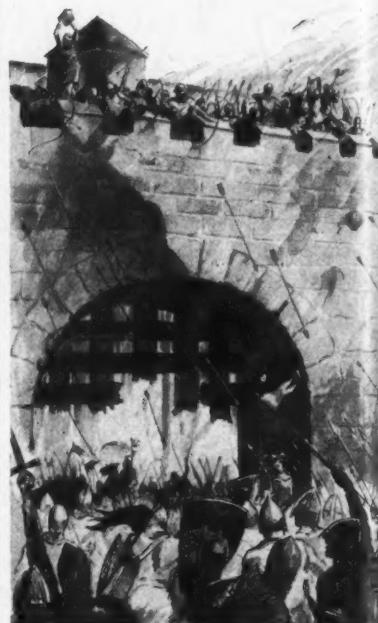
A dozen men asked the inn-keeper, "Has the new wine come?"

"Not yet. It is only being pressed," the inn-keeper answered. "But I have wine that has come from the Moldava and it is good wine. Here Yancu, taste it." The pitcher passed from mouth to mouth.

"Good wine. This year's wine is good everywhere."

Even before the gypsies' tents had been fully pitched, most of the peasants had emptied the inn and were bound homeward. Only a few lingered on; some because they didn't want to offend the gypsies by leaving so suddenly after their arrival, and others because they wanted to prove to themselves that they were not afraid of them. They spoke to one another. What a life these gypsies led!

Among the gypsies was a young man by the name of Maru who knew Naye well. He had met him, his [Continued on page 102]



## A Thousand Tons of Stone

*but not one ounce of protection*

**W**ALLS bristle with armaments. Every buttressed salient speaks of mighty strength . . . protection.

But grim stone resounds to the tread of the conquerors who swarm through the broken gate—the one vulnerable point that renders the ponderous barriers of stone utterly useless. The impressive height of the sheer wall is without avail . . . it is protection that does not protect.

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# A Find in Switzerland —that may make your child over

*A Swiss Discovery in Child Development That Has Spread Over 54 Different Nations. Not a Medicine, but a Super-Delicious Food-Drink.*



**Accept 3-Day Supply—Watch Your Child's Weight Go Up a Pound or More a Week; See Nervousness Lessen Day by Day**

Here is another unique development in child health from Switzerland; the nation which has done so many wonderful things in child health.

The discovery of a scientist of world-note, it has spread over 54 different nations—the delicious food-drink Ovaltine. Now in America, over 20,000 doctors are advising this utterly new-type health beverage.

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It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such



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Some weeks ago my children suffered from colds and tonsillitis. They lost considerable weight and were naturally very much run down after their sickness, so we determined to give Ovaltine a trial. We were amazed at the results. The kiddies picked up at once, put on weight and seemed to have once again their old-time pep and energy. Now we give them a cup of Ovaltine each day after school and again at bedtime.—Thomas J. Dunnford, 518 S. 6th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

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Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh, and thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Others foster richer blood, and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.\*

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Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what Ovaltine means to you and yours. Give at breakfast always. Give at

meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shakeup drink.

\*NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.

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Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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**OVALTINE**  
THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

530

#### **Finding Health Thru Ovaltine**



A group of healthy young tobogganers, near Davos, Switzerland. Here a world-famous child's sanitarium employs Ovaltine regularly in building the sturdy vigor that enables children to really enjoy winter snow and winter sports.

# You'll Like Bran This Way

A deliciously different whole wheat cereal that contains but *conceals* whole bran.

**Y**ES, bran can be amazingly delicious. Need never be dry and tasteless. If you'll just eat it the way nature intended it to be eaten—in whole wheat. Pettijohn's is whole wheat just as it grows in the field, rolled into tissue-thin flakes, so that it cooks done in three to five minutes. The delicate wheat flavor, the crunchy chewy texture, the golden color, appeal to the appetites that rebel at dry tasteless roughage.



Pettijohn's bran is kind to nervous digestions because it's softened by cooking and concealed in tender whole wheat flakes. Pettijohn's bran is doubly effective, because Pettijohn's has not discarded the vital part of the wheat that is gently laxative too.



But this tempting cereal is more than just roughage. It has wonderful food elements that everyone needs. Its bran contains from ten to twenty times as much body building minerals as white flour. It has Iron for red corpuscles, Calcium for bones and teeth, and Phosphorus to build nerve cells. It has the vitamins A, B and E, to protect your health.

Buy a box of Pettijohn's for breakfast tomorrow. Try it for just a week. Then note the difference. Faulty elimination will be corrected. Headaches, digestive troubles, dull sluggishness will vanish. Laxative taking will be done away with. Because you're eating the food nature intended you to have, whole bran in whole wheat.

## Pettijohn's

Send for Free Booklet

Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free booklet, "The Truth About Bran." Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



M.C. 8-11

brother and his daughter last year on the road and they had told one another tales and exchanged information. "Pass by the village to the left." "The people are like dogs." "There is a gendarme in the other village."

Tall, slender, black-eyed, beak-nosed with gliding movements like those of a tiger, Maru was one of the best traders. There was no man whose voice changed from a commanding one to a mellifluous one as rapidly and as suddenly as Maru's. Coming out of the inn, the gypsy trader saw in the semi-darkness the little group around the fire. In one moment he grasped the situation and though he had not paid any attention to Nina two years before, seeing her profile now faintly outlined in the background of fire and smoke, many thoughts came to him. He had been working hard the whole summer. There was a long winter ahead of him. He was wifeless. His leather belt was heavy with pieces of gold and silver. Well, he would enliven the evening bargaining with Naye for his daughter.

**S**AVAR san!" he greeted loudly and approached the group with long strides. Naye answered the greeting and made the suggestion that they all go into the inn. "We can have the inn-keeper bring us the wine here," Maru said; and Radu as well as the two gypsies did not miss what was behind these words. Maru looked rapidly at Naye from under his long eyelashes and then turned half away from her. She was beautiful. He was no fool, that young peasant. When the wine, ordered, had been brought by the inn-keeper to the little group, Maru, after filling the glasses, said to Naye's brother: "And so he has a grown-up daughter and expects to get enough money for her to buy new strings for at least a year."

It had never occurred to Radu that he would have to pay for Nina if he wanted her for his wife. Such was not the custom among his own people. He would give everything, everything. But it hurt him to see with what lightness Maru spoke about Nina. Was that all she was worth to a gypsy? A few gut strings? Less than a year ago he had met her on the road but had not talked to her. He had let her stay outside while he and her father had gone in to refresh themselves. The problem which she and Radu faced presented itself now more vividly than before. The people of the caravan were her people. It was a long time since she had seen so many of them together. They laughed, danced, cried, were immeasurably happy and unspeakably sad at the same time. They were here, there and everywhere. They were nowhere and everywhere at home. Could Radu be as they are? He was a peasant tied down to his oxen, his plow, his field. Oh, why hadn't Maru thought of that last year when he met them! It was too late now. Why had he not come yesterday? She loved Radu now. She did not know why. Did he know why he loved her? No. People were like that; they never knew.

"I have offered him the price of strings for his fiddle for a whole year," Maru said laughingly, turning around to his people, "yet look at him. The manner in which he has responded to my offer makes me think he will never play again. So maybe I shall offer him the price of a goat to tether at the peg of his tent. Eh, Naye?"

Radu couldn't understand how people could joke about such a serious

thing as marriage. He rose to his feet and looking the gypsy in the eye, he said: "Stop talking about strings and goats when you talk about Nina!"

Maru veered angrily. "If it is of gold you want me to speak, I am ready." Plunging his hand deep into his belt he brought out a fistful of coin. "I shall then offer a fistful of coin for her," and pouring the clinking money from one hand to the other he added: "It is no longer of goats I am speaking. Here is the price of a pair of oxen for Nina. What say you, Naye?"

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## NINA

[Continued from page 100]

his arm and was squeezing it with all his strength. They rolled on the ground and twined their legs about one another like two coiling serpents.

Nina's heart was all with the peasant lad, but what if the other should prove the better man? What if he threw Radu? Suddenly while the two men were tugging at one another, she sprang between them.

"If it is for me you are fighting then I have something to say."

"What is that? What is that?" The gypsies crowded close. "Why does she interfere? Naye, how have you brought up your daughter?"

Nina stared them into silence.

"Radu has offered four oxen and Maru has offered four. Maru has offered all he has. The four oxen offered by Radu are not half of what he possesses. Everything one has and not four oxen is my price."

"How wisely she speaks," an old man assented. She was indeed a wise gypsy girl and if Maru needed proof that she was a better trader than he was, she had shown that now.

Radu looked at her. What mattered oxen, house, horses? He had found the woman! What mattered what was going to happen afterward? The mate he had found wanted to know whether he loved her above everything else.

"I offer my all for Nina," he said. "Eight pair of oxen, four teams of horses, the grain and what is in the granary, and what is in the home."

"Is that all?" Nina asked, looking questioningly into Radu's eyes. "Think well, Radu, is that all you have?"

Nina looked at Radu and at Maru. Maru was giving up more than Radu. Radu had not offered all. There was something which he had retained. That he would follow the ways of her people didn't mean that he was giving everything. There no one would know him. No one would reproach him that he had paid too much for her. He would be among strangers. Would he be willing to acknowledge her daily among his own people. To stay there in the village with her was giving more than to go away.

Similarly she said: "You give to my father six pair of oxen and retain two. Three pair of horses and retain one. Give him only part of what is in the granary and I stay with you in your own village that your own people should know the price you have paid for me. The people you talk to at the inn and everywhere should know, in their presence you have bragged only a few hours before what might have happened to me if you had been at the vineyard when I pulled the string out of my father's violin to give him rest."

**S**LLOWLY Radu approached the gypsy girl. He understood even better than the others. Seizing her wrist he said: "Ask more, more, more. You have not asked enough! But remember about that ox—"

The two faces melted together.

Naye tuned his violin. Mosh Yan wanted to dance.

"What say you now," one of the girls asked Maru who looked dreamily into the fire. "You have lost her."

"He is worth her price ten times over—and I know it. For I know what he is paying with, this proud peasant. Bring on the new wine, inn-keeper. Ring the bell for the peasants to come. There will be a wedding tonight. I shall pay for all—play, Naye—play."

YEARS AGO a gentleman of the "Old South" dreamed a dream of better coffee flavor—and succeeded in making his dream come true.

He was an expert in coffees. He had tasted the choicest kinds and grades grown in the tropics of the world. And none of them quite satisfied him. The rich, syrupy coffees wanted sparkle, he thought; the "winy" coffees needed more rich body; the pungent coffees were too pungent; the mild, too mild. He thought—there must be some *one* combination of all these good coffee qualities which will yield the last delight in flavor.

And so he set about to find it.

It wasn't a thing done in a day. He spent years experimenting . . . combining different sorts of coffee in all sorts of different ways and proportions . . . re-combining . . .

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"Good to the last drop," a president of the United States once exclaimed there, as he delightedly drained his cup of Maxwell House Coffee.

The young expert is "The Old Colonel" now. He has lived to see his blend become the largest selling packaged coffee in the whole United States—preferred by prominent hostesses from coast to coast, served daily in millions of homes.

Your cup of coffee at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, can offer you many shades of experience. If it does not delight you, perhaps you have not yet found the blend for you. Try Maxwell House Coffee—it is pleasing more people today than any other high-grade coffee ever offered for sale.



His genius....his patience....  
created the flavor America enjoys today



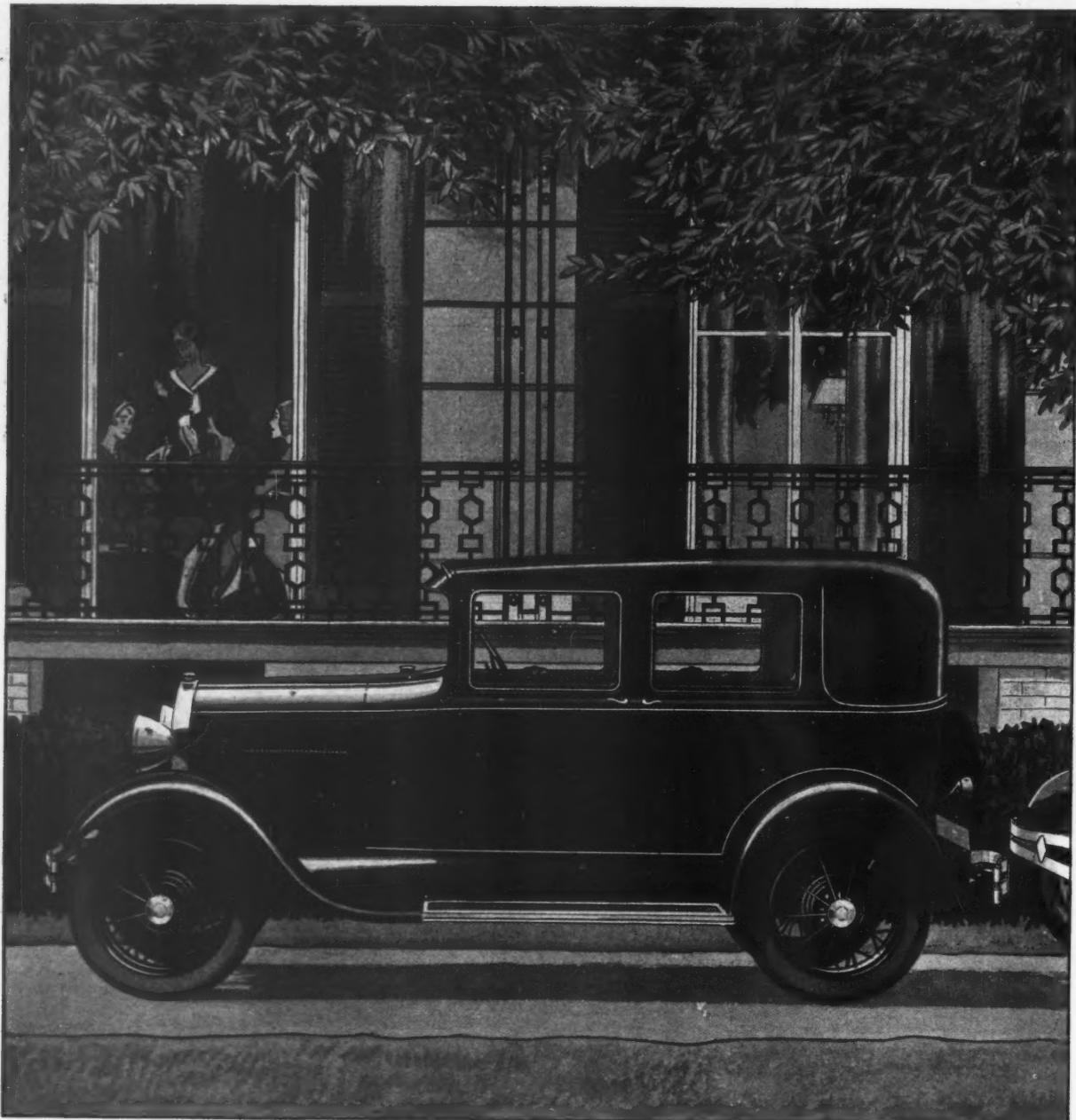
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faithful service. In comfort, in safety, in economy, in reliability—in all that goes to make a good automobile—it represents a value far above the price you pay.

## GERANIUM WELLS

[Continued from page 31]

decorating it with all the appurtenances of witchcraft. I became the white witch doctor and all the old voodoo vendors were glad to exchange charms with me."

"But Arthur, how—"

"Well, for instance, do you see this package of gum?" Arthur drew a familiar-looking package in a bright red wrapper from his pocket. "This was one of my best bets. When one of those old mat-bearded gentlemen down there learned that I could treat this gum in such a way that a stick of it divided and chewed by a swain and the girl he was desirous of having, or by a girl and the man she wishes to capture."

THAT was a fine line of gaff you were giving them at the table," Puddle said to his cousin a few minutes later.

"What do you mean?" the cousin inquired.

"You couldn't know any spells to put on ord'n'ry licorice gum that would make it act—that way?"

"Oh, couldn't I? You think this gum's a fake, do you?" Arthur drew the red-wrapped package out of his pocket and threw it lightly into the air. "Puddle—" he said seriously, catching it again, "this is real love gum. Outside of this package of five sticks there is only one other in existence today, and it is in the possession of a pow-wow doctor in a lonely section of the Tennessee mountains. With my own eyes I saw him dispose of one of the sticks to a lovesick hill-billy for seventy-five dollars cash and a week later that hill-billy took his girl into the county seat for a marriage license, and before that she wouldn't look at him."

"Just the same, I think it's a lot of gaff." Puddle's reluctantly fascinated eyes followed the bright red package on each one of its careless trips into the air. "I think—"

"Do you want it?" The red package was thrust unceremoniously toward him. "Well, I—all right." Puddle thrust the gum hastily into his knickers' pocket. "I guess it will be all right to chew, anyway," he said. "I like licorice. Let's go down now."

"Wait a minute—" The cousin detained him. "I met a girl here last summer," he said. "Parmela Tate, her name was. I'd like to run over there this evening, but I'm not sure which street— Could you—"

"Sure." Puddle's chest expanded in a full, relieved breath. "I'll walk right over there with you," he offered. "I'm stopping by for old Harve, anyway."

THEY had to traverse Ridley Street on their way to Park Place where the Tates lived and as they swung along, tall, fair, twenty-four-year-old, and short, rather thick-set fourteen-year-old, an impression of unusual activity called their attention to a certain house on a certain block. Lights were ablaze in the old Peters' place and a moving van was standing in front of the house. Phonograph music rode high on the air and a whirling dervish of a girl had thrown herself into a tap dance at their approach.

Suddenly movement gave place to repose and a girl of about Puddle's own age stood up and shook the bright hair out of her eyes. Seeing a young man and a younger one walking along by the hedge and watching her, she smiled, and Puddle could feel that smile following them all the way down to where the hedge turned.

"Geranium," a patient voice called. "Geranium Wells—"

"What do you want to be always hanging around for," Harvey Tate had a glance of distaste for his shorter and more heavily built companion, "when a fellow's got a date?"

"I didn't know you had a date, Harve," Puddle said. "Honest, I didn't. Besides I've got something to show you."

"I'll bet you have. I'll bet it's interesting. Hurry up, anyway—" Harvey accelerated his own pace. "Colin and Rege and I have a date, I tell you. We're to meet the girls in Seamon Park at a quarter past seven."

"All right, if you don't want to see this thing." Puddle made the strategic gesture of putting something back in his pocket.

"Well, what is it, then?" The tail of Harvey's eye caught the movement and he came to heel.

"I bet it's mighty interesting," he scoffed.



"It's love gum." Puddle gave the fateful red package a showmanlike flourish in the air.

"Love gum! You're crazy, aren't you?" Harvey was patient.

"No, I'm not," Puddle denied flatly. "My cousin has been down in the southern mountains studying witchcraft. He's written a book about the things they can do down there to make—a fr instance—to make a girl love a fellow or to put a curse on somebody, maybe. An old voodoo doctor gave him this gum. It's a love charm, I tell you."

"What do you mean, love charm?" Harvey thrust his hands into his pockets and looked straight ahead.

"Well, the idea is if you chew a half a stick of it and the girl you want to like you chews the other half of the same stick, she'll like you and nobody else all the rest of her days. That old voodoo doctor sells this at seventy-five dollars a stick down there; my cousin saw him with his own eyes. Listen, I'll let you have a stick to chew with Thelma Ritchey if you want to."

"It's mighty—interesting," Harvey scoffed weakly. He took the oblong offered him and stared at it curiously, turning it over between his thumb and finger. "Thanks, Puddle," he said then with an awkward attempt at graciousness, and thrust it hurriedly into his pocket. "Not that I think there's anything to it," he added. "It's probably just a line of gaff."

"I thought I'd give Colin and Rege each a stick, too," Puddle said, half to himself. "Say, Harve," he added after a moment, "do you think the fellows will mind if I come up to the park tonight? I've got two packs of Pyramids—"

"Why, no—" Harvey considered. "—I don't think they will, Puddle." His fingers closed over that foil-wrapped oblong in his pocket. "Just come right along."

Seamon Park wasn't really a park but merely a green knoll at the end of the upper and higher section of the town. The park commission had studied the downward slope of the park desultorily with benches and one could

sit there on summer nights, if one were fourteen, watching the young stars come out, bathing in the glamor of being in Seamon Park, a boy with a girl and a girl with a boy.

Tonight, as most nights, Puddle Abernethy was there too.

The first round of greetings was over and the girls' bursts of high, sweet laughter had calmed down to a low confidential murmur. Fay and Colin had a bench; Harvey and Thelma were perched on one of the flat rocks which jutted here and there out of the slope; Regis had spread his coat for Irene and these two were sitting on the grass. An unusual silence was over the group tonight. Six jaws were moving in a quiet and conscientious rhythm. The scent of licorice was on the air.

"Are you supposed to talk?" Thelma's voice was hushed. "How long?" Fay whispered; and "It tastes just like other gum, doesn't it?"

Puddle Abernethy moved about more restlessly than usual tonight, passing as was his custom from one couple to another. They were so used to Puddle that at times they could be completely unconscious of his presence.

At last he lighted a cigarette and, rolling his coat up in a ball for a pillow lay down on the slope with the back of his head to the six. Some current of excitement seemed to flow up out of the earth and seep into him tonight, the waves of adventure were breaking at his feet.

"I feel—" a tawny-haired girl placed her hand on his arm—"I feel I am taking you away from someone."

"But you're not, you know." He disengaged those fingers gently and held them in his own.

"Puddle—" It was Irene calling, her upper lip trembling with daring and laughter. "Puddle, listen, here's a riddle. What's always 'round?"

"The moon," he hazarded dreamily, not turning his head.

"No. It's Puddle Abernethy. He's always 'round."

Laughter took the six and shook them and doubled them. But Puddle hadn't heard. He heard only a singing in the grasses at his ears.

"Geranium," the grasses whispered. "Geranium Wells."

THE electric runabout of Mrs. Wilson Woomer stopped in front of the old Peters' place and Mrs. Woomer, assisted somewhat ungraciously by her thirteen-year-old son Regis, proceeded to alight.

"I don't see why I have to—" he made final protest, balking there at the curbstone and kicking sulkily at a tree.

"Now, dear," his mother cajoled, "we won't stay more than a half hour. It's just a duty call. I'll drive you right out to the pool as soon as we leave here," she promised.

She'd been pulling Regis gently up the walk during this speech, and they stood now on the porch. Mrs. Woomer pressed the bell and her son, leaning wearily against the door-frame, let his silken lashes droop in acute boredom. When he raised them again, it was to see a girl standing poised on tip-toe in the doorway, her wide, greenish looking eyes full upon him.

"Hello. You here!" her eyes seemed to signal to Regis, and he had a sudden warm impulse to laugh, and to keep on laughing forever. "Come in," the girl said decorously enough. "I'm Geranium Wells. I'll call Mother."

Out at the James A. Plant Memorial Pool an hour later, Irene Cunningham, standing idly on the edge of the pool,

[Continued on page 106]



### AND "WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS"

Used daily on the table and in cooking, Morton's Iodized Salt will guard your children from simple goiter...a nationwide cause of loss of appetite, lack of vitality, nervousness and backwardness at school.

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Keep Unguentine in every danger zone—in kitchen, bathroom, office or shop and in your automobile. A generous tube, 50¢ at your druggist's.

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Now, the new  
Unguentine Soap  
for tender skin

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## GERANIUM WELLS

[Continued from page 105]

was startled to see Regis Woomer coming toward her, accompanied by a girl with bright hair showing under her cap.

"Hello, Regis," she called possessively.

"Oh, hello." He colored. "Irene Cunningham," he mumbled, "Geranium Wells. Come on, Gerry! Race you to the other side." Taking the new girl's hand with a quick gesture he drew her to the water's edge and jumped.

"Rege! Rege!" Irene leaped into action. "I want you to show me that jackknife," she called. "Come and show me that jackknife, Rege. Rege!"

"All right." He looked back from the middle of the pool and waved. "I'll be back."

He didn't come back.

AND that's the way it was. Irene huddled close to the fence and modulated her voice to reach the ear of Thelma Rithey alone. "I wish you could have seen her on the diving board, too. What a show off!"

"H'm." Thelma hesitated a few moments before asking her question. "Was Harvey out at the pool too?"

"Yes, he was, and so was Colin Cartwright, and I wish you could have seen the sickening sights they made of themselves over that girl."

"Well," Thelma said, "I wondered." She kicked gently at the fence for a moment. "Harvey promised to leave a note in the hole in that old tree in our side yard every day," she said. "But he didn't write any. Not one in five days."

"And every night this week," Irene broke in, "Fay and I have gone up to the park at a quarter after seven, but they didn't come once. Nobody came but Puddle Abernethy. Last night we said, 'Puddle, do you know where Rege and Colin are?' and he said, 'I certainly do. They're up on the Wells' side porch drinking lemonade,' and—"

"It's sickening, that's what it is—"

"—and wait, Thelma. Wait a minute. Guess what Puddle wanted us to do! He wanted us to introduce him to Geranium Wells. That obnoxious Puddle Abernethy, even—"

"I wish—" Thelma cupped her chin desolately in her hands—"I hadn't gone away."

"There isn't anything we can do—" Irene frowned, "—excepting ignore her and we're doing that." She looked at her little enamel watch—"let's walk up to meet Fay."

They walked up Baum Street slowly and, nearing the old Peters' place, tightened their clasps on one another's arms.

A boy in tan linen knickers and tan sweater was leaning indolently against a tree in front of the house; another in gray knickers and gray sweater was crouching on the grass, tossing a pocket-knife up and watching it come to rest in the packed black earth. The sound of a Grieg dance was coming stiltedly out of the front windows of the Wells' dwelling.

"Come on." Irene pulled her somewhat unwilling companion across the street after her. "Going up to the park, boys?" She stopped directly in front of the absorbed pair.

"I can't." Harvey Tate flushed. "My father and mother might come along here to take me for a drive any minute. I've got to wait here."

"I can't either." Regis advanced no apology but went on coolly flipping his pocket-knife.

At that instant the Grieg dance stopped and the player—it was evidently she—appeared at one of the open windows. "Ten minutes more," her lilting voice called, as she waved to the boys. Then, seeing Thelma and Irene, she sent them, too, a joyous fluttering of the fingers, but the two girls merely set their shoulders rather stiffly and walked on without returning the salute.

"Mother—" A puzzled face framed in short, bright hair appeared for a moment at the door of the sewing-room within the Wells' house. "It's happened again," a mystified voice reported. "Two girls I've met several times just passed and they absolutely wouldn't speak. They just absolutely cut me."

"I'm sure I don't understand it." Mrs. Wells put her sewing down for a moment and lifted a face as puzzled as her daughter's own.

Puddle Abernethy sat on the front steps of his home. With elbows planted on his knees and chin sunk in his hands he contemplated morosely first one stretch of Locust Avenue and then the other. It was deserted.

Puddle knew where his own immediate friends were, that is, those who had at one time been his friends. He'd just returned from a scouting trip. Thelma and Irene and Fay were on a bench in Seamon Park. Harvey, Regis and Colin were playing at tennis with Geranium Wells on the court back of the old Peters' place. Puddle shifted his chin and sighed deeply.

His mother came out on the porch and looked down at him. "Preston," she said, "why don't you go out and look up the boys? You've been moping around the house too much lately."

"I—I—" His hands fumbled in his pockets for a moment. "I've got to clean my pockets out," he decided, and drew from them a miscellaneous collection of things which he spread on the steps under his mother's skeptical gaze. When his exploring fingers went in for the last time it was to salvage a soiled and crumpled package of licorice gum. He opened this last slowly, taking out a lone oblong of gum and examining it, replacing it carefully and setting it down a little apart from the rest of his possessions on the step. Dropping his chin into his hands again he fell into deep meditation.

"Mother—" He restored her equanimity a moment later by making a totally unexpected, irrelevant, urgent and therefore normal boy-demand. "Have we got any black ink? I've got to have some right away! And white paper and an envelope and a stamp. Hurry, Mother. It's important."

I'M SURE I never knew a town where the children were so queer." Mrs. Wells sat down with a crumpled and ink-stained epistle held at a discreet distance from her person. "It's obviously a child's writing."

"Mother—" Geranium Wells sat beside her mother on the front porch. "Is that all the mail for me?"

"It's enough, I should think." Mrs. Wells frowned distastefully at the soiled and black ink-smudged paper.

"But I thought perhaps—" Miss Wells' bright head was turned very definitely away from her mother, her [Continued on page 108]



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Women in 1,400 towns all over the United States find that the J. C. Penney Company is bringing Paris vogue and Fifth Avenue styles to their own local store. Not once a year, not even once a month, but continuously . . . as fast as new modes appear from day to day.

You can see for yourself how we can sell you a new afternoon frock or a smart winter coat for

. . . these lovely dresses  
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only \$14.75, \$24.75, \$34.75. It is because we are buying for our 1,400 stores at one time.

The largest department store in any city would hardly dare to offer its women customers 500 green dresses exactly alike in style. We, however, often buy 500 of the same dress, *with all the saving that that means*, and yet do not send more than one to any of our stores.

In your own city you will find that we can show you new styles today . . . newer styles tomorrow . . . because our millions of customers have given us unequalled prestige in the great style centers of the world.

In Paris . . . in New York . . . among the leading manufacturers, we not only buy for less, but we are given *first choice* of the newest creations. We are able to bring you the finest the market affords, at lowest prices and sooner than other merchants can offer it.

If you do not know the location of our store nearest you, write us for this information and for a free copy of our "Store News" illustrated in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Company, 330 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

# J.C.PENNEY CO. DEPT. STORES INC.

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## Now...subtly tinted NATURAL GLEAM ...is the newest, smartest nail fashion!

WELL-GROOMED, fastidious women now avoid frankly artificial-looking nail tints and adopt, instead, the new nail beauty—faint-hued natural gleam, given in an instant by Glazo.

The lovely glimmer given to the nails by Glazo is neither too deeply pink nor too pale—just cleverly in-between—a natural, soft radiance that is subtly sophisticated—that is utterly new and correct.

### A silk-thin nail finish—for a week

With a few flicks of the brush, Glazo gives the nails a silk-thin nail finish, mirror-smooth, glinting.

And this silken finish lasts a week. Glazo never peels or dims, never discolors. It goes on evenly, instantly—without a hint of that "varnished" look. And for seven days its shimmering beauty remains—adorning the nails, giving new eloquence to the whole hand. At all toilet goods counters. Plain Glazo and Remover, 50¢. Perfumed Glazo and Remover, 60¢. Or send six cents for generous sample—use the coupon below.



The Glazo Company, Inc., Dept. 711-9  
101 Hudson Street,  
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I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples  
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# GLAZO

voice was pitched on a note of uncertainty. "I thought an invitation to Irene Cunningham's party might come today."

"It isn't likely, dear," her mother said gently, "when she's so unfriendly. I'm sure I cannot understand the children in this town."

"But it's—it's such a big party, Mother. I mean . . . Lanterns on the lawn and ice cream in rose baskets. A real gypsy in a tent telling fortunes. Balloon races . . . Colin told me, and Regis, and Harvey—"

**COLIN** and Regis and Harvey," Mrs. Wells repeated reflectively. She thought, rocking steadily. "Darling," she said at length, "I think I can promise you an invitation to Irene's party—"

"Can you, Mother? Oh, Mother, can you?" Geranium's body began to sway with the rhythm of excitement again.

"I think so. You see, your mother was rather clever at the College Club meeting yesterday. She found out some things." Mrs. Wells began numbering the things she had found out on her fingers. "First, that young Harvey Tate has at different times been guilty of the practice of placing letters, presumably of a sentimental nature, in the hollow of a tree in Thelma Ritchey's side yard; next, that Irene Cunningham has had sundry and—to her elders—amusing telephone conversations with one Regis Woerner; next, let's see—oh, yes—for a time Fay Rider would show symptoms of actual hysteria if prevented from taking an evening walk in Seamon Park, and it was believed that a certain little Cartwright boy had something to do with it."

"Mother—" Geranium danced impatiently. "You're talking so much. Do you mean—"

"I mean—" Mrs. Wells permitted herself a slight smile—"you've been very indiscreet for a new girl. You've taken the special friends of the most popular girls in town."

Geranium stood still for an entire half minute, her hands clasped in front of her. "I'll go right in and call them up and tell them I don't want their old boys." She started impetuously for the door.

"Just a moment, just a moment." Mrs. Wells retrieved her by the edge of her skirt. "We'll have to be more subtle than that. Let's see—" She frowned and thought. "I was thinking . . . If there were some little boy in town whom no important girl could possibly like—if there were someone the rest even considered to be somewhat of a pest—"

"Why, Mother—" Geranium lifted an eager face—"surely you know. There's Puddle Abernethy, Mother."

"Well, let's see," Mrs. Wells bit her lip. "Suppose you go in to the phone and call Irene Cunningham," she suggested. "Tell her you're anxious to meet this Puddle Abernethy and ask her if she can't introduce you. Say, 'I think he's the nicest boy in town.'"

Geranium's mother rocked and waited, a smile now and then twitching the corner of her mouth.

"What did she say?" She looked up as her daughter flung herself impulsively out of the screen door again.

"She said—" Geranium turned three handsprings in rapid succession and came up starry eyed. "She said, 'Won't you take a walk tonight with Thelma and Fay and me!' She said, 'We'll walk up to Seamon Park and Puddle Abernethy will surely be there!' Oh, Mother, she talked friendly as pie."

"Well, well. Now don't get overheated, dear. Let's see, slip on your apple dimity and remember to be very nice to Puddle. Do you understand, dear?"

"Do I?" The younger conspirator began prancing joyously. "I'm not so dumb, dumb, dumb," she sang. "Puddle is a sweet, sweet boy. I've seen him by the hedge."

"As for this—" Her mother's nose crinkled fastidiously as she walked into

the house with a grimy and black-inked paper and a soiled and weather-beaten half stick of licorice gum—"This goes into the garbage can."

"Are you sure you'd better?" Geranium followed her anxiously. "Perhaps I'd better chew it, Mother. It said—'Something will happen your dear mother if you don't'."

"I'm afraid something would happen my dear daughter if she did." Mrs. Wells shuddered, lifting the lid of the garbage can.

Puddle Abernethy came down into his own dining-room that evening preceded by wave upon wave of a heady bay rum scent.

His mother looked at him closely. "Who was that little girl who called?"

"Just—just Irene Cunningham. She just wants me to walk up to Seamon Park tonight to meet—someone. I mean—" He wasn't really aware of the fact that she was asking him a question and that he was answering it. His eyes were glazed and his brow was dewy with bliss.

**DADDY.** "Mrs. Abernethy remarked brightly, "guess what came in today's mail? A copy of Arthur's book. It's full of the most amusing incidents. Would you believe, for instance, that there was anyone living in this day and age so benighted as to pay seventy-five dollars for a stick of licorice gum, believing it to be a love charm—Why, what is it, Preston?" The corner of her eye caught sight of the apoplectic face of her son. "Why are you looking at mother so peculiarly, son?"

But even as she put her question Preston's attention had strayed from her again. He heard the high, sweet voice of Irene Cunningham, calling him back to his own world, a world suddenly fragrant and beating with promise—

"And Puddle!" Irene Cunningham's lilting accents came. "Guess what she said? She said she thinks you're the nicest boy in town!"

## THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[Continued from page 29]

"Who to? Not the chap who lives here? Not Lord Conister?" His voice was sharp, incisive, compelling reply. "No." Quivering she made answer. "It's his cousin, Basil."

Rory moved suddenly. He turned her face up to his own and held it so, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"Look at me!" he commanded. "Tell me the truth! You've been made to do it!"

She shrank again almost in panic. "No, Rory, no! Oh, please, don't—don't! I did it myself, to get away. And I never thought—that you—that you—" She broke off, distressed.

Then Rory gathered her up into arms that encompassed her like steel, lifted her as a giant might have lifted a child and suddenly covered her face with burning, overwhelming kisses.

THINK you'll be happy with him?" Rory asked finally, seeming to bite the words through clenched teeth.

"Oh, I think so—I think so," Charmaine faltered. "He's very, very good. And there's nothing else for me. I simply must."

"You want to!" said Rory.

She was silent, but there was more in her silence than any protest. He bent swiftly again, and laid his face to hers.

"No, darling, no! You don't want to. Only you've got no choice. Isn't

that it? You'd wait for me if you could. I know. But I've nothing to offer you. It's beggar's choice with both of us. But, oh, Charmaine, how am I going to do without you? Why have I found you again, only to lose you?"

"Couldn't we still be friends?" she whispered, clasping his black head with loving hands. "There can't be anything wrong in that."

"Wrong!" he cried. "Oh, God!" She felt his whole frame quiver in a hard deep sob; then in a moment he had himself in hand. "No darling, no! There's nothing wrong in our friendship. After all, why shouldn't I love you, for the little while that's left?"

Charmaine raised herself in his arms. "You know how I love you, Rory, don't you?" she said earnestly. "Just as I always have!"

He gathered her soft, yielding body close again, and so for a space they sat in silence more intimate than words.

The distant striking of a clock recalled Charmaine at length.

"Rory, I ought to go."

"When am I going to see you again?" he asked.

She paused, troubled. "I don't know. I'm coming here again a fortnight from now. Shall you be here then?"

"A whole fortnight!" Rory exclaimed with impatience.

"Yes. And after that, I'm to be married." She faltered a little. "But we're coming to live here afterward. So, when you get your leave you'll come and see me?"

"I shall never miss a chance of coming to see you," he said.

"I'll try and come to you here to say goodbye before—before—" Charmaine broke off. "It'll have to be after dark, I'm afraid, or they might find out. Shall you mind?"

HE laughed a little recklessly. "I'll wait any length of time for you."

"Then I'll come on my last night. That'll be Monday fortnight."

Rory rose with her, his arm about her. "What's this old mosque place? Have you been inside?"

"No. Basil and I were here last night, but we didn't go in. I think it's just a summer-house," said Charmaine. "I call it the Lovers' Temple, as this is the Lovers' Pool."

He turned to her with a lightning caress. "It's our trysting-place anyhow. There, darling! We'll say goodbye for the present. But you're coming back to me. You've promised."

A sob rose in her throat, and quickly she turned away. The next instant she was running blindly across the bridge. Nor did she pause until she left the

[Continued on page 111]



## What ~ reject half of the peaches you had selected and taken home?

**Yet, to make DEL MONTE Quality possible, we do it every day—after taking our pick of the finest fruit—right from the orchard**

Imagine having the opportunity of walking out into the world's finest peach orchards, just when the fruit was fully ripe and luscious with juice

—taking your pick of just the peaches you wanted

—and then, when you got home, discarding a half of the fruit you had selected, because it didn't quite meet your quality standards!

Not many women would do it! Yet we do it—every day—in packing DEL MONTE Fruits. No less exacting method will make possible the perfection and flavor for which this label stands.

### *Del Monte the finest orchard fruit*

The orchards—where DEL MONTE Peaches are grown—are the finest in the world, developed from varieties most suited for canning needs.

*Del Monte Peaches—  
sliced for your convenience.*



Picking begins only when the fruit is fully ripe—long after shipping has started to markets where the fruit is sold fresh. Only a part of the crop is selected—fruit that measures up in appearance, size and perfection to the quality level DEL MONTE sets.

Yet this is only a start. After selecting its fruit in the orchard, re-checking its fruit at the cannery door, there are three different times when DEL MONTE Fruit is again sorted—and part of it, perfectly wholesome but not measuring up to DEL MONTE ideals, diverted into lower grades.

### *Skilled workers—expert supervision*

All of this, of course, brings up real problems—problems of training and careful management which might never occur to the housewife buying a can of fruit.

For one thing, it takes a lot of work in selecting personnel. In one DEL MONTE cannery—and there are DEL MONTE canneries scattered through the finest orchard and garden sections of the West and Middle West—there will be at the height of the season as many as 1000 skilled women doing this job of careful canning for you. Each is

trained in the best way to do her particular task. Yet one older, more experienced worker out of each 16 spends all her time in supervision only—watching every bit of fruit that passes over the canning tables—guarding the quality we demand for this label.

### *Packed for natural flavor*

And what is true of the care with which DEL MONTE Fruits are selected and graded is equally true of its selection of just the right syrup to bring out each fruit's own natural flavor.

The syrup on each DEL MONTE Fruit is chosen for the variety itself—Independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup which experience has shown to best supplement and develop the fruit's own distinctive appeal. It is made from pure sugar and water—nothing added. The result is a naturalness of flavor, a tree-ripened goodness, which means more than just "quality" in its ordinary commercial sense.

Back of all this, of course, is DEL MONTE's long experience—and the resources which it has built up over many years. Its operations

### *New dishes for fall and winter days*

The most convenient way to serve DEL MONTE Fruits, of course, is just as they come from the can. But don't let that make you miss the many other treats they offer. In "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them" you will find scores of suggestions for cocktails, salads and simple made-up desserts you just can't help enjoying. Both of them will be sent you without cost—together with a number of other DEL MONTE recipe leaflets. Write Dept. 632, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

*Del Monte Fruits for Salad, pictured below, is a combination of Del Monte Peaches, Apricots, Pears, Pineapple and Cherries in one can. A tremendous convenience when preparing fruit cocktails, salads or special desserts.*



*Only Bartlett Pears are canned under the Del Monte label. Their remarkable delicacy and flavor contribute to your enjoyment of this wonderful fruit.*

**IT PAYS TO INSIST  
IF YOU WANT  
THE BEST**



# Only the best raisins could make these cookies so good!

**I**N COOKIES, cakes and desserts, as well as in the simplest every-day dishes, your use of Sun-Maid Raisins is like adding an extra touch of cooking skill. Exclusive processes set them quite apart from ordinary raisins.

For instance, do you know of another seeded raisin that is *not* sticky? Or of any other so skillfully seeded that all the juice—hence all the flavor—is kept inside? These are features exclusive to Sun-Maid PUFFED,—so large and plump and tender, and ready for use the moment you open the carton. Sun-Maid PUFFED are ideal for cakes, nut bread, raisin bread, plum pudding and other delicacies.

Sun-Maid NECTARS are also prepared by an exclusive process. Notice how full and rounded they are, not withered,—so attractive and glossy of skin, and with a fresh, grape-like flavor that is not only delicious, but keeps perfectly through cooking. Sun-

Maid NECTARS are delightful in cookies, muffins, puddings, desserts—and especially for healthful between-meal treats for children.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid Raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the finest dried fruit plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

In ordering from your grocer, bear in mind that NECTARS and PUFFED are made only by Sun-Maid. NECTARS in the familiar red carton, PUFFED in the blue.

#### Better Results From Every Raisin Recipe!

Each of these improved types of raisins has its uses in a long list of delightful recipes. We have prepared a new book entitled "New Interest In Simple Menus", full of fascinating suggestions, and will gladly send you a copy without charge. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Ass'n, Fresno, Calif.

#### TRY THESE SUN-MAID RAISIN OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup sugar	2 cups rolled oats
1 cup shortening	2 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk	½ teaspoon soda
1½ cups Sun-Maid Nectars raisins	2 cups flour
	1½ teaspoons lemon extract

Plunge raisins in hot water for a minute and drain. Cream shortening with sugar, then add beaten eggs and milk. Add rolled oats, beat well, then add flour sifted with baking powder, soda and salt. When thoroughly mixed add raisins and lemon extract. Drop in small portions on a greased baking sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)



# SUN-MAID RAISINS

The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products



The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.



## THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[Continued from page 108]

babbling stream behind and found herself mounting the slope under the beech trees that led up to the house.

THE atmosphere of Culverly seemed to receive her—a lofty, compelling influence from which there was no escape. She felt as if the gray walls watched her and a chill smote upon her as she entered their somber shadow.

Her feet began to falter; and then suddenly she heard a voice: "Why, Charmaine! Charmaine darling! What has happened to you? You look as if you're just out of a trance!"

Basil led her indoors, his arm about her, while Charmaine wondered in a kind of dazed desperation how she could make her escape.

"Are you feeling ill, dearest? Shall I fetch Aunt Edith?"

She caught at the suggestion. It seemed her only chance. "Oh, please do!" she said.

She heard him go out swiftly, and knew herself alone. The wide oak staircase was close at hand. She went up it like a creature trapped and frantic. She reached the corridor above and fled along it to her room.

In the morning came the rush and excitement of departure, and there was no time for any other consideration.

She was taken by Basil after breakfast to bid Hugh goodbye in his room, but he whispered to her not to stay long, for Hugh had had a bad night.

Hugh gave her a smile of greeting, however, which reassured her somewhat. "I'm sorry you're going," he said, as his hand held hers. "But I shall see you again in a fortnight; and after that I shall look forward to having you here for good."

His voice sounded faint, and Basil touched her arm urgently. She saw that she must not linger.

IN AFTER days Charmaine could never remember how the following days passed. There was an almost unbroken round of shopping conducted by Aunt Edith. The end of the week came quickly bringing with it Colonel Audley and Griselda to stay at Sylvia's flat, and Basil to join his aunt and Charmaine at the house in Park Lane.

Lady Craventowne had arranged a dinner party for all the relatives on that Saturday evening, and she looked forward with some curiosity to meeting the father and sister of whom Charmaine stood so much in awe.

She went to Charmaine's room and found her shivering in anticipation of the ordeal of meeting her relatives.

"I feel so changed," she said nervously. "I'm so afraid they won't be pleased."

"What nonsense, darling!" said Aunt Edith tranquilly. "They ought to be intensely proud of a beautiful girl like you."

But Charmaine knew only too well that beauty was no passport to favor so far as Griselda was concerned. She went down with Aunt Edith, trembling like a leaf.

The Audleys and Merriots had just arrived, Griselda gaunt and commanding in a black evening dress.

Her greeting of Charmaine was characteristic. "Well? So you're going to be married! I congratulate you." She turned to Lady Craventowne. "She ought to consider herself very lucky," she remarked.

Aunt Edith's warm arm was about the girl. "It is I who am lucky," she said, "to be gaining such a lovely girl as a new niece."

The entrance of Basil a few minutes later made a diversion in an atmosphere which was not wholly free from electricity. He came in with his usual easy air, glanced round at the assembled company, and went straight to his little, quaking fiancée.

"How are you, dear?" he said. "Quite all right? That's good. Now, will you present me to your father and sister?"

Aunt Edith's eyes beamed approval upon him. He had dealt with the situation

could not smile, and only later, when they were alone together and he took her in his arms and kissed the wistful look from her face, did the sense of guilt that oppressed her begin to lift.

"I know I'm very foolish," she confessed, between those kisses of his which seemed to comfort and disquiet her at the same moment. "But I can't feel at home with most people, as I can with you."

"It'll be better when we're married, darling," he assured her. "You haven't found your feet yet. You will then."

"I wish you weren't going tomorrow," she whispered forlornly. "I shall be glad when this week is over."

"So shall I, sweetheart," he said fondly. "And after the ceremony, I think we will go back to Culverley, darling. We will have our honeymoon there, for old Hugh's sake. You won't mind that, will you?"

"Oh no, I don't mind," she said.

He stooped until his lips were on her forehead. "Darling!" he said. "I love you—I love you!"

**C**HARMAINE was profoundly thankful when the five days were over, and they found themselves once more on the road to Culverley.

Basil had walked to the gates to meet them, and his look as he greeted his fiancée conveyed a more eager welcome than any words. He got into the car with them, and found and held her hand under the rug.

"Oh, by the way," said Basil to Aunt Edith; "I want you to be awfully good and call on the Starfields people tomorrow. Hugh hasn't been able to manage it, and I'm afraid we've neglected them rather. I met a young fellow who is staying there the other day, Mrs. Deloraine's nephew. In fact, we nearly had a collision in the road and I felt rather guilty when I found out who he was."

"I will certainly call," said Aunt Edith. "What is the boy like?"

"Oh, a regular wild Irishman," laughed Basil. "He treated me to an extraordinary flow of language, but we parted friends. In fact, I think we rather liked each other in the end. He's in the Navy, just off to join his ship—Donovan by name."

When they entered the house and joined Hugh and Aunt Edith for tea, he thought that she was less constrained than on her arrival, but as she received Lord Conister's greeting he saw in a moment with that insight which was growing out of his love for her that she was shocked.

Later, when he and Basil were alone for a few minutes Hugh remarked upon it to his cousin.

"There is something about Charmaine, something I can't fathom, that makes me uneasy. It may not be apparent to anyone else. It may be some psychic effect which I have upon her. I can't say what. But there is something. Look to it, Basil boy! Don't frighten her, but watch over her! And when she is a Conister, see that you keep her safe!"

**A**UNT EDITH kept her word on the following afternoon and drove in solitary state to pay her call on Hugh's behalf upon Mrs. Deloraine at Starfields.

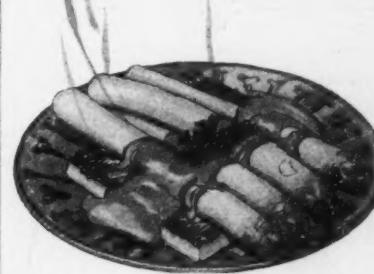
She was admitted, but left to herself for nearly half an hour. She was contemplating ringing the bell and inquiring if Mrs. Deloraine really intended to receive her when there came a sudden sound from the garden and a huge Irish wolfhound bounded in through

[Continued on page 112]

# Does the family cheer when dinner comes on?

"THE best little cook in the world!" Welcome words!—and you'll hear them every day if you'll just keep putting new variety and flavor into the meals you serve.

California Canned Asparagus will help you. Its freshness, its delicacy, put an appetizing touch of distinction into any menu. And canned asparagus is always ready to use in dozens of delightful dishes. Serve it often—it is sure to please the family.



**Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce**—Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into shallow pan. Heat over low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain. Arrange asparagus on slices of buttered toast. For Cheese Sauce:—melt 2 tablespoons butter in double boiler, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour. Stir to a smooth paste. Add very gradually  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk. Cook until thickened. Then add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup grated American cheese, heating until cheese is melted.

## CALIFORNIA CANNED Asparagus



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Mrs. Cynthia Blackburn Gillmore, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. Spencer Blackburn of North Carolina, is constantly being complimented on the perfection of her skin.



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Miss Dorothy McMaster, daughter of Senator and Mrs. W. H. McMaster of South Dakota, possesses the exquisitely clear skin natural to her type of patrician beauty.

Photos by  
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## No More Shiny Nose! Mello-Glo Stays on Longer, Prevents Large Pores.

It is a positive sensation in the exclusive Washington social set . . . this wonderful face powder that keeps ugly shine away and prevents large pores because of its purity.

**MELLO-GLO** Face Powder is created according to a new French process from delicate imported ingredients and color that are passed by the U.S. Government. It is sifted over and over again through silk. **MELLO-GLO** Face Powder spreads more smoothly and never gives a pasty or flaky look.

Over two million of America's most beautiful women depend on **MELLO-GLO**'S youthful bloom to enhance the natural loveliness of their complexions. You, too, will cherish its velvety texture.

In its distinguished square gold box, **MELLO-GLO** Face Powder awaits at your favorite shop or they will get it for you.

Each box contains a descriptive booklet on the new wonderful French Beauty Treatment—**Mello-Glo**.

## THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[Continued from page 111]

the French window. A sharp whistle instantly followed his entrance, and as the two terriers sprang up barking, Aunt Edith, rising in some agitation, found herself confronted by a young man in flannels with coal-black hair and laughing Irish eyes who swiftly applied himself to reassuring her.

He thrust out the canine element without ceremony and slammed the window upon the hubbub that resulted.

"That's the worst of this house," he continued pleasantly. "There's never a comfortable chair without a dog of some description in it. Have you come to call on Aunt Eileen? I expect she's in bed. Shall I go and see?"

"Oh, don't disturb her on my account!" begged Lady Cravenstowe. "I know it is Sunday afternoon, and perhaps I ought to have waited till tomorrow. But we are all so busy at Culverley getting ready for the wedding that I thought I had better take the chance when it offered."

RORY swept aside all protest. "My aunt will be so grateful to you for calling. She'd be mad if I let you go, so you must stay for my sake. I'm always doing the wrong thing."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't succeed in doing it the other day," she said, "when you tried to kill my nephew on the road."

"Oh, he told you about that, did he?" said Rory. "He was jolly decent about it, I must say; took it like a brick. He's going to be married directly, isn't he? When?"

"The wedding is on Wednesday. Basil's fiancée is with us now—such a sweet girl. I love her dearly, and she has quite won Lord Conister's heart. He unfortunately is not in sufficiently good health to attend the ceremony. It will be a quiet one in town. We are going up the day before."

"I see," said Rory. "That's the day I rejoin my ship."

"Oh yes," said Aunt Edith. "You're in the Navy, aren't you?"

He nodded. "Sub-lieutenant on H. M. S. Paragon, now at Gibraltar. I've been putting in my leave here. What's going to happen after the wedding? Are they going abroad?"

"No," said Aunt Edith. "I am rather sorry to say Basil has decided to forego the honeymoon on Lord Conister's account."

Rory made a face. "I say! How dull for the bride! Does she mind?"

"No indeed, she never minds anything," said Aunt Edith fondly. "Besides, she won't be dull with Basil. He worships the very ground under her feet."

"And does she worship his—sorry—the ground he walks on, I mean?" asked Rory with his winning smile.

"Don't be absurd!" said Aunt Edith without severity. "Wait till you're in love yourself before you start throwing stones."

Rory got up as his aunt entered and moved to meet her.

Aunt Edith proceeded to explain her intrusion. "I came on behalf of Lord Conister," she said. "I don't really live here myself. He has not been able to call on account of ill-health, and my other nephew is so busy with his impending marriage that I thought I had better take it upon myself to fulfill their obligations."

"It was kind of you to call, Lady Cravenstowe. And it's your nephew who is going to be married, is it? Someone told me his fiancée is a Miss Audley. Does she come from Ireland by any chance? I used to know people of that name some years ago."

"As a matter of fact," said Lady Cravenstowe, "Miss Audley did spend part of her childhood in Ireland. Her father, Colonel Audley, married twice and there are two half-sisters."

"Those are the people!" declared Mrs. Deloraine. "I can't remember the little one's name, but she had a lot of golden hair. And Griselda—that dreadful elder sister who used to stride about in riding-boots! But Mrs. Audley—Griselda's step-mother—was the one who could ride. She was superb, went like the devil himself, but with never a hitch or stumble till the day of her death, poor creature!"

"Strangely enough," said Lady Cravenstowe, "I knew the second Mrs. Audley as a girl in India before her marriage. Verena Maynard she was then. I remember she was a splendid horsewoman."

"She was magnificent," Mrs. Deloraine asserted with enthusiasm. "What on earth possessed her to marry into that family I never made out. There was a lot of gossip connected with her, though I always say it's best to leave the dead alone."

"And I'm sure you're always right," broke in Rory. "Look here! Can't we have some tea?"

His aunt shrugged an impatient shoulder in his direction. "Oh, go and find all the rest then!" she said. "They're somewhere in the garden, I expect."

Then Mrs. Deloraine leaned toward Aunt Edith in a confidential attitude and said, "Now I'll tell you all about that little girl's mother!"

Lady Cravenstowe walked back slowly across the park an hour later with a very thoughtful countenance. She went to her room which was next to Charmaine's when she reached Culverley, and there remained until she presently heard the girl pass her door on the way to her own. Charmaine was in the act of closing her door when Aunt Edith lightly tapped upon it.

"May I come in, dear?" Aunt Edith asked.

Charmaine stood aside instantly. "Of course! Please do! I have just come back from a walk with Basil."

Aunt Edith patted her cheek and said, "Do you know that Mrs. Deloraine whom I have just seen remembers you as a little girl in Ireland?"

"Oh, does she?" exclaimed Charmaine. Her color rose faintly as she added, "I remember her, too."

"You didn't tell me," said Aunt Edith.

"It's so long ago," explained Charmaine. "And I didn't know her well."

SHE knew your mother," said Aunt Edith, covertly watching her.

"Oh yes, I know," said Charmaine. "You see, they both hunted. She—I think she was there when Mummy—" She broke off piteously and turned away.

"Dear child, forgive me!" said Aunt Edith with compunction. "I shouldn't have reminded you of that."

But her own uneasiness lingered oppressively. She had a guilty sensation as of having betrayed her nephew's trust—a sensation which so haunted her that late that night, when she knew that Basil had come up to bed, she left her own room and went to his, feeling too distressed to sleep.

"I want a little talk with you, dear," she said, as he opened the door in response to her furtive knocking. "Don't look so surprised! I'm sure I'd better be quite open with you. Basil dear, it's about Charmaine's mother. You know, [Continued on page 114]



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### **THE ALTAR OF HONOR**

[Continued from page 112]

I knew her as a girl in India. She was considered very flighty even in those days. She was very, very lovely too."

"Yes," said Basil.

"I was never in close touch with her. Of course I was married and a good deal older." Aunt Edith's voice grew quieter, as though in response to the deliberate steadiness of his. "But there were a good many wild stories about her. She married Colonel Audley, then a widower with two daughters in England. He brought her home. They settled in Ireland. Mrs. Deloraine whom I called on today lived in the same place. Charmaine was born there."

"Yes?" said Basil again, quietly.

SHE went on with effort: "She was not happy with the step-daughter Griselda. All sorts of scandals were rife. Eventually Griselda poisoned Colonel Audley's mind against her. It went on for years. Charmaine was brought up in an atmosphere of hostility. Her mother consoled herself with all manner of flirtations, till at last she went too far. Griselda, having bided her time for over ten years collecting evidence the whole time, pounced like a cat on some beautiful care-free bird, and she was caught. The next day she galloped her horse over the cliff while out hunting and was killed."

"My God!" Basil cried. He was silent for a moment or two; then continued: "Charmaine never knew that I'm sure."

"No, they were merciful enough not to tell her. But she became the scapegoat of Griselda's malice all the same. It seems there was doubt, very strong doubt—" Aunt Edith's voice quivered in spite of herself—"as to whether the poor child was an Audley after all."

Her words went into a silence that lasted for a full half-minute. Then with the utmost quietness, almost as though pronouncing a verdict, Basil spoke: "For my own part—I hope she wasn't."

"Oh, Basil!" Aunt Edith looked up at him and suddenly the tears were running down her face. "Thank God," she said, "that you have said that. I felt so terribly responsible. After all, it was I who found her for you, knew you'd love her, gave you the opportunity—"

"For which I shall thank you to my dying day," Basil said. "Don't ever make any mistake about that! I'm glad you told me. Don't be upset about it! There's really nothing to worry about."

"So long as the family honor is safe!" said Aunt Edith. "Heredity, you know—"

He smiled at her with steady assurance. "Of course it's safe!" he said. "Charmaine is Charmaine—sweet and good and genuine. And Charmaine's sons will be mine."

"Bless you, my dear!" said Aunt Edith in a tone of relief.

The last night at Culverley had arrived and only two more remained before her wedding day. Charmaine stood by her bedroom window and gazed out into the starlit summer night with eyes that saw not.

All day she had lived as one with some terrific ordeal before her. Tonight it was as though a note of doom had sounded. Tonight she must meet

her fate. And the gray mystery of the night was like something that watched and waited for the encounter, stealthily marking everything that she did.

The very thought of Rory filled her with such a tumult of emotion as she could not define even to herself. At one moment she was afraid and at another possessed by a strange riot of gladness that seemed to sweep her off her feet. For she knew—she knew—that Rory was waiting for her.

The stable clock striking the hour of midnight made her start. But with the last stroke came relief, for immediately following it she caught the sound of the electric switch being turned off in Aunt Edith's room which meant that she was safely in bed at last.

Yet for five or even ten minutes longer she waited, making sure. Then, swiftly, silently, she rose. She dared not turn on her own light. The risk was too great. She would not even stop to dress again. She pulled on the warm coat that she wore when motorizing and it covered her completely. Her hair was in two immense gold plaits that hung down to her waist. She thrust her bare feet into slippers, but remembering the next moment that there would be a dew, she slipped them off again.

No, there must be no possible evidence of this secret adventure of hers to bid Rory goodbye. She would go bare-footed. The path was smooth all the way. Even had it been full of thorns she would have gladly braved them for Rory's sake.

The courage of desperation was upon her, and her own steadiness amazed herself. She opened her bedroom door without sound and stood on the verge of the darkness beyond. Utter silence reigned—a ghost-like stillness that seemed to stretch into infinity. And so at length, like a ghost herself, she glided forward with hands outspread, feeling her way, and in a moment was safely past Aunt Edith's door.

A FAINT glimmer of light from a window at the end of the corridor guided her. Close to this was the door of Basil's room; and here lay her greatest danger of discovery. But such was the strength that inspired her, she reached it, passed it, without a tremor. Noiselessly, swiftly, she turned the corner and was safe in the great gallery that led to the stairs.

She reached the foot of the stairs and ran down the wide passage that led to the door. Again the urgency of the venture came upon her and she turned the handle of the door with more success. It yielded and she found herself on the threshold of the great oak-paneled dining-room.

She was trembling as she entered. But once within, her confidence returned. The glass door into the garden was close at hand. She slipped past the huge oak sideboard and reached it. It slid back at her first pressure and in a moment the door was open. She stood facing the summer night.

Its thousand essences came about her, enwrapped her. For a moment she was as one entranced, held by a rapture that was not of earth. Then the spell drew her. She went forth into the waiting magic of a world that she had never known.

[Continued in DECEMBER McCall's]

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## GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 32]

"Oh, darn!" wailed Peggy Scarfell. "If I hadn't missed that putt I'd have done it in par."

At the final hole of an obstacle golf lawn she was regarding her wayward ball. Once again wonder smote the intruder—that an ex-peddler of straw bail could have bred such a daughter. Feather-headed Peggy Scarfell might be, a waster maid akin to her waster set. But while she swayed there, wagging an iron, color of cheek matching the hue of her knitted jacket, she was radiant, meant for imprisoning on canvas. Turning, she glimpsed the solitary spectator.

"Look who's here!" she shrilled. "Midsummer's gift to boredom! Where have you been all these months, Alan? Roughing it?"

"Yes, roughing it," he answered.

"Meet Tony Haven." She indicated her weedy companion. "In the great open spaces he's a false alarm."

The youth in striped flannel yawned.

"There's nothing to do," he remarked.

"He doesn't know a tamarack from a spruce."

"What's the difference?" her guest demanded. "They're all trees."

"Oh, run away," the girl scolded. "You're excess baggage. There's a he-man on the reservation."

The breeze wrapped abbreviated skirt around boyish legs. Those early legend makers, before Homer, must have spun nymph and dryad nonsense out of such wisps of Attic adolescence. Cocky, with impudent chin and insolent lips—the Conquering Chit of 1929. She became a sign and portent. Scarfell had struck through Bessie. There was only one sure way to strike back.

"What shall we do, now you're here?" she asked.

"I came to see your father, Peggy."

"He's in the library, busy. The Tricker person came up two days ago. Daddy isn't ripe for bond buying, either. Tony beat you to it. Got thrown for a loss, didn't you, Tony?"

"Just the same, your father made a mistake," the flattered youth grumbled. "My firm handles the new Par-Mutual Sixes, Mr. Campbell. They're gilt-edged."

"Gilt-edged, all right," Campbell agreed.

"Let me in on something of yours," she urged. "Nothing gilt-edged, though. I want to gamble—been saving my allowance. How much margin would two thousand dollars be?"

Young Haven whistled derisively as Campbell moved toward the house.

"Get it over with!" the girl called. "You have a heavy date with a certain party."

Get it over with! He would try.

FROM the porch hammock a woman arose. Upon orange and black matting chessboard she stood, an agitated underworld king's pawn. Did her hands ever cease fluttering?

"Peggy tells me her father is at home, Mrs. Scarfell."

One could not be sure about women like her—about how much, or how little, they knew.

"He is in the library. Engaged, I am afraid."

Restless fingers brushed his sleeve, half protestingly, as he entered. A Sealyham lolling upon Navajo rug wagged cordial greeting, trotting toward a closed door. Campbell turned the knob.

"Good morning, Senator," he began.

Drew Scarfell blinked from his leather chair. The other occupant of the book-lined den leaped up, right hand thrust into a pocket.

"Keep it there!" the newcomer ordered. The latch clicked.

"You and your double-crossing choir jane!" snarled Tricker. He added an obscenely qualifying clause.

"When a man begins to suffer from mortal illness there are premonitory symptoms," said Campbell. "This is one of them, Pudge."

With the precision of a boxer measuring a punch-drunk opponent he

### Something must be said—

"Something that would die on the air and not go echoing through the years to beat on her heart like a doom-drum—if the answer were wrong."

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### LOVER, COME BACK

By Helen Topping Miller  
appearing in the

DECEMBER MC CALL'S

stepped forward and swung. The Sealyham barked as the swarthy night club proprietor slid to the floor. Scarfell's face was livid.

"What do—how dare—outrage!" he sputtered.

"We can chat better with that mucker silent—informally, as one thief to another. You've taken something of mine that I happen to value, Scarfell. I want it back."

"Want—what—back?"

"Politics has cramped your style. You might have guessed I was ticketed for letting you alone after Pioggi and Arkos failed to deliver the goods. When I weakened on calling your bluff of exile you could have figured I was through with your city. It wasn't you who made me weaken. Something else did, all of a sudden. Twisty Fogger's kid. I gave my word to Twisty. When you give your word to a dying pal you keep it."

Breath returned to the satrap of crime.

"I always thought you were crack-brained, Campbell. Shell-shock, maybe. I didn't wish to be hard on an ex-soldier. That's why I suggested your going to some other place—to sell bonds. I'll stake you now. I've never been tight-fisted with friends. How much do you want?"

"For keeping out of this town?"

"For keeping out of the state. Money, Campbell. All of us need enough to be comfortable. I'm inclined to be more generous than you deserve."

He drew a billfold from his breast while the man on the floor stirred and groaned.

"No. This time I'm offering you money, Scarfell, for your lake strip. I've quit the racket—the whole racket. Tamarack is part of what you and Tricker don't seem to believe in—my reformation."

"Tamarack? You've had a wrong steer, son. The lake tract isn't worth a dollar. That power dam bill won't be reported out of legislative committee this session."

"You never studied trees except as lumber, did you, Senator? They do things to you, the few that are left. Especially at night, when the branches get to talking. Pine trees—and a child. Funny, how the talk of a child meshes with the voice of a tree." Puffy eyes were goggling at him. "You ought to savvy the talk of a child—you're father of one. How long since you heard a fairy tale? Hans Christian Andersen didn't write this one. Tamarack's ridge-cleft pines did. I watched them do it. Remember how fairy stories begin, you murdering swine? 'Once upon a time there was a . . . ,'"

For five minutes Drew Scarfell stared and listened, thumbs twiddling the wallet in his lap.

"So I can't sell my bonds elsewhere, as you delicately express it," Campbell finished. "Not even for a bootlegging czar's ransom. I belong to the Cut-over Lands. They're my job. My job! At last I've found one. The church you endowed doesn't approve of saving souls out loud. Yet I've learned to pray in a forest's amen corner. Learned to pray, unashamed, damn you! A Tamarack boulder has been my mourner's bench. My warped soul was half saved, until yesterday."

"Money," recited the corpulent lawyer. There was anxious wheedling in his tone. "Enough money to let you travel far and wide, Campbell. Knocking around the world, having sport. Monte Carlo and Cairo. You need a rest. Be reasonable."

THE unwelcome visitor jerked his enforced host upon his heels.

"Don't hit me!" Scarfell pleaded.

"Not with my fist. It would be like bashing a toad—unpleasant. Take this standing, though. It's worse than a jolt on the chin. You are refusing that senatorial nomination. Even a spotted Washington toga wouldn't drape your bloated carcass becomingly."

"Shell-shock. I knew it," the terrified attorney whined. "Babble about a foundling and pine trees. I'll swallow your insults. I'll be generous. Fifty thousand, if you'll clear out. I'll take your word. You may be cuckoo, but you're no liar. And Fogger's nameless brat goes with the fifty grand."

Through the open window Campbell could view the valley. Looted hills rolled their green miles westward. Beside the birch clump Peggy Scarfell and her sulky swain were bickering while she waited. There was a scrambling behind him; something hard was jammed into the small of his back.

"Don't!" Scarfell gasped. "Not here, Tricker! You're as crazy as he!"

Campbell wheeled, brushing aside the wavering pistol.

"You're in the Cut-over Lands, Pudge," he smiled. "There aren't any convenient railroad tracks. Mountain coroner's juries may be stupid, but they're mighty inquisitive."

"You'd oughta let me do it, Chief. We could square it." The swarthy killer was petulant. "He and that choir jane'll raise hell between them."

"More hell than you dream of, Tricker," said Campbell.

He shut the door behind him. Mrs. Scarfell had not budged from her square of chessboard matting; she looked up at him inscrutably.

"You saw him?" she murmured.

"I saw him," he replied. "Your husband was not expecting me."

Peggy waved from the turf.

"Pike's Peak or bust!" she proclaimed. "Where's your covered wagon, [Continued on page 118]



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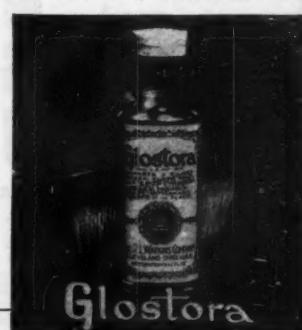
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## GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 117]

Alan? We can forage as we go. Yoo-hoo, Mother! Bye! There may be Sioux in them there hills."

"What if it were real adventure, Peggy?"

"I'm game. Aren't I?"

HE PURCHASED a pack-basket at the general store in Booneville. She grimaced as he filled it.

"Grub enough for a week. What's the big idea?" she asked.

"One must be prepared when he goes adventuring. There are sweaters and a poncho under the seat."

After a few miles he steered into a nearly obliterated trail. The sedan came to a stop in mossy ooze.

"All out," he announced. "We hike from here. I'm going to show you real woods. We'll fry our rashes beside lace handkerchief spray."

Gerda Larsen would not have been deceived by this ingenious doubling upon his tracks, but she had lived in the Cut-over Lands, knew the slashed wilderness as well as he. Relentlessly he criss-crossed the mountain shoulder, on the other side of which clustered the hovels of queer and silent folk whom Fairfield called Page Streeters. It was three o'clock when they breasted a tangle of sumac and blackberry. From the ravine came the tinkle of far-dropping water. He slid down and held out his arms.

"Come on," he invited.

She slid after him, unhesitatingly. Hand in hand they pushed through the thicket.

"You won't find this on picture postcards, Peggy. It's safe from flivver tourists for a while."

An emerald ribbon unwound from granite spool a hundred feet above them, to be rent into iridescent spume at their feet and tossed as far below.

"Rainbow tatters!" For a moment her face was rapt, reverent. Then the mood evaporated. "I'm famished," she declared. "Let me slice the bacon."

She ate with gusto, producing a gold case when coffee was gone and lighting her cigarette from his pipe.

"Worthwhile, Peggy?"

"You've done your daily good deed, Boy Scout. One could live in our gimp-crack bungalow for years and never know this beauty was around the corner. Peaceful, isn't it?"

"Beauty and peace. The perpetual message of the woods. I've been listening to it ever since your Christmas supper at Trickster's."

"You left us flat that night." She blew a smoke ring into his eyes. "Why don't you like me, Alan?"

"I do like you."

"You don't approve of me."

"You are lovely, Peggy."

"That's what I had to hear." She laughed. "With men like Tony Haven you can always tell without hearing. I'm going to take a cat nap while you carry the duffle to the road."

She was curled upon the poncho as he buckled the basket straps. He swerved north when bracken hid him, climbing until he reached a stumped-dotted corn field. The blind seeress of Page Street sat on a bench outside her shanty, shelling peas with her twelve-year-old orphan granddaughter.

"It air the tree preacher, Gran!" cried the child.

"Set, mister. Whar you been preachin'?"

"No sermons today, Widow Gaunt. I've been in Fawn Hollow, worshiping a waterfall."

"C'n hear it nights. Says a lot o' things, that waterfall. Set a spell. Viry'll git us a dish of tea."

"There's not time. I am on my way to Fairfield."

"A long walk, mister." Sightless eyes strained westward. "Sundown's closin' in. C'n sense it."

"I have a car in the tote road."

"Tote road's tricky after dark."

"There'll be a moon. I am leaving grub with Alvira."

"Who lowed the Widder Gaunt air starvin', tree preacher?"

"Nobody. I'm not asking the Widow Gaunt to accept charity. I'm asking her to do a favor, for a friend."

"We air friends, mister."

"You'll be wanting store stuff. There's a girl in Fawn Hollow. I left her there. Send Alvira to fetch her."

"Be she teacher?"

"No, widow. A rich man's daughter. She can help us save the mountain for children not yet born. Green timber—they will need it."

"For Viry's young uns?"

"For Viry's great-great grandchildren, and beyond."

"A cruel long time. Misty like, it gits me, thinkin' on it."

"The girl in Fawn Hollow can help us. Keep her on the mountain until I come again. That may be tomorrow, or a week from tomorrow. But she must not leave the clearing and Page Street must not know that she is here."

Swiftly moving hands gestured above the pea-pods.

"Widder Gaunt and Viry air of the mounting, not of Page Street, mister. C'n a rich man's darter stomach grits? Best start now, Viry. Hap the long shadde'll skeer her. City gals is on-sartin."

The barelegged child trotted beside him among the rotting stumps.

"Gran an' me'll cosset her," she volunteered. "Be it a runaway marryin', tree preacher?"

"No, Alvira."

"Be the rich gal's pappy followin' with a gun?"

"Her pappy may be following with a gun, Viry, yet not to prevent a runaway wedding. Take good care of her, but keep her on the mountain."

"Hope t'die." The pixie figure in homespun performed juvenile ritual of crossing her heart. "It air sartin she'll stay on the mounting. We've the best houn' dawg on the ridge, mister. She won't git fur from Ringer, no more'n a groundhog. Gran'll feel her face, to see ef she's sweet lookin', like teacher. Gran's eyes is in her fingers." She vanished among the bushes.

**PEGGY SCARFELL**—sharing the flock pallet of Page Street's blind seeress, who doubtless would have been burned as a witch in Cotton Mather's day; behind whose filmed pupils resided a "second sight" which awed the furtive mountain folk. The most repellent thing he had been guilty of since scraping trench mud from army boots—exploiting a girl's terror.

Assaying the fibre of his act poisoned the balsams' sweetness. "I'm game, aren't I?" Peggy had jested.

How game, while brier-scratched pixie peered and savage foxhound snuffed at jaunty sport shoes? How soon would poise wilt as roughened hands traced the contour of cocky chin and insolent lips? An unspeakably vile maneuver, but it balanced his debit and credit with Drew Scarfell. They had exchanged hostages. He could rely upon the Widder Gaunt and Viry. He was the tree preacher. Her cataract-clouded eyes had visioned the beauty he prophesied.

[Continued on page 120]



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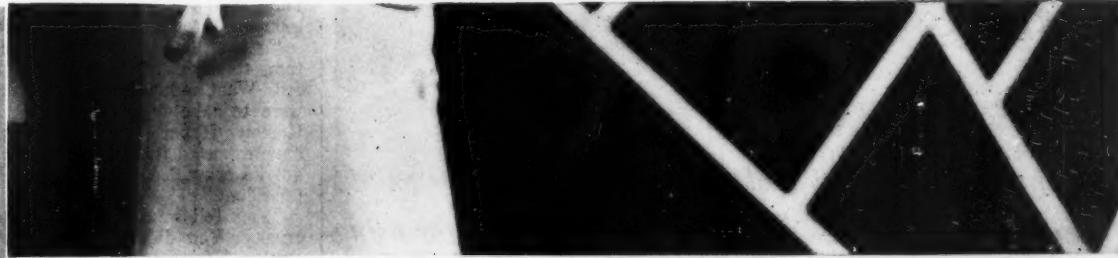
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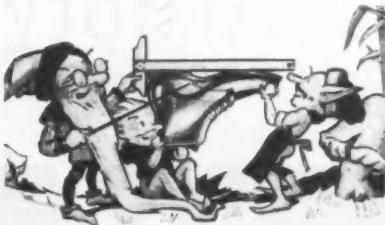
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## GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 118]

It was nearly midnight when Alan turned into the cabin lane. Balloon tires heavier than the sedan's had crushed the timothy grass. He had not expected that his bungalow call would be repaid so soon. And he had yearned for a dive from the springboard; ardent water might have made him feel clean once more. The halfbreed Morgan heard his wheels and nickered. Hungry, of course, He sifted oats around the nipping muzzle. Tamarack's stillness—how good it was. The cabin was dark. Astonishing, the lack of imagination among these so-called efficient of crime; fancying they were surprising him. None the less it took nerve to enter, for this would be the show-down. Debit and credit entries balanced, but the Scarfell account was not yet closed.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "You have been prompt."

He touched match to the wick of a student lamp and looked around him.

"Where's Peggy?"  
Scarfell asked.

The underworld satrap rocked upon his toes beside the fireplace. If authentic emotion could be etched upon creased jowls they reflected agony. Tricker guarded the door, nursing his revolver.

"F risk him, Chief," he advised. At these words stubby hands obeyed.

"I haven't a rod, Pudge. I'm not a gunman, as you ought to know."

"My girl, Peggy. Where is she?"

"Safe—and reasonably comfortable, Senator. Now I'll ask one. Where's Twisty's girl? Mother Machree's is neither safe nor comfortable."

"The brat is on her way back."

"Already?"

"We stopped them by telephone. I knew what you had up your sleeve the moment I found Peggy had gone."

"It is an ancient and honorable custom, this exchanging hostages, Scarfell. What induced you to think you were to take one and not I? Your Roman forum predecessors would have expected it. Hostage giving cannot be one sided. I followed a classic precedent."

"You followed a streak of hellish cruelty. You didn't think of Peggy's mother. She's frantic."

I'LL confess that the thought of Peggy's mother has been disquieting," Campbell admitted. "Indelicacy is despicable, Senator, but just how much does Peggy's mother know? About my bond selling, as you insist upon describing it? Why you can afford to endow churches, for instance? She doesn't know, does she?"

"She doesn't know."

"But she guesses?"

"You know how women are."

"Not your women, Senator. Yet I have been curious about fluttering hands."

"Fluttering—hands?"

"That fatal lack of imagination, Scarfell—the fly in your ointment."

The man at the door swore.

"What is this, a debating society?" he cut in. "Let's get down to cases."

"You win, Campbell." The fat man gulped.

"You're selling me the lake strip."

"I'm giving it to you."

"There's one other matter. That senatorial toga."

"I'm not going to Washington," Scarfell snapped. "I'm notifying the nominating committee tomorrow."

"Then I do win?"

"You've won. Tricker's a witness."

"Yeah. I'm a witness," rasped the swarthy bravo.

"A gentlemen's agreement, among thieves." Campbell smiled. "Rotten fabric. It tears easily. Yet I honestly believe that I have won. I'll show you where Peggy is." He walked between them, out upon the porch. "Peggy is over there." He pointed northward.

"Planted her with his hill-billies."

AGERNESS betrayed the sullen gunman. As he followed the direction of Campbell's outflung arm it fell, locking with his own.

"You weren't going to wait for convenient railroad tracks, were you, Pudge? Tamarack water might serve in a pinch." It felt good, the helpless, squirming body against his own.

"D rill him, Chief!" panted Tricker, battling.

"He's not a killer, Pudge. He hasn't the guts. He murders by proxy—C. O. D. But you're going to be crossed off the payroll, along with Pioggi and Arkos, the Greek."

The night club lieutenant had not been conditioned by steep trails. It was a brief struggle. Loosening his grip upon the pistol he tore free, was off the porch, running. Moonlight made the clearing bright enough for shooting clay pigeons.

"Stop, Pudge!" Campbell warned. He fired once, into the air.

Memory of two dead men in the snow backgrounded Tricker's panic. He had only one desire, to put something between him and the barrel of his own automatic. The lean-to stable beckoned. He darted in and slammed the door; wooden pin bar thudded.

"You fool!" shouted his pursuer. "The half-breed won't stand for strangers! He's vicious!"

Campbell ran to the woodpile for an axe. He hacked at the staple iron while Drew Scarfell moaned behind him.

"My God! What is it?"

"Suicide! Not a neat bit of underworld killing."

They could hear the hoofs of the maddened horse lashing in the dark. The axe blade bit through the last splinters and the door sagged outward.

"Steady, boy!" Campbell soothed the snorting brute. It might have been a bundle of old clothes that he dragged upon the pine needles.

"Mangled!" quavered Scarfell, backing away.

"Suicide, I told you. They aren't attractive, these men who meet violent deaths. Probably that never occurred to you. He might as well have stepped into a tiger's cage. He lost his nerve. Fear got him at last, and he had been a specialist in fear. You paid him to be. He ran from his own automatic into the stall of a half-breed stallion. I wouldn't have shot him. No imagination. That was his trouble. It has been your trouble, too, Scarfell."

"What'll we do? In Heaven's name, what'll we do?"

"There's a doctor in Booneville. And he is still breathing. Take his feet. We'll carry him to your car. I'll drive."

[Continued on page 123]



## French Fried ONIONS

USE good-sized onions. Peel and cut in crosswise slices one-fourth inch thick. Dust with salt, dip in a slightly beaten egg mixed with one-half cup cold water, then in fine dry crumbs and fry in deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute and a half, 395 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

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## *A New Mazola Salad Dressing*

1 egg	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola
2 teaspoons dry mustard	1 cup water

4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch  
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, add additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.



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In so vital a matter as good teeth, you need all the protection that the finest dentifrice can give.

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But the dentists who used Dr. Forhan's preparation realized that patients could not visit them daily, and in many cases daily treatment was required.

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# Forhan's

Your teeth  
healthy as

are only as  
your gums

## GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 120]

"I can't touch him," whined the shaken lawyer. "I'm all in. I'm through. Search him, Campbell. He carries papers, maybe memoranda. They mustn't find those."

He snatched at the leather case which the bending man held up.

"We'll burn it, Campbell. I'm through, I tell you."

"We'll burn it, but not now. I shall keep it for a while. Insurance, Scarfell. For my job—the Cut-over Lands. You are going to help save them. At last you've found a job, too. Crooked money poured back into a looted wilderness may be washed clean. In the end you'll kneel at Tamarack's mourners' bench, just as I did."

THE man who had dangled the strings of underworld marionettes pulled a revolver from his pocket and flung it into the bushes.

"I told him it would bring us bad luck," he mumbled. "I'm through."

"You were through when you started," Campbell answered. "Even when you peddled straw bail in police court corridors. The racket doesn't wear well. We all discover that in the end. Take his feet. Damn you, quit snivelling and take his feet! They ran on many a rotten errand for you."

The moonlit miles to Booneville were slow miles. Pudge Tricker had gone to join Twisty Fogger an hour before the county doctor examined him and shook his head.

"I've seen men pawed by bear," the physician said. "But they weren't mauled like that."

A stupid mountaineer coroner's jury, about which they had talked in the bungalow den, would inspect what the maddened stallion had wrought. Campbell alone appreciated the irony of Pudge Tricker's final tableau. He dropped his quaking passenger beside the foaming trout stream. False dawn streaked the hillsides.

"Tell Peggy's mother I shall bring her daughter in time for breakfast."

"We'll go abroad," Drew Scarfell muttered. He was talking to himself. "Go abroad for a long time. I'm through. My God! I can hear him scream yet. I'm through—all through."

"Learn to pray, Scarfell. To whatever God you can believe in. There's more than one amen corner in the Cut-over Lands. When you've managed to kneel in it the hands of Peggy's mother may stop fluttering. You've been trafficking in fear. It's a double-edged commodity."

As he drove toward the tote road the dazed fat man was tottering up the laurel lined path toward the birches.

WELL, he listened to reason, brother." The toothless county factotum grinned while he shoved the docket into place.

"Yes, he listened to reason," said Alan Campbell.

It was a fortnight later. The bungalow on the valley eminence was boarded up. Deed for the lake strip had been recorded.

"Gone touristin', the whole passel of 'em. Leastways that's what the caretaker give out," the clerk added. "Must cost a sight o' money. He seemed kinder peaked like, that millionaire feller. I seen him go. Upset, mebbe, by his friend's accident. Sold that man-eatin' stallion yet, brother?"

"Not yet. It wasn't the brute's fault. He was frightened."

"Not a patch on the fright that city chap must have had, locked in a stall with a crazy Morgan."

But fright had not touched Peggy Scarfell. He kept remembering this on his way to the cabin. Not even peering pixie and snuffling hound had subdued her; not even lying on a flock pallet beside a blind woman with "second sight," whose roughened hands had traced the pattern of her face. He had heard laughter in the clearing, the morning he had gone for her. Peggy and Viry were romping among the cornfield stumps. Viry had seen him first.

"Gran, the tree preacher's comin'!" she called.

The Widow Gaunt and her bare-legged granddaughter had been reluctant to let their visitor go.

"Best have waited a while, mister," the blind woman said. "There's a heap o' mounting things we ain't talked of—we jest be gittin' acquainted."



"I'll come back," Peggy had promised. "I know the way." Not until they were out of earshot had she delighted in his astonishment. "I'm game. Aren't I, tree preacher?" she giggled. "Told you I would be. It was like acting in a butternut movie."

Not a trace of eagerness to have it all explained. Only gloating over his discomfiture, satisfaction in having done the unexpected. How she would expand this experience for Tony Haven!

"They are good friends of mine, Peggy. I knew they would take care of you."

"The Widder read my face, Alan. She says I'm prettier than teacher."

That had pleased her, would be the only enduring memory of Page Street. No matter. Scarfell interlude was ended. Work lay ahead of him, plenty of it. He sniffed Sarah's cooking as he backed the sedan into the shed.

"They're out fishin'," the slavey informed him. "Up Mill Brook way. Likely t'be late."

Pinks and ochres swathed the placid cove. A loon's discordant cry punctuated the querulous plaints of dusk whippoorwills.

Then dipping oars around the point—and a contralto voice singing, "The Sands of Dee."

His mother's song—prairie village and reedy organ, whimpering night birds and all the world stretching before an eager, impressionable boy. The stretching world had been mostly sand. He had exchanged bloody trench mud for sand; fear of Drew Scarfell had been the crawling foam which licked above it with remorseless undertow. But this fear was dead, dead as the swarthy gunman the halfbreed Morgan had trampled into shapelessness behind a barred stable door. Above the wastage of half an allotted human span he would rear green timber. Green timber for children who would come after Bessie and Viry.

"Misty like, it gits me, thinkin' on it," the Widow Gaunt had said. Green timber. Hacked, and shattered, and looted this salient of the Cut-over

Lands might be, but the line held, would hold. "They shall not pass!" was its defiance to a vandal horde. He walked out upon the planks of the little dock; the click of rowlocks grew louder.

"Ooh, Uncle Alan!" shrieked Twisty Fogger's waif. "I catched a pickerel!"

Sarah dried the supper dishes, seized her sunbonnet and departed. Bessie embroidered "Now I lay me" with impromptu petitions for objective blessing, including Mother Machree. Gerda Larsen sat beside the crib; she would sit there until the child slumbered.

Alan Campbell went into the stable where a chestnut munched hay beside the half-breed. He saddled both animals; the girl who had sung on Pudge Tricker's velvet dais was ready when he led the horses to the porch.

"Let us walk as far as the meadow," she said. "They will graze and follow."

The ridge-cleft was a transparent basin, filled to the brim with lucent quicksilver.

"Will you think of us this winter, in your choir gallery among the stained glass saints, Gerda?"

"You speak as if I were an outlander, Alan. I belonged to the Cut-over Lands before you did."

"I forget. All I remember is that you are going away."

"The magic has not failed you. It has brought you work and peace."

"It has brought me work and peace."

"Is not that enough?"

"Once I thought it would be. Shall I seem like a selfish weakling, Gerda, if I am honest and say that it is not enough? One may have work, and peace in which to work, and yet lack happiness. Has a broken man the right to ask for happiness?"

"You were never broken, Alan."

"Perhaps not. But hideously bent. Is the magic potent enough to build love upon the memory of two dead men in the snow?"

GERDA LARSEN turned and faced the valley.

"The Cut-over Lands," she whispered. "Their cleanliness washes away memories like that. Why not test the magic, Alan?"

She clung to him as his arm went around her. In the sumac swamp darting whippoorwills called; there were sharp, tearing sounds where the half-breed and chestnut browsed.

"Peace, and work—and love, Gerda. Almost too much."

She put a cool finger upon his lips and spoke gently.

"The magic never gives too much. Just enough. Green timber, Alan. It is one of the magic runes."

Magic runes. Her forbears' strain speaking through the centuries. Again he thought of Viking women beside a fjord, serene faced as their mates boarded dragon ships.

"My mother would have loved you, Gerda."

"Green timber. She would have understood. As long as the world holds green timber it is safe against evil, she used to say."

Evil. One emerged from it as from a fog. It seemed remote, improbable, there with the constellations arching above them. And yet only yesterday it had brooded over Tamarack.

"A charge to keep I have," he said.

"I am part of that, now, Alan."

Peggy Scarfell, despite her shrewdness, would have been mystified by the tranquillity of their happiness.

[THE END]

## "Look what Mother has fixed for us"



**C**RISPsnappy days—strenuous play days. Young appetites naturally demand a little "after-school" or "between-meals" lunch. And there is nothing better than a good thick spread of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

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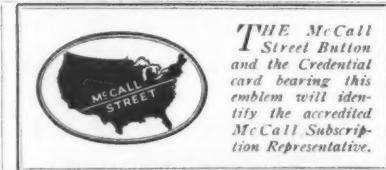
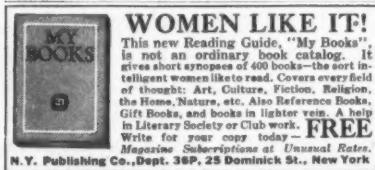
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## IN MINIATURE

[Continued from page 24]

under her direction, she sang for them or discussed their problems with deep sympathy.

Evangeline Booth calls herself a "bird of the storm." It is an excellent description. She is a hard fighter and a brave one. From the absolute conquest of her first station, the militant daughter was sent by her father to a famous seaside resort in Devonshire, where Salvationists were being persecuted for preaching in the streets. Taking her concertina, she marched the streets at the head of her procession. It is easy to see her, cape flying, red-gold hair curling about her face.

SHE fought the legal battle through to the Houses of Parliament, and was successful in obtaining the right for the Salvationists to mission the streets. The high title of Commissioner was bestowed upon her as mark of appreciation.

From London Miss Eva went to Canada to be what would be known today as a goodwill ambassador. She stayed for nine years. Then, twenty-five years ago, Evangeline Booth was sent to the United States and she has remained in charge of the Salvation Army here ever since.

Faced at the beginning of her American work with overwhelming problems of money and personnel, Miss Booth revolutionized the financial system of the Salvation Army and strengthened its resources. The old, familiar hand-to-mouth system of "panhandling" has been largely discarded, and in its place has risen a dignified appeal to the public through "drives" and "community chests." Statistics, as a rule, are dull, but there is something stupendous in the fact that the members and adherents of the Salvation Army throughout the world number millions; that the Commander herself has under her nearly five thousand officers, over thousand unpaid officers and double that number of singers and bandsmen!

In the past year, the Salvation Army stretched its protecting arms about the homeless, the unemployed, the hungry and the ill. Over one hundred thousand men and women were supplied with employment; over five million meals were distributed and five thousand mothers, mostly unmarried, were received into maternity homes. And her work is carried on unostentatiously.

During the World War, the Salvation Army endeared itself to American soldiers at the Front by providing them with shelter, companionship—and doughnuts, the mere mention of which made the stay-at-home's mouth water. President Wilson bestowed the Distinguished Service Medal on the Commander for the patriotic services of the Salvation Army.

The real Evangeline Booth has not changed appreciably since she was a girl. Men fell in love with her when she was thirteen or fourteen; and they have been doing it ever since. Quick humor, sympathy, depth of understanding, and a variety of moods, are not qualities usually to be found in one person; but when they do occur, they make a combination that is infallibly appealing.

Her personal life is quiet. On those rare occasions when she is not out in Japan or Alaska or Hawaii talking to millions, she lives in a lovely old house in Westchester, New York. She has horses and dogs, which she is fond of. But trees she loves best of all. They seem to her signs pointing upward; and each is a distinct personality. The murmur in their branches is like the sound of prayer; and the leaves like suppling hands.

Nor in the matter of religion has she changed much since childhood. Now, however, added to the simple faith of her early days, there is keen grasp of the practical conditions under which we exist. She believes that to the unemployed, religion is best taught by putting its maxims into practice; that the first duty of a true Samaritan is to bind wounds and heal sorrows.

LIFE at the end isn't a matter of how much enjoyment you've derived from it," says Evangeline Booth. "One doesn't look back and count the dancing hours, the theaters and amusement one has come in contact with. Much more comforting is the thought of the comfort you have given to others. If you haven't tasted the rapture of helping your fellow man you do not really know the joy of living. To say that 'A man may be down, but he's never out,' simply means that he may be raised to better things with the help of other men and a faith in the salvation of God. There are no bonds He cannot sever, no stains He cannot wash."

## Price List of New McCall Patterns

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No. Sizes Price No. Sizes Price No. Sizes Price

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4952	4-12	...35	5817	6-20	...35	5851	14-18	36-42-50	5886	14-18	36-42-50
5165	1-4	...25	5820	14-18	36-42-50	5852	14-18	36-42-50	5887	14-18	36-46-50
5172	2-10	...35	5824	14-18	36-42-50	5853	14-18	36-42-45	5888	14-18	36-42-50
5332	2-6	...35	5831	14-16	36-42-45	5854	14-18	36-42-45	5889	6-14	...35
5402	14-18	36-42-45	5833	14-16	36-42-50	5855	14-18	36-42-50	5890	2-8	...30
5543	2-8	...35	5834	14-18	36-42-45	5856	14-18	36-42-45	5891	14-18	36-42-45
5605	6-14	...35	5835	14-18	36-42-45	5857	14-18	36-42-45	5892	14-18	36-42-45
5616	14-18	36-42-45	5836	14-18	36-42-45	5858	14-18	36-42-45	5893	14-18	36-42-45
5655	1-6	...30	5837	14-18	36-42-45	5874	4-14	...35	5894	2-8	...30
5677	1-8	...30	5840	14-18	36-40-50	5875	14-18	36-40-45	5895	14-18	36-42-65
5680	14-18	36-46-45	5841	14-18	36-46-50	5876	14-18	36-42-45	5896	14-18	36-42-50
5681	1-6	...30	5842	14-18	36-42-45	5877	14-18	36-42-45	5897	14-18	36-40-50
5715	1-6	...30	5843	14-18	36-42-45	5878	14-18	36-46-50	5898	14-18	36-46-35
5717	1-4-18	36-46-45	5844	14-18	36-40-50	5879	1-8	...30	5899	4-14	...35
5774	6-14	...35	5845	14-18	36-42-45	5880	14-18	36-46-45	5900	1-6	...30
5779	6-14	...35	5846	14-18	36-42-50	5881	14-18	36-42-50	5901	1-8	...30
5798	2-8	...30	5847	14-18	36-42-50	5882	14-18	36-42-50	5902	14-18	36-42-45
5799	14-18	36-42-50	5848	6-14	...35	5883	14-18	36-42-45	5903	14-18	36-46-45
5802	14-18	36-46-50	5849	6-14	...35	5884	14-18	36-42-50	5904	14-18	36-42-45

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1725	45	1736	50	1740
1733	40	1737	35	1741
1734	30	1738	35	1744



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## TO THE LADIES

[Continued from page 7]

stands leaning proudly against the loose length of the feckless and delightful gentleman who has made her the lady of all the manor—from the pigsty in the corner to the lamp on the packing-box table, shining peacefully through the quiet dusk. They have inherited a good world, these two, and I am grateful for even the small portion of it that I hold here between two covers in my hands.

Critics far better qualified to be pontifical than I, say that *The Wave*, by Evelyn Scott, is a great book. It is entirely possible that they are right; but for me it misses greatness by at least one dimension. It has no height. Over the vast curve of her wave there arches no vaster curve of unfathomable blue; its bitter waters close over us, overwhelming and relentless; and we go down, gasping for the lovely freedom of the air, that is our heritage and our element. But a book which is as prodigal of the other two dimensions of length and breadth as this, is entitled to our chastened attention.

IT IS a panorama of the Civil War. Its six hundred tall pages, crowded with close black print, are ever more closely crowded with people—hundreds upon hundreds of them—Jews, Creoles, Yankees, negroes, mountaineers—traitors, deserters, slackers, prisoners, spies—their voices rise from its pages in a desperate and appalling clamor; and higher still rise the voices of the women. Of light women, lifting light-songs and ribald catches; of heavy-hearted ones, crying their wrongs and griefs to a world deaf with the roar of cannons—women cajoling and praying, raving and chattering and weeping over the thunder of a man's war. For in spite of the fact that Evelyn Scott can and does write with great virility of things that are ugly enough to be man's exclusive prerogative, this strikes your more or less humble reviewer as a supremely feminine view of the war.

It is packed from cover to cover with men; but louder than the bombs bursting in air, we hear the eternal rustle of women's skirts. There is not a man in it who does not desert to get back to a woman, or enlist to get away from one.

In *All Quiet on the Western Front*, an essentially masculine book, for all the pity and terror and gentleness that hover over its devastation, you can turn page after page, hunting in vain for even the whisper of our laughter or our tears; and in that lovely and inexorable play, *Journey's End*, you hear only once or twice the faint rustle of the skirts of the little English girl, far away and safe, moving quietly through her English garden. I do not think, either, that for all its relentless description of misery, immorality, filth and terror, that it is a realistic picture of war. If, in our zeal to strip it of glamor down to its bloody bones, we who have known war deny to you that there rode often, high above the charnel house on the wings of the storm itself, valor and laughter and honor and a strange and terrible delight, we are cheating you of the ultimate realism.

If you read *The Wave*—and I think that you should read it, because it is a really important book—I ask you to turn from it to another book, a man's story of the same war. In *John Brown's Body*, the wave breaks once again; but as it breaks, we feel the bright shock of beauty as well as the dark shock of terror. Stephen Benet has taken the clamor and chaos; and out of them made a pattern and a rhythm, as once, long ago, Hiroshige drew far enough back from the breaking wave to fix it for us forever in a beauty truer than reality itself; and there emerges for us from the immense confusion a design terrible and beautiful—the Wave, breaking forever in jade and sapphire and silver under an arch of fathomless blue.

*They Stooped to Folly*, by Ellen Glasgow, for all its glancing wit and charm, seems to me quite as ruthless a piece of work as *The Wave*, and possibly even more important. Miss Glasgow is hailed in many quarters as our most distinguished satirist; and twice recently I have seen her designated as the lineal descendant of George Meredith. She seems infinitely more lucid and less epic than that very great gentleman; I think I have traced her back to an even more remote progenitor.

If Jane Austen, demure in sprigged muslin, could raise her eyes from the quill pen that she was wont to dip in her familiar mixture of gall and honey, I think that she would smile a delighted greeting across the centuries to her great, great grandchild, whose pen hovers over precisely the same perfect blend, and whose lips are curved to precisely the same secret smile of enchanted and enchanting malice.

Jane Austen would not have touched with the remotest feather of her pen the undisguised subject of this sad and merry tale—in her world ladies who loved not wisely but too well were relegated to the severest limbo of all—the limbo of silence; but if she were living now, I think that she would deal with the subject with much the same clear-eyed and fastidious candor. And I cannot imagine offering any living lady higher praise.

### Fair Warning!

*The Galaxy*, by Susan Ertz. Another lady, a very charming, brave and intelligent one, stoops gracefully to folly after a long, unhappy life of wisdom. This is a story both human and sophisticated, written with distinction.

*Carrie Nation*, by Herbert Asbury. An incredible tale of an incredible woman, varying from black tragedy to broad farce. *Carrie Nation* can hardly be considered a temperance tract, but Mr. Asbury deals with his extraordinary protagonist with considerable sympathy and immense gusto.

*Red Silence*, by Kathleen Norris. One of Mrs. Norris' popular fusions of the problem novel and the romantic love story. Whether you agree with her conclusions or not, it is more than possible that you will enjoy her descriptions of the great California home and its occupants, who sprawl luxuriously through the crowded pages.

### COUNTY LIBRARIES

IN RURAL districts of the United States and Canada 48,000,000 residents have no library service. If your church, grange society or woman's club wishes to bring Peter Pan, Alice and Robin Hood to your children; the new books to adults; or magazines, pictures and phonograph records to your homes, why not establish a County Library for your community? For information address the American Library Association, in care of the editorial rooms of this magazine.

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*Lelong 5858*

No. 5844. An evening gown by Maggy Rouff gives us the Spanish circular flounces in rippling waves of soft velvet. Size 36,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch; two materials, 2 yards 39-inch; flounces, foundation,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 72-inch.

No. 5858. A circular flounce with a long graceful dip at the back is a striking feature of an evening gown by Lelong. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35-inch material or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch; upper slip,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch.

## LITTLE COAT IDEAS



5896



5887



5824

*New Lines are Individual*

WHENEVER one sees a group of new French models this season, there are two major impressions; one that fashions have at last radically changed, and another that in this change there is so much variety that women are going to be able to dress as individually as they please. The three models on this page are unmistakably new, and each one expresses this newness in an individual way. Rounded curves are the theme of one coat, cut with curved bands that perfect the fitted lines, and a graceful flare that begins at the hipline. More conservative lines and a different type of silhouette equally important from a fashion standpoint are shown in a coat that is slender and straight, with the flare starting at a lower point. While the three-quarter length coat ensemble, a favorite in winter fashions this year, gives another silhouette by making the widest point just below the hipline.

No. 5896. Circular cut and pleats in the back stitched down to below the hipline give a flattering silhouette to a winter coat. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch material or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch; lining, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5887. The coat of an ensemble is cut fairly loose to give the new long jacket silhouette. The frock is smartly tailored. Size 36, waist, 2 yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch; lining, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; bow,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 39-inch.

No. 5824. A graceful formal coat has a curved band that starts from the shoulder in front and dips low in the back. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch material or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; lining requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch material.

## LITTLE COAT PAIR II



5886



5885



5888

*S. Rothschild*

## Curves are Coming Back

No. 5886. A slender coat is cut to fall straight in the back, with a low flare at the front and sides. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 35-inch, 4¾ yards 39-inch or 3¾ yards 54-inch material; lining requires 3½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5885. A separate skirt, a three-quarter length coat and a blouse with a draped girdle form a new ensemble. Size 36, for blouse, 1½ yards 39-inch or 1½ yards 54-inch material and 3½ yards 54-inch for jacket and skirt.

No. 5888. Pointed seamings at the hipline accent the flaring back of a coat made with raglan sleeves. Size 36, 4½ yards 35-inch, 4½ yards 39-inch or 3½ yards 54-inch material; lining requires 5 yards 39-inch material.

NOT only in formal frocks, but in outdoor fashions as well, the curved lines of the figure are gradually being revealed. Many people on first seeing fitted frocks and coats at the French openings were reminded of Empire styles or the Gibson girl. But fashions never exactly repeat themselves and the Gibson girl with exaggerated curves and a set type of figure achieved by a sturdy corset is not due for a revival. In the new spirit of fashions, everything is natural, nothing is exaggerated. If one's figure lends itself to fitted curves at the waist, there are models designed on those lines. If one still clings longingly to straight lines, a graceful flare at the hem suggests fitted lines without insisting on them too strongly. And if a curve at the hipline is most flattering to one's figure, important new models achieve that line by use of a fitted yoke or a draped belt.

LÉONARD  
DE  
PARIS



5902



5902

5884



5884

5876

5882

No. 5902. A circular skirt is attached to a yoke that crosses in front and ties at the side in girdle effect. The deep bertha collar is also crossed in front. Size 36, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material or 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch, with skirt cut crosswise.

No. 5884. The flaring lines of the skirt of a slender frock are accented by a flounce that mounts in front. A narrow belt marks the waist and ties in a bow. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material or 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5876. Circular panels are inserted at each side of the skirt of a slender frock slightly bloused by a belt. A deep V yoke is double, crossing over in front. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch material or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5882. A princess frock has a circular skirt set in a diagonal scalloped line and a diagonal seam on the bodice that suggests a surplice closing. Size 36, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material or 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch, with skirt cut crosswise.



5876

5882

# I Thank You, Mr. Minister!

by

*Thérèse Clemenceau*

"The Minister of the Interior invites Madame Thérèse Clemenceau to attend the Charity Ball which will be held on September 15, 1929, at the Ministry's Building."

Such is the card I received . . . I hesitated. Should I or should I not go? After pondering over it for a few minutes—this marking the first appearance of winter fashions—I decided to adopt the former resolution. Thus it was that the Minister of the Interior received from me an affirmative reply for the benefit of my readers. The meeting was, primarily, interesting as a fashion show and I saw the first appearance of many details which tend to enhance the beauty of evening apparel.

Let us begin at once . . . You undoubtedly know that, for a number of years, gloves have disappeared completely from the picture. Well, they are coming back. You probably remember the mittens worn by your grandmother? Let me tell you, you shall soon be wearing lace gloves yourselves. I believe! Those I see are in shades matching the colors of the dresses, and they are especially suitable to wear with lace dresses. I also see soft kid gloves showing a delicate tint, matching the satin dress of a similar hue while a lovely lady, dressed in black velvet, has completed her attire with a pair of velvet gloves of the same color!

The great transformation of evening dresses, all made of dull crepe or lustrous satin, is coincident with the return of scintillating jewelry. While pearl necklaces are still considered the smartest thing for day dress, diamonds and other gems are becoming more popular for evening wear. The choker, may be seen in the shape of round and heavy braids representing garlands of flowers and foliage, the former being made in gems of all colors and the leaves, invariably diamonds. At a glance, it seems that certain stones which have been neglected are now coming back, and that the turquoise, the amethyst, the topaz, the aqua-marina, the agate and the onyx are set in wonderful mountings made of platinum, chased metal or crystal.

Another comeback is that of the fan. Some are immense, made of scarcely curled ostrich feathers and usually in graded hues. Others, made of straight feathers, preferably blue, are also very large and seem quite aristocratic as well as a trifle supercilious.

Suddenly, I find myself face to face with the master of the house. "Mr. Minister," I start, "You are probably not aware of the fact that by inviting me you have done me a great favor." The eyes of His Excellency show such surprise that I hasten to add: "Yes indeed, because by visualizing tomorrow's modes I have found a most interesting subject for my next talk to my American readers of the fair sex. And that is why I am so thankful to you, Mr. Minister!"



• E C H D D E P A R I J

No. 5895. A normal waistline and godets inserted in the skirt give the new silhouette to an afternoon frock. Shaped bands give the effect of a becoming double collar. Size 36 requires 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch or 3 $\frac{7}{8}$  yards 54-inch.



*Paris Makes Untrimmed  
Frocks Decorative*

No. 5875. A simple tailored frock has a yoke cut in points front and back and pleats from each point to the hemline. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch.

No. 5880. Spiral lines are very simply interpreted in a tailored frock cut straight, with a narrow belt to mark the waist. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch.

DRESSES are becoming more and more decorative, but no one who expects fussy frocks will find them in the French collections. The old way of decorating a frock was to make a plain foundation and then add flounces, beads, lace and buttons as much as one's time and patience allowed. In the new frocks, most of the time spent on decoration is spent before the designer picks up the scissors. Devising the simplest decorative feature like a spiral treatment of a tailored frock may take days of thought and experimentation. But after that, Paris designers are content with plain sewing, letting the lines of the frock form its trimming.

No. 5878. Curved seamings accent the side closing and a side flare on the skirt of a frock slightly bloused by a belt. Size 36 requires 4 yards 35-inch material or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5833. A knotted jabot and a skirt that flares in points are graceful features of a new afternoon frock. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch or  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 54-inch.



## THE ECHO IN PAIRS

### Hiplines Remain a Center of Interest

No. 5883. A bow attached under a band down the front of the blouse is a French trimming feature of a tailored frock. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch material; bow,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 39-inch.

No. 5831. Godets add circular fullness to the skirt of a frock slightly bloused at the waist by a draped belt. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35- or 39-inch or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch.

**S**O MUCH attention is being given to waistlines in the new winter clothes that hiplines seem to have become relatively unimportant. But the unimportance is only relative. If waistlines have first place of importance in the new silhouettes, hiplines are at least second. Belts and girdles are no longer always placed at the hipline, but in nine cases out of ten, the skirt fullness starts at that point. And to keep the lines of the figure slender to the hip and then flaring below calls for much French ingenuity that often the skirt yokes, seamings, or cleverly devised pleats that result form the most attractive and pleasing feature of the frock.

No. 5893. A handkerchief scarf gives a becoming neckline to an afternoon frock which has a cleverly cut circular skirt. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material or  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5897. Pointed seamings accent a double-breasted effect on the bodice and pleats on the skirt of a simple tailored frock. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35-inch material; collar  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 32- or 39-inch.

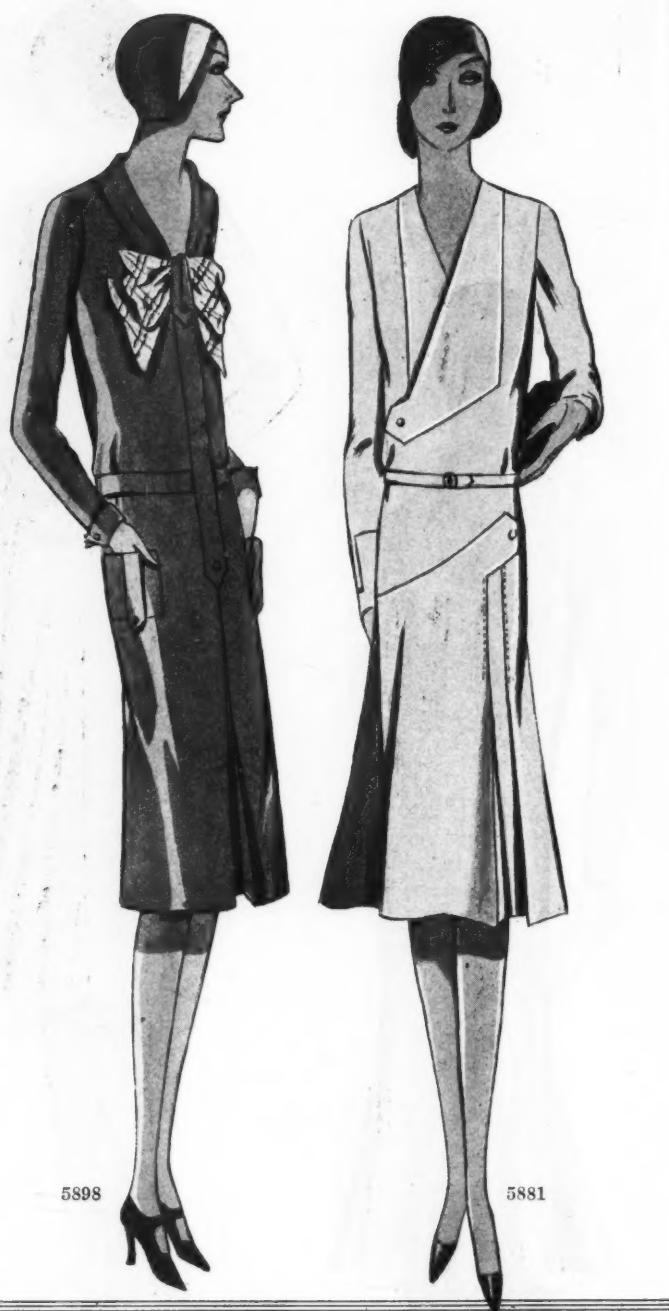
## L'ECHE DE PARIS



No. 5892. Pointed seamings accent pleats at the front and the back of a tailored frock. A bow trims the neckline. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch material; bow,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 39-inch.

No. 5893. A bow passed under a tab gives a soft neckline to a smartly tailored frock, cut straight with an inverted pleat in front. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material; bow,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 39-inch.

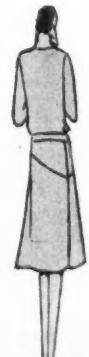
No. 5894. The vestee is cut in a diagonal line finished with a button-trimmed tab and a similar treatment is repeated in the skirt. Size 36, 4 yards 32-inch material or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch.



5898

5881

5892



### *Daytime Frocks Remain Simple*

In a season where changes are as decided as they are this year, there is a special place for the every day frock that is new and yet not unusual. In formal frocks we must experiment with new flares, new lengths, new curves, because Paris has resolutely changed silhouettes, and it is no use trying to insist on a figure that was smart last season. But in sports and every day clothes, French designers are still making straight simple frocks. These have an attractive familiarity, and hardly define the figure at all. The new note essential in frocks this season is added by nothing more striking than raising the separate belt one or two inches.

## L'ECHE DE PARIS



5877      5891



5904



*Modernistic Tailored  
Frocks*

MODERNISTIC lines, in pictures or furniture or clothes are likely to appear to the casual glance like any arrangement of radiating straight lines and unexpected angles. But in the best examples, the lines always mean something, they are always used to express in the simplest way whatever thought the artist had in mind. So when Paris uses modernistic lines on tailored frocks, it is not a haphazard cutting, or applying bands for their pretty effect. The lines and angles interpret a new diagonal treatment, a way of suggesting jacket lines, or smartly accent a one-sided neckline, or a clever arrangement of pleats on the skirt as shown on this page.



No. 5877. Trimming bands suggest a diagonal treatment on the bodice and accent a group of pleats on the skirt of a simple frock. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch.

No. 5891. A clever arrangement of trimming bands forms a smart decoration on a straight line frock with pleats in the front. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch.

No. 5904. The skirt of a tailored frock is set on in a pointed line, overlapping to form two pleats front and back. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch.

# L'ECCHO DE PARIS



No. 5616. The lines of the separate blouse and skirt are repeated in a flounce on the coat. Size 36, dress,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch; coat,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch; blouse,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch; skirt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch.

No. 5820. A one-piece frock and a coat with a shoulder yoke knotted in front form a smart ensemble. Size 36, dress, 3 yards 39-inch material; coat,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; dress,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch.

No. 5903. A becoming coat is made with raglan sleeves and a collar that may be worn flat or standing. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material or 4 yards 39-inch; lining,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5824. Curved bands perfect the slightly fitted lines of a formal coat that flares in the back. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch material or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; lining,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch.

## Two Coats and Two Ensembles

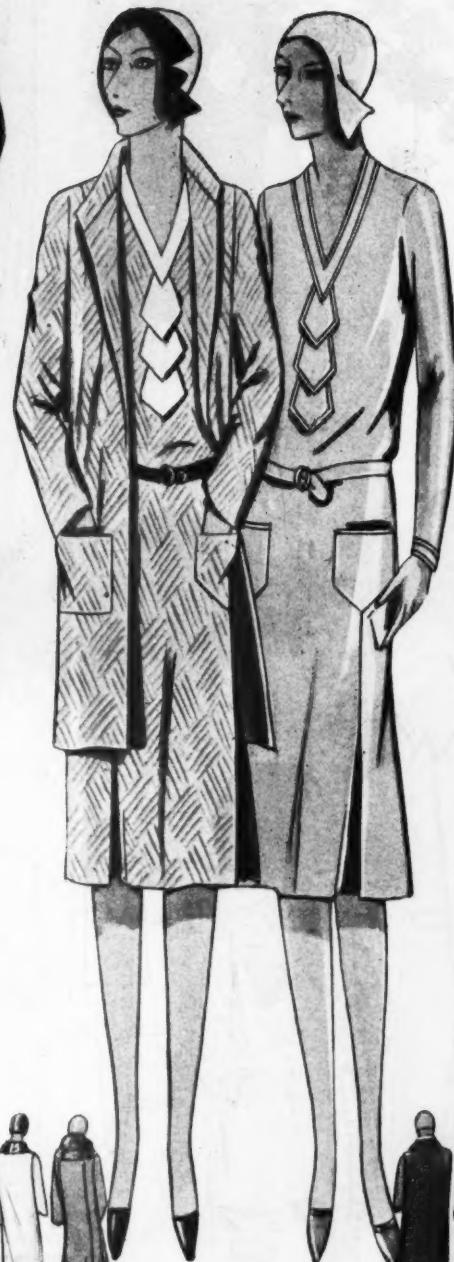
THE first costume that one selects for the new season will probably be an ensemble, not only because of its style importance, but because of its usefulness. With a smart two-piece or one-piece frock and a coat to match one is prepared for almost any occasion that may arise. And now that Paris permits different colors and materials in the dress and the coat, other frocks may serve with one's ensemble coat later on, or different coats with the ensemble frock.

# L'ECCHO DE PARIS



5680

5799



5717



5802

## *Autumn Coats Are Long or Short*

*S*HORT and three-quarter length jackets were so successful in spring and summer fashions that Paris has refused to give them up with the coming of the cold weather. Three-quarter length coats in heavy tweeds with a frock of matching tweed form favorite winter ensembles. The short jacket three-piece ensemble may be of tweed or rich velvet, with the jacket interlined. Long coats are longer than ever, their length often accented by the circular cut of princess lines.

No. 5680. A practical coat is cut on smart straight lines with a becoming roll collar trimmed with velvet or fur. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch material or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; lining,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5799. The new princess lines are simply interpreted in a coat made with a flattering wide collar. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch material or  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch; lining,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5717. A petal jabot forms a smart neckline on a tailored frock worn with a three-quarter length jacket. Size 36, dress,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 35-or 39-inch; coat,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35-inch.

No. 5802. A three-quarter length coat, pleated skirt and a separate blouse for an ensemble. Size 36, blouse,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch; coat, skirt,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch; separate skirt,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35- or 54-inch.

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City..... State.....



No. 5899. Bindings accent the clever lines of a frock that is cut straight with a narrow belt to mark the waist. Size 14 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 32-inch material or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch; binding requires  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 5901. A bow attached under a tab in front forms a French trimming for a small frock accompanied by matching bloomers. Size 4,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 35- or 39-inch.

No. 5809. Patch pockets give a practical air to a smartly tailored coat made with a double-breasted front closing. Size 8,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch, 2 yards 39-inch or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; lining,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch material.

No. 5774. A panel of pleats in the front of a school frock is accented by curved seamings. The collar is trimmed with pleated frills. Size 14,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 35- or 39-inch.

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## L' ECHO DE PARIS



5715

5677

5655



5165

5899

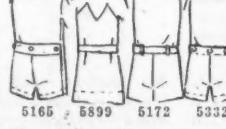
5172

5332

No. 5165. A double-breasted effect gives the smartness of a suit to rompers. Size 4, 1 1/2 yards 36-inch or 5/8 yard 54-inch; contrasting, 5/8 yard 36-inch.

No. 5899. The contrasting yoke of a school frock is cut in deep points front and back. Size 10, yoke, 1 1/2 yards 39-inch; lower dress, 15/8 yards 39-inch.

No. 5715. Pleats and a round yoke give French style distinction to a small frock. Size 4, 2 1/2 yards 35-inch, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch.



No. 5172. Short trousers and a simple waist form a practical suit for a small boy. Size 6 requires 2 1/4 yards 27-inch material or 2 1/2 yards 36-inch.

No. 5332. Little boy's suit is made with short trousers that button on to a double-breasted waist. Size 4, 2 yards 32-inch; contrasting, 5/8 yard 36-inch.

No. 5655. Modernistic seamings, a triangular pocket and tassels form a smart trimming. Size 6 requires 2 1/4 yards 35-inch or 2 yards 39-inch.

No. 5677. A simple frock is made with a full skirt and long sleeves set in drop shoulders. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards 35-inch; collar, 1/4 yard 35-inch.

A few designs selected from pages in the new Sewing Book



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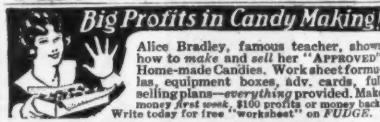
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## ANGELIQUE

[Continued from page 23]

gray-silver of rapid rivers streaked those solitary wastes.

For more than two months, now, along Mossy Creek half-a-dozen youngsters of Langdon's outfit had been patiently squatting on sandy rifts, washing pansful of immemorial glacial detritus for traces of virgin gold.

They had found the Yank's shack; they had discovered traces of his auriferous activities; they had located the claims he had staked, and had staked others of their own.

SO FAR nobody had cleaned up more than fifteen or twenty dollars a week, and these recently hatched A. B.'s could more comfortably have earned this in New York. The gold in the gravel was in tiny granules, and there did not appear to be very much of it.

Otherwise everything was lovely; forest-clad mountains stretched away on every hand under purest azure skies; crystal streams and lakes harbored burly trout that rushed for anything resembling a hook; fat ruffed grouse calmly walked into camp; venison was to be had at the back door of any shack or tent. All very lovely.

Moreover, the world was young and life was just beginning for Langdon; for Harry Baker and John Glenn, too; and for the others—all recent ejecta from those spouting volcanoes known as colleges and universities. Annually these craters of learning spew up a red-hot lava which, when cool, gradually assumes human shape and eventually turns into something resembling a real man, which, when kicked, gets up and goes about the business of life.

Langdon, crouched on his heels, was washing pan after pan of sand and gravel so colorless that he had cleaned up about twenty cents worth that day.

Baker was frying trout; Glenn had just come in carrying a rifle and a yearling buck. The others, squatted along the stream in diminishing perspective, were still washing gravel as busily as washer-tacoons.

A shadow fell across Langdon's pan; the gravel crunched under a booted step behind him. Langdon said: "That Yank, poor devil, certainly was some fancy liar!"

He looked up over his shoulder and saw a strange, gray-eyed girl looking down at him.

He set his pan on the gravel and got up. "Hello," she said cheerily, "are you James Langdon?"

"I am."

"I'm Angelique Perry," she said. She let go her pack; the sweat stood on her tanned forehead and face under the felt hat, and her close-clipped curly hair was wet with it—a sturdy, lithe, upstanding figure in gray shirt, breeches and laced boots.

Her bright gray eyes were unusually wide set; her nose delicate and straight; her mouth rather large and, somehow, noticeably charming.

"You are Yank Perry's daughter?" asked Langdon, beginning to tingle with the romance of her arrival. And such a figure of a girl for romance!

"How on earth," inquired Glenn, "did you ever find your way here by map with a pack on your back?"

She shrugged her shoulders as though making light of the journey. Carelessly, then, it transpired that she had shot

big game and roughed it on two continents; sailed many seas; explored mountains in the sun.

"I've had a hard travel," she said, "and always a little money. I had my own caravan of Laskra and my own safari out of Nairobi . . . Ever since I left school I've been wandering except for a few months in New York every year. . . . Probably it's in my blood"—She turned her wide gray eyes on Langdon.

"So you see," she concluded, "I did not hesitate to start from New York for Mossy Creek . . . It's a stiff hike out from Topaz."

Within a week Angelique's claim had panned out nearly sixty dollars in virgin gold; and she crouched on her gravel bar all day long, gay, songful, intent, slushing her pan and exploring the residue with excitement ever new.

All this was novel, charming and idyllic for everybody on Mossy Creek during early summer. But there were many reasons why it couldn't last.

First, drawing lots, Baker and a youth named Johnson went into Topaz for supplies.

When they reappeared the first newcomers presently appeared, trailing them, and located claims. That began the infiltration of derelicts.

A trickle of dissatisfied, disappointed, restless roammers set in from the Topaz region—all the usual riffraff, flotsam, jetsam of the wilderness—old wanderers still looking for Eldorado, the quest of which had started them roaming in their early youth.

Once more a pair of scarlet-jacketed troopers sauntered along Mossy Creek; and sauntered on after a brief sojourn. Angelique missed them, being ill of a cold, and tenderly cared for in her shack by Mr. Langdon.

He was very much in love . . . The kind of love always present in the healthy young man of twenty-five.

THE mind of Mr. Langdon was swimming in a happy daze modified only by stabs of excitement when he thought of his conservative parents, secure in their Philadelphia home.

"Angelique," he said, "this can't go on indefinitely."

"What can't go on?" Her wide, gray eyes were clear, smiling down at him.

"Winter is coming, sometime. What will you do then?" he asked.

"I haven't considered."

"You couldn't remain here."

"I suppose not. We couldn't wash gold when everything is frozen."

He said in a troubled voice: "You know these rifts are not panning out well. Neither you nor we have cleaned up enough to carry us very far. I don't know whether there's any pay-dirt in this wilderness."

She said softly, watching him: "You have been very, very kind to me . . . I can't ask any more of you. If this claim pans out badly, then I shall have to do something else to support myself."

"Anyway," he said, "I'll see you safely back to New York, and—and then—"

"I don't care to go back to New York."

"But your home is there."

"Yes, but I do not wish to go back. I told you I was a wanderer."

[Continued on page 145]



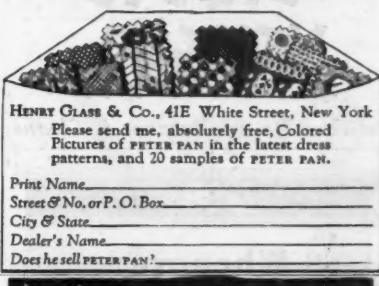
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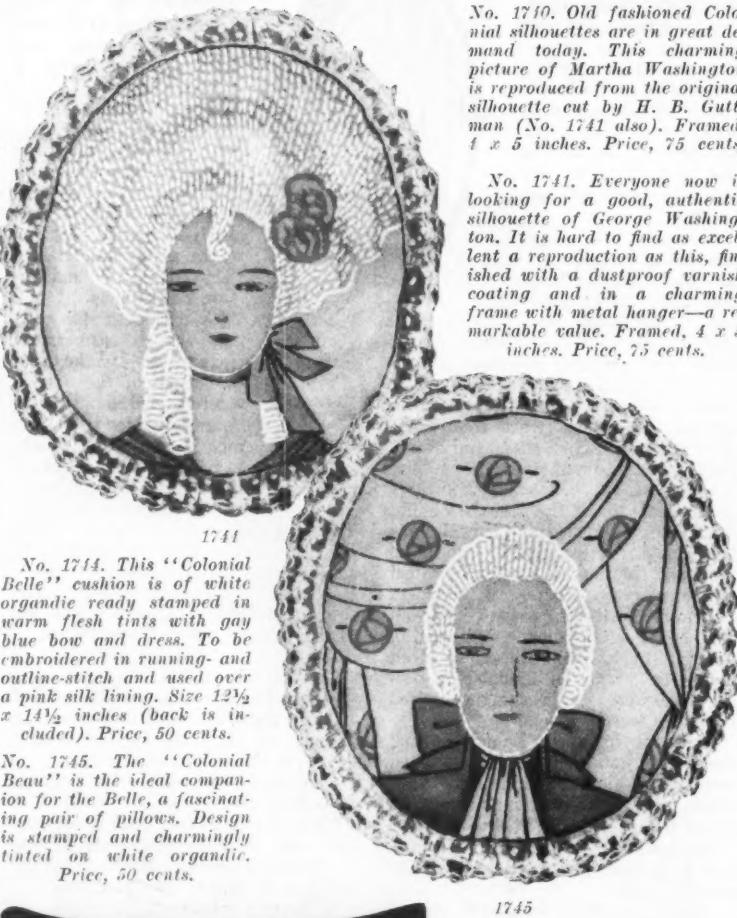
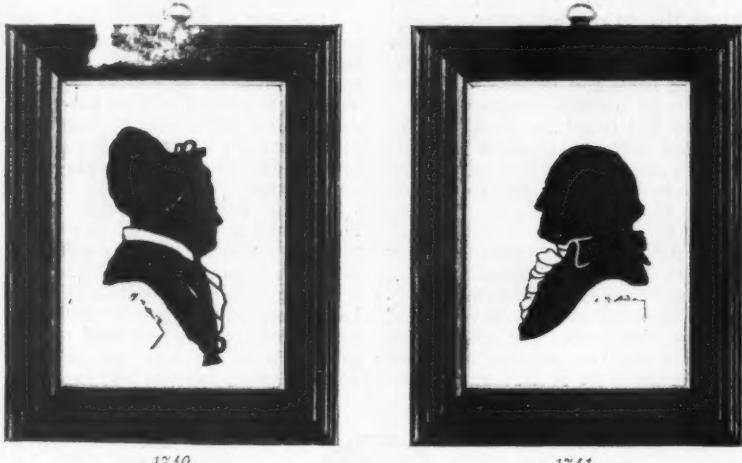
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## ANGELIQUE

[Continued from page 141]

"I know," he said. "You have been everywhere and done everything, even to shooting a tiger in India."

"Yes; and I have shot men." She flashed him a strange smile, oddly intimate, almost reckless, which softened humorously.

"Men?" he repeated. "Were you compelled to shoot savages?"

"Yes—they were—savage."

"Tell me, Angelique."

The girl had disengaged one hand, and it was hovering close to his curly head, when Baker appeared, splashing across the creek, pan in hand.

ANGELIQUE pushed Langdon's head away. "Sit up," she said, "here comes Baker."

Glenn was behind him, too; and, trailing them both came Johnson, much excited, and others—strangers from neighboring claims, drifters, vagabonds, old-timers, rolling-stones—that inevitable advanced guard of ne'er-do-wells.

Through the creek, across the gravel, into the sunny glade came the crowd straight to where Angelique and Langdon were sitting.

Harry Baker was terribly excited; almost incoherent.

"Look!" he cried, thrusting out his pan toward her. "We've taken turns working your claim while you were sick! For God's sake, look! Look what I've just cleaned up on the west fork rift!"

Around her the animated crowd was pressing in. The girl looked down into the pan where a handful of big, wet, golden granules glistened around a nugget as big as a pigeon egg.

As she lifted it in her slender fingers the motley and somewhat smelly crowd raised a hoarse cheer; and from the woods, clearings, river banks, everywhere, appeared more men hurrying in to view the first real strike on Mossy Creek.

Angelique's wide gray eyes were two steely stars; her lips and cheeks burned scarlet as the dingy throng acclaimed her.

"You've got to speak to them," said Langdon excitedly, and added in a passionate whisper: "Darling, say something so they'll go away and leave us alone—"

The girl stood up, flushed, triumphant, lovely in her excitement; rested one hand on Langdon's shoulder; mounted the mossy log. She said: "Never have I had such a thrill as this. Never before have I known what excitement really is. For the last six years I have traveled the world over. I have killed lions in British East Africa; I got my tiger in India; I—"

Something checked her; perhaps the sudden apparition of a scarlet tunic pushing through the crowd. One of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police had a mind to listen to this pretty girl.

As she caught his curious eyes he saluted her pleasantly: "Excuse me for interrupting," he said; "go right on, Miss."

She gave him a dazzling smile: "I was only trying to explain that no adventure, no crisis in all my life, can compare to the thrill which this little Mossy Creek nugget gives me—" She held it up for general inspection amid applause.

"Once," she said, "I shot a charging leopard at six paces—"

"Where was that?" came a quiet voice from the crowd.

"Near Nairobi," she replied, looking around at the speaker, a bronzed six-footer, who stood beside the scarlet-jacketed trooper.

"When was it?" persisted the man, evidently interested.

"In 1920. In November," she returned quietly; but there had come an odd, subtle change in her voice; and in her wide, gray eyes.

There fell a brief silence; then:

"Angie," said the big, bronzed man, "you're sure a fancy fibber, and you've got your dead pa skinned a mile. You were in Bedford Reformatory from 1918 to 1923. You bust out and near killed the matron last year . . . You've been working hotels with George the Gent till you shot him up for quitting you for another Moll. And that's what I come for—to take you back so you can tell us all about those happy days in dear old Africa killin' lions and tigers and all like that."

The girl, still smiling, had turned a dead white.

Langdon, standing as though stunned, mechanically stepped between Angelique Perry and the advancing detective.

Instantly the latter covered him with his gun. "Back up there!" he said. But the next moment he shrugged his shoulders, shoved his gun into the holster, took Langdon by the sleeve of his shirt and drew him out of the way.

"Don't make a fool of yourself before that trooper," he said in a low but kindly voice. "That Perry girl has flim-flammed older and wiser guys than you and your college bunch—she's a notorious character."

Firmly but politely he pressed past Langdon and held out one hand to Angelique.

Deathly white, but composed, the girl availed herself of his assistance to descend from her mossy rostrum.

STANDING beside the detective she looked up at him out of those matchless eyes—eyes set, perhaps, a trifle too far apart.

"Is George dead?" she asked.

"He'll tell the world he isn't," replied the detective pleasantly. "But you'll be safer behind the bars for a while."

"And that Moore woman?" she asked calmly.

"They're together . . . You'll be safer where you're going to be for a few years, Angie."

Her gray eyes blazed: "I'd rather be out," she flashed.

"Sure. You're game. But the show is over for a few years . . . You got anything to pack up?"

She looked at Baker who still held the pan of wet golden granules.

"Not much . . . I can use that last pan of dough—" She took it out of Baker's hands.

"Well," said the detective, "pack, and kiss your friends goodbye—"

She did not turn her head, barely turned her eyes on Langdon as she stood there with the pan in her pretty hands.

The boy's face was ghastly; the girl's eyes flickered; a slight stain of color crept over her pallid face.

There was a second's silence, then: "Oh, to hell with them," she said lightly to the detective. "Let's go!"



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# A Page For Children

By Oren Brock



## BUNTY GOES BICYCLING



*Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY*

**B**UNTY was probably the happiest little dog that ever lived, because he belonged to a little girl who loved him very much. He was a little black and white Boston bull terrier with very shiny, round sides as smooth as satin and a laughing, friendly face. His tail was the merest snip of a tail. It was not big enough to wag and flop excitedly on the floor, so when he was very happy, he had to wag his whole body to let people know how really glad he was.

Bunty was very seldom sad; because Patsy, that's the little girl who owned him, and her mother and father loved him and fed him and talked to him and made him one of the family. They saw that he had a warm place to sleep in winter and plenty of good food to eat; and they allowed him to roll happily on the cool grass under the shade trees when the hot summer weather came. He was a very lucky dog to live in such a nice family and his family was very lucky to have such a fine dog as Bunty.

Bunty's great delight was in taking Patsy to school. He went with her, running, barking and jumping, as far as the school door every morning. Then he went back home to attend to his many duties there and around the neighborhood until school was out. After school hours he chased a ball with Patsy; he ran after sticks and jumped through her hoop, barking and playing as she rolled it down the garden walk. He ran in circles after that funny tail of his. He rolled and barked and raced as only a very, very happy little dog can do.

One day Patsy had a birthday, and besides a beautiful new collar for her Bunty and a new doll-trunk full of clothes, and a new plaid gingham dress for herself, which she had wanted very much, her father gave her a bicycle! Her heart sang so joyously and she was so excited about this most exciting of all gifts that she didn't realize a very important thing. Bunty could not ride the bicycle with her!

**B**UNTY didn't realize this either...at first. He just thought that Patsy was trying a new game. Because everyday now when she came home from school her father held her up on the bicycle and helped her guide it round and round the yard. Bunty barked so hard and ran at the wheels so often that he had to be shut up in his own little house way down at the back end of the garden. There he howled so loudly and barked so furiously that everyone felt sorry for him and he had to be let out again.

But often as he had to be scolded and locked up, he could not learn that he must not run at the wheels. This was a most unhappy state of affairs for Patsy as well as Bunty. Finally one evening the little girl rode all the way down

the garden walk alone. Her father didn't have to hold her on or help guide, and the front wheel which is the important wheel of a bicycle, went just where she wanted it to go. She was riding her bicycle alone!

Bunty was very much puzzled and perplexed by this new sort of game. It looked like good fun, and still they wouldn't let him play. But he was still more unhappy when one morning Patsy patted him goodbye at the front gate and got on the bicycle to ride to school. Poor Bunty!

The family wouldn't let him race with her to the school yard any more, and he had to watch her ride off alone. He was shut behind the gate, his quivering little nose poked out between railings. He barked a protesting little bark, whimpered and barked again; then lay down on the front porch to think it all over.

Things got no better as the days went on. They grew worse, in fact. For not only did Patsy ride to school in place of walking along with Bunty, but the minute school was out, she went off on a ride with two other little girls—her friends who knew pretty paths that led to the woods, and quiet roads along gardens, and shady streets which went to the city park, where swans were swimming on a pond and there were bears in a cage and a glass house full of strange, bright flowers. And there were squirrels to whom they fed peanuts.

Patsy felt almost as badly about leaving Bunty as he felt in staying home. But it was such fun to ride a new bicycle and there were so many nice things to see if one went about on wheels. Finally Bunty's sad face and his mournful little cries each time she rode away to school and off with her friends, made her so unhappy that she said to her father: "I wish there was some way that Bunty could go along. I miss him so and I can't bear to have him feel so sad!"

Her father was a very thoughtful man and he told her he believed he could find a way for Bunty to go bicycling. The next night when he came home from his office he was carrying a large bulky bundle. While he unwrapped it Bunty tore at the paper and strings...he loved paper—it made such a rattly noise.

**T**HEN Patsy saw that her father had brought a flat wire basket which was made to fit right on the front of the bicycle. He screwed it in place in a jiffy and fastened a little strap on one side of the basket, then he swung Mister Bunty up into the basket and snapped the other end of the strap to Bunty's new collar. There was the little dog, sitting up as smartly as a king high up above the ground on Patsy's bicycle.

Off they went down the garden path, Bunty barking for joy, everybody laughing to see them. Then out through the gate they rode and down the street, Bunty still barking at everybody they met and between times, too, while Patsy laughed at Bunty in his basket.

Strangely enough Bunty never tried to jump out except once when they went flying past some dogs playing in the street. He seemed to believe that he must sit still and bark very excitedly to let folks know they were coming, just the way the policeman at the corner blows his whistle to let the cars speed by. And Patsy's father called Bunty the little "cop"; and sitting up there in his little basket he did look as if he were directing traffic.

Patsy's mother made a little flat cushion for the bottom of the basket so the wires wouldn't hurt his feet and where he could curl up and take a nap if he got too sleepy to hold up his head.

So Bunty went bicycling, off down shady streets to the lovely park, off along country roads to a wading brook; and on Saturdays and in vacation time, they rode over the hills and far away, where quiet roads led to happy times. Often they took luncheon along and there was always a little package of special food for Bunty.





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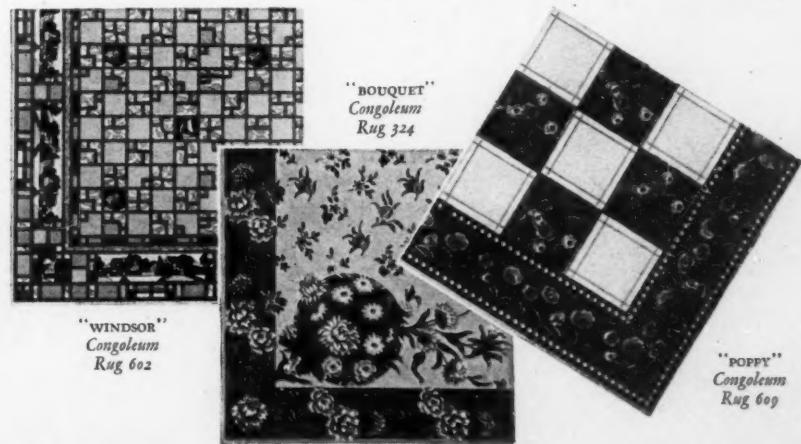
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GREEN kitchens are in vogue! In step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely "PALMETTO" pattern—Rug No. 604, shown above.





## To women who want to do better than ordinary baking!

There are two kinds of baking success—usual, and unusual. One consists of avoiding baking failures—the other, of creating baking masterpieces.

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ingredients (flavoring, shortening, etc.) with greatest care—and they use a flour that is rich as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. The Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat which make a richer flour—and that foods made from this richer flour have a better flavor.

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PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup granulated sugar	1 teaspoon orange extract
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Pillsbury's Best Flour	3 tablespoons butter
3 teaspoons baking powder	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
	5 or 6 slices canned pineapple

Cream the butter and sugar together; add the egg, well beaten, and flavoring. Sift together the dry ingredients; and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Cream together the three tablespoons butter and brown sugar. Rub the bottom and sides of a heavy frying pan with the mixture; and place the slices of canned pineapple on the bottom and sides of the pan. Pour the cake mixture in; and bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees F., for about forty minutes. Turn onto a round dish; serve hot. The butter and brown sugar mixture furnishes sufficient sauce or add whipped cream if desired.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

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